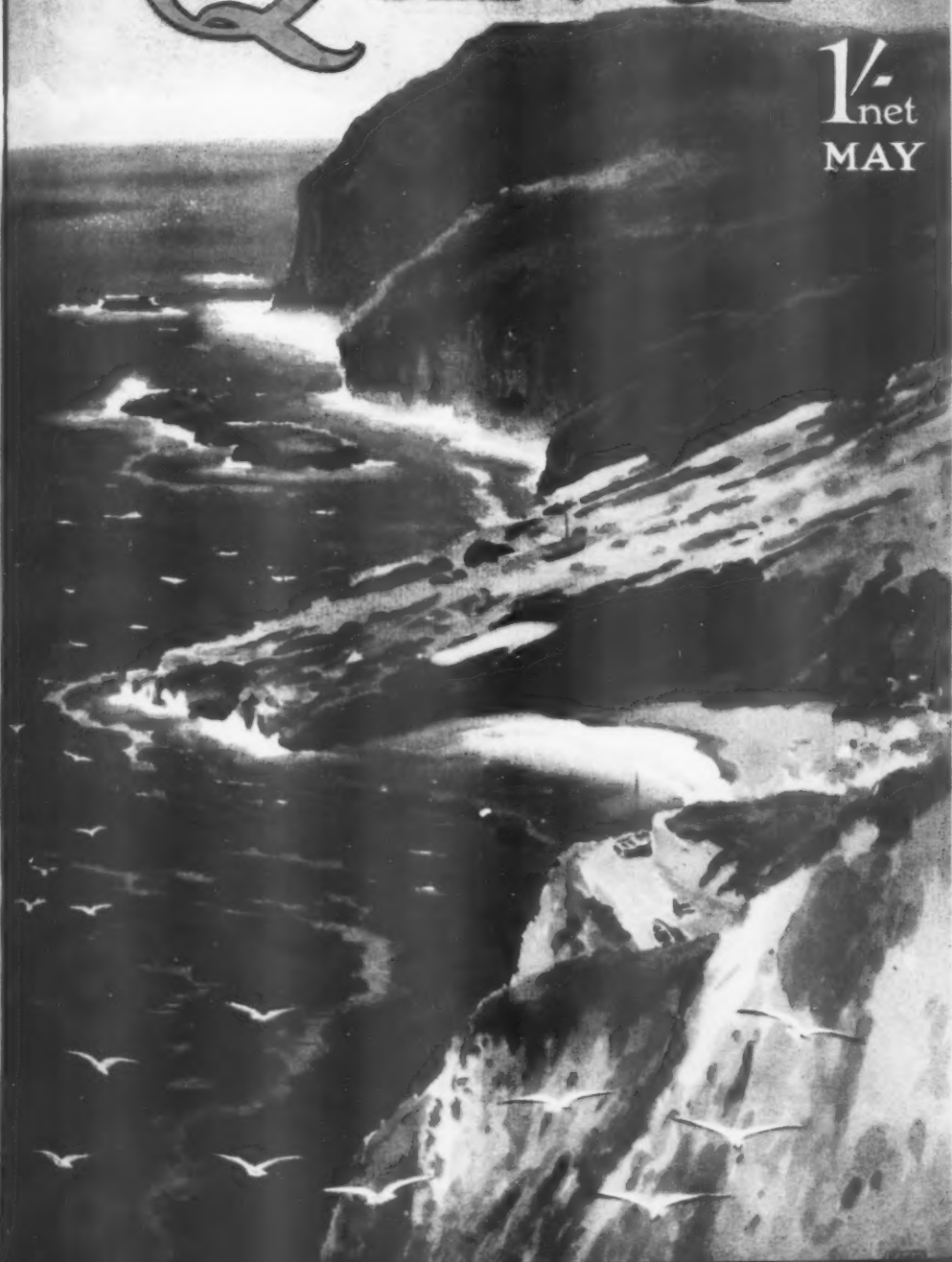


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P1195



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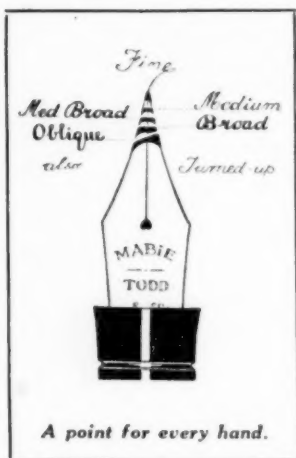
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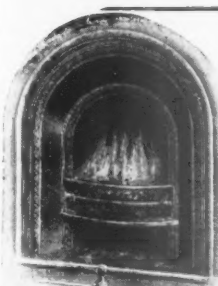
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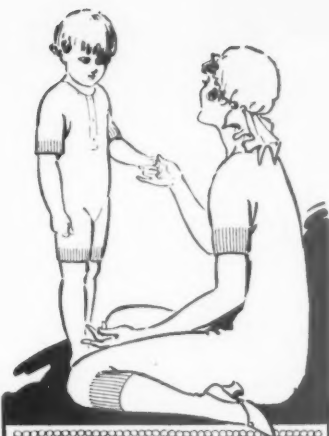
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G. THE PRESIDENT OF THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND 'ARETHUSA' TRAINING SHIP

has graciously promised to preside at a meeting in the QUEEN'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, on TUESDAY, 8th June next, at 3.30 p.m.

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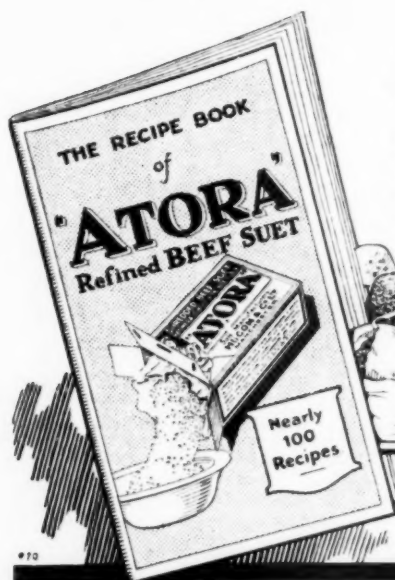


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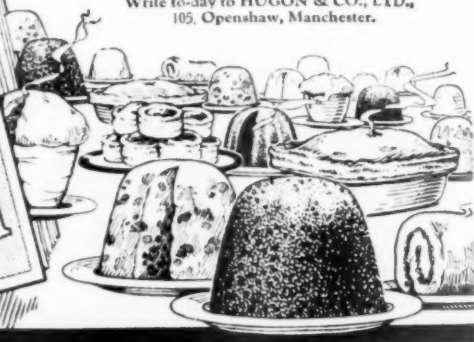
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But restore your grey and faded hair to their natural colour with

LOCKYER'S Sulphur HAIR RESTORER.

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This famous lotion quickly removes skin eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritable pimples, disfiguring blotches, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin spotless, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 40 years it has been the remedy for

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If any difficulty in obtaining write COUTLAUDS, Ltd. (Dept. 88, 45, Aldermanbury, London, E.C.2, for name of nearest retailer and Luv. Booklet.



The Editor's Announcement Page

A HOST OF STRIKING FEATURES

My June Number will, I think, be regarded as one of the best we have had for some time. Here are some of the features I am preparing.

1. A fine story by our old favourite, H. Mortimer Batten, "The Bridge."
2. A moving story by Michael Kent, "Absalom Sunday."
3. A timely article, "Difficult Daughters," by Mrs. W. I. George.
4. "From West to East," a striking description of one aspect of London life not known to most.
5. "Our Unhappy Spinsters," a very straight talk which both mothers and daughters should read.
6. "Life in the Tower of London." A curious fragment of eighteenth-century history.

But I have no room to mention more.

Please give your newsagent a standing order for THE QUIVER.

The Editor

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Diamond Jubilee Year, 1926.



One of a Family of 7,556.

7,556

Children need food.

Will you send A Gift of 10'-

to help feed the Largest Family in the World? 1,045 are helpless babies.

*"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least
of these, ye have done it unto Me."*

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, may be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 178, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

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HOW HOSPITALS CURE SERIOUS LIVER, KIDNEY, & BLADDER DISORDERS.

Alice Landles, qualified nurse, says, Drink
"saltrated" water for permanent results.

This is the time hospitals experience a rush of
dangerous functional disorder cases. During the cold
winter months a heavy heat-producing diet is the rule,
and the system becomes loaded with accumulated



carbonaceous waste and poison-
ous impurities, which clog the
eliminative organs, so there is
constant absorption of toxins
into the blood. Then follow
stomach, kidney, bladder,
and skin troubles, rheuma-
tism, neuralgic headache,
backache, catarrh, influenza,
biliousness, jaundiced liver,
or even appendicitis, dropsy,
and Bright's disease. Toxins
and bacteria excite the heart,
poison the nerves, deprive the

body of disease-resisting vitality, and you have no
energy to do anything, or say you are irritable, sleep
badly, and have weak nerves from overwork, worry,
etc. The real trouble is auto-intoxication, or self-
poisoning. Otherwise you could not have such
symptoms. Try drinking occasionally a level
teaspoonful of refined *Alkia Saltrates* in a half
tumbler of water, and notice how quickly your mind
clears, your eyes brighten, and your whole body
becomes absolutely fit, as the system's great filters
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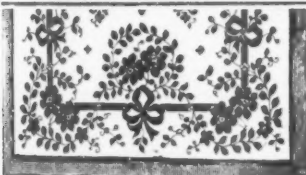
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"The shop door opened and Janey Prim
stood once more on the threshold"—p. 649

Drawn by
Stanley Lloyd

The Colonel's Bureau

by
Mrs George Norman

THE shop was a queer, dim place, not overcrowded with stuff, good or bad.

One descended from it by steps into the queerer workshop of odds and ends of furniture awaiting repairs or what not. Its farther end was of glass, like a greenhouse.

It was here that Sam Bevern stood with his eyes on a rather good Dutch bureau he had just bought. One hand was in the pocket of his coat, and that hand grasped a packet of ten £100 banknotes he had just found in one of the secret drawers, so called, of the bureau.

The "piece" had been Colonel Bolsover's, at the Manor, an old, smallish house just where the town melted into the orchards and market gardens, and he had sold the bureau to Sam Bevern because the big dealers wouldn't touch that particular brand of Dutch marqueterie at the moment and Sam would.

Trade was bad—very, and prices high, and Sam seldom bought nowadays. He just kept going on the old stock: sold little bits of china, glass picked up here and there, an occasional table or single chair. Never a good set of anything like he used to do, or a fine piece.

But he had got this bureau of the Colonel's in exchange for a white elephant of a too-expensive mirror that just fitted a panel in the Colonel's new home, the tumble-down Manor that resisted every effort of the town to bring it right down: it was freehold. The Colonel had inherited it from an aged aunt.

Sam Bevern had inherited *his* possessions from his father, but his heart, as they say, wasn't in the dying concern. It was too depressing. If he'd had capital now . . . that would have been a different matter indeed. And quite a little capital—£1,000, say—would have made all the difference. He

could have *tried* then! He was intelligent, sensitive, could *feel* a good bit of stuff; loved the soft, cool gloss of wood, the elegance of line and shape of a fine thing; the reality—the loyalty, one might almost say—of the truly well-made.

And now, here to his hand, in his hand indeed, was £1,000 . . . left in the bureau; hoarded, no doubt, by the cracked old Miss Bolsover, whom the town knew only from her peerings out on to the high road from over the blinds of an upper room.

Sam was about thirty, a medium-sized, rather ugly fellow, with something in his appearance of the queerness of his shop, and an extraordinary charm, a way of looking, of smiling at you, quite irresistible.

Such, at least, was the opinion of Janey Prim.

Miss Prim was the daughter of Mrs. Prim, who acted as housekeeper to the late Miss Bolsover and had been taken over by the Colonel in the same capacity.

Janey Prim, like Sam, was intelligent. She had ambitions. She had trained as a secretary and, pending an engagement, was acting temporarily and informally as secretary and general lady-help to Colonel Bolsover. The sorting and redding-up of the incredibly congested Manor, with the accumulations of Miss Bolsover's long lifetime therein, needed such help.

Sam had met Miss Prim pretty often in his dealings at the Manor, and she had had occasion to call at his shop more than once.

And, of late, Sam—who had never had time, or money, or inclination to bother about "girls"—had discovered that he was bothering about Miss Prim: the night before last he had even dreamt of her.

But what was the good? Janey Prim, with her trim clothes, her trimly shingled head, her erect, efficient self, wasn't the

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sort you could invite to share a non-existent income and a dying business.

And now, here in Sam Bevern's pocket was the means of changing all that . . . every single, blinking, killing worry of his life. From a desolation it could be made to blossom like the rose . . . that is, if, with something to offer, Janey Prim would accept him. And Sam, without telling himself so, had a subconscious idea that she would.

But Sam was an honest man. Too honest some of his friends in the trade were well aware: he just *asked* for trouble.

Yet, after his long stare at the bureau, Sam Bevern drew himself together, as it were, drew his hand from his pocket and the bundle of slightly musty notes bound with a rubber band that crumbled as he jerked the packet into the light.

Then he drew a Jacobean stool, awaiting repairs, to the table where he still sometimes signed receipts and sent out bills. He wrote.

He wrote to an acquaintance of his, a cashier in a London bank. The acquaintance, Fred James by name, was not too well acquainted, as was Sam's bank, with Sam's affairs. Sam enclosed £1,000 in notes and said he would be obliged if Fred could open an account for him at Fred's bank with the sum enclosed.

Sam then shouted for the boy, who, more out of charity than expediency, he still employed, and who descended from the loft, where he spent a good deal of his time reading the sporting intelligence.

"What are you doing up there? Cleaned that brass I gave you?" Sam inquired without waiting for an answer. "Here, take this to the post"—"can't face it myself," Sam mentally admitted—"and get it registered same as you do parcels. Bring me the registration slip, and be back in ten minutes."

That was that. The boy put on his cap and went out through the front door, and Sam Bevern had joined the great criminal classes of his country.

He stood there staring in front of him.

Well, why not? It was technically stealing, he supposed. Yet, was it? He frowned. He did not habitually practise self-deception, and he faced the thing. The Colonel had sold him the bureau and—presumably—its contents, if it had any. Yet, had he *meant* to sell him in exchange for a French mirror—worth, perhaps, £80—a bureau and £1,000? Sam shrugged.

No. He had done what he had done, and he was a criminal. Out of a blue sky! He had awakened that morning a man who valued honour—or honesty, as they called it in the trade—and now, not only was he dishonoured but a convict in the making. If he was found out. . . .

But no one could find him out! The "secret" drawer was really a secret drawer; even he had been a long time finding it, and it was of a sort he had never met before. The Colonel had gone over every point of the bureau with him, pointing out this, apprising that, and no mention of that common adjunct of any self-respecting Dutch bureau—a secret drawer. No; as far as safety went, he was safe.

And then the telephone-bell rang. Sam started. Ah! . . . it had begun already—the unknown, horrid tremors of the guilty.

"Hallo! Yes, Sam Bevern speaking." He recovered self-possession and took up the receiver.

A familiar, testy voice spoke at the other end. "This is Colonel Bolsover. I say, Bevern, most extraordinary thing: you'll hardly believe me, but I've lost a thousand pounds' worth of banknotes."

Before Sam's usually keen, unwavering glance—the one Miss Prim found so irresistible—the few bits of furniture of the shop seemed to waver, to recede and advance.

"How's that, sir?" he heard himself say after what he hoped was not an obvious pause.

"Found them in that bureau I sold you—hidden away in a drawer. But I took them out, I'll swear I took them out; put them away somewhere, but I'm dashed if I know where. You wouldn't think I could forget what I've done with a thousand pounds' worth of notes, would you?" The Colonel's harsh laugh came over the wires. "Especially as I'd taken the trouble to take down their numbers."

"No," said Sam Bevern; and his voice sounded like the wordless voice of dreams.

"I rang up," the Colonel rasped on, "to ask if, by any possible chance, I'd put the things back in the bureau. Have you examined it?"

"Yes."

"Found the secret drawer—as they call the silly thing? I forgot to show it you."

"Yes." For the life of him Sam couldn't adopt a less compromising manner of speech.

"Nothing in it, of course?"

THE COLONEL'S BUREAU

"No." Nothing, indeed, now.

"Thought not. Well, anyway, I've rung up the police and given them the numbers." The agitated voice ceased. Sam put back the receiver.

Then he wrenched himself from the trance in which he moved.

Five minutes since Benjamin, the boy, had gone out. He was a notorious dawdler; Sam might just do it . . . just rescue the notes, whose numbers were known to the police, from reception at the City bank.

As he entered the unsuspecting post office, Sam Beverr. saw Benjamin at the counter, idle. There were two women to be served between him and the registered letters clerk.

"Here, I've forgotten something; don't post it." With a hand on the boy's shoulder Sam bent over and took the bulky envelope into his own keeping. "I'll see about it. You go back. Go; git!"

Benjamin went. He went straight back, for a wonder, and found Miss Prim in the shop.

"Where's Mr. Beverr?" Miss Prim asked, with some surprise in her tone.

"At the post office," said Benjamin. "Why, it's on six. I'm off, I am."

"At the post office?" Both he and Benjamin—how funny.

Miss Prim remained alone in the shop.

She was intensely excited at the Colonel's loss. She wondered if Mr. Beverr had searched the bureau as thoroughly as she could search it—she didn't like the slightest shadow of a doubt as to his integrity to rest on Sam Beverr. She thought she'd have a look . . . she did. Nothing of any kind or description there, that she could swear; certainly nothing in the ridiculous secret drawer, which she took out and turned upside down. And then Sam came in. He had stopped a long moment on the

bridge reflecting. Narrowly, indeed, he had escaped. . . . Ruin . . . disgrace, and, above all, Janey Prim's knowledge of them.

As he opened the door of his shop he saw her in a light summer dress standing in the middle of the shop. His hand tightened on the contents of his pocket, and he was



"He pressed a finger on an innocent-looking piece of mahogany, and revealed the drawer which Janey had searched"—p. 647

conscious of a loud hammering behind his rather worn, soft shirt.

Janey came forward. She was there by his express and very first invitation, and he had forgotten it.

Her soft, brown eyes were still lit by excitement. "This is a nice thing. The Colonel's thousand pounds, I mean. He's certain now they've been stolen. But who could get in without mother knowing it?"

"No, indeed." Sam had not realized, in his sudden descent to crime, what it would

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be to face Janey Prim after it, detected or not.

"I felt certain he'd put them back in the bureau," she went on. "And what do you think"—she was girlishly thrilled, in spite of her efficiency, the would-be worldly wisdom that, at times, had so amused poor Sam—"there's been a man from the police station, a detective I suppose he was, round here wanting to see the bureau, too!"

"What, in this ten minutes? I wasn't gone a quarter of an hour!" Sam paled with indignation rather than fear. "And did he search the bureau—and on what authority?"

"Of course he didn't! Of course I wouldn't have allowed it." Miss Prim became extremely grown up. Mr. Bevern was a man, that's what he was, and she, Janey Prim, liked a man to be a man, very much indeed, and it was delightful to have been able—if necessity had arisen—to defend his rights. As a matter of fact, the plain-clothes detective had really looked in because he couldn't think of anything much else to do in the case at the moment. And, finding Mr. Bevern out, had harmlessly and at once departed.

"Well, I'll just go up and change my things," said Sam slowly. "All this has rather put things out of my head—"

"In fact, you mean you'd forgotten I was coming," said Janey.

"And if I had?" Sam looked her gravely, indeed sadly, in the eyes. "I've had a—well, it's been an upset."

"Oh, I know." That was Mr. Bevern . . . you couldn't get a compliment out of him. One reason Janey liked him—he was so different from other men. As a fact, she didn't know many men, but she knew all there was to know about them—from books: flippant, vain creatures mostly, always up to something. Very different Mr. Bevern was.

Without a word Sam went slowly, almost heavily, upstairs, leaving Janey rather planted, as she felt it, in the middle of the shop. She tossed her head, almost thought of going home, then thought better of it.

It had struck six, Benjamin had gone; she pulled down the blinds of the window and door, had a look round.

"Careless!" she muttered. "Dust everywhere! That boy's as much use as a cold! What it wants here is a—" She broke off, blushed a little, heard Sam coming down.

But a dull Sam; almost—she thought—an unhappy one, and on her first visit!—by invitation, that was to say.

"Didn't change after all, if you'll excuse me. It's getting late, and I expect you'll like the Pictures. Six-fifteen, aren't they?"

Janey had hoped—thought, she corrected—they would have had a long ramble somewhere. It was a lovely evening.

But Sam Bevern couldn't face that.

It was late that evening when Sam rang up the Manor. He had replaced the notes in the little secret drawer and locked up the bureau.

"What?" The Colonel's exultant cry almost shattered the instrument. "Found 'em at the back of the drawer? Good chap. I'll come round for 'em in the morning."

No man was ever so grateful for another's apparent meanness as Sam when the Colonel made no suggestion of sharing a stray quid or so of the recovered thousand. Sam put down the receiver and sighed deeply—a sigh of many meanings.

It was good-bye to Janey Prim for one thing. He hadn't been found out, but he was a thief, none the less. And Janey should never marry a thief.

"I shan't see her again," said Sam; and his queer, mobile mouth closed firmly.

But it is not so easy as all that if you have shown an interest in an interesting young woman in the same town. Anyway, the Colonel sent Miss Prim round to the shop in the morning.

"May I come in?" said Janey, appearing at the top of the steps into the workshop.

"Oh! . . . Come in," said Sam, rising, not without something like a frown.

"The Colonel's too busy," Miss Prim had noticed the frown—she noticed most things, especially about Sam—but it was his unexpectedness, the fact that she was a little bit afraid of his moods that made part of Sam's attraction for her. So she took no notice, beyond an added dignity of carriage. "He got some important papers by second post to attend to, so he asked me if I'd mind coming round to fetch the notes for him."

"I see," said Sam.

"Wonderful thing your finding them after all, Mr. Bevern," Janey said brightly; her innate coquettishness rose to meet and conquer Sam's grumpiness.

"Was it?" he inquired.

"Now, you know it was." Her smile was so sweet, her eyes so gay, her tone so soft, that, against his will, Sam smiled.

THE COLONEL'S BUREAU

"I *would* like to know exactly where you found them; you know I'd——"

"At the back of the secret drawer," Sam said shortly.

"At the back of the drawer? But——" Janey Prim's eyes opened.

"I know. Very careless of me——" She had been approaching the bureau. He got between her and it. If he had to lie—and he had to—he'd do it thoroughly and have done with it. He unlocked the desk, lifted the heavy inlaid lid, pressed a finger on an innocent-looking piece of mahogany, and revealed the deepish, oblong drawer which Janey had searched. "I'd overlooked them the first time—just happened to touch the spot, so to speak, last night, and there they were!"

An odd silence succeeded his words. He turned abruptly and found Janey Prim staring at him. There was the oddest expression in her eyes.

"And there they were," she repeated after him mechanically. "But——"

"There they *are*," said Sam, and took out the bundle. "Shall I wrap them up for you?"

"You'd better count them, please." Miss Prim's voice was low, almost scared; her eyes avoided Sam's.

"Righto," said he. "Ten notes of one hundred pounds each." He counted them before her, put them in an envelope, closed it, and handed it to Janey Prim, to be put into the small attaché case she carried.

"He sent me in the car. It's outside. I'd better be going." Quite abruptly she nodded, turned, and was gone before he could so much as open the door for her.

He stood staring after her.

"What the dickens now?" he asked himself, shook his head, and turned back heavily to his work.

His mind was dazed, bruised, it seemed, with the horror of his lapse of yesterday. And now, here was Janey behaving so inexplicably, changing in one second from a sweet coquettishness to the scared, almost shamed, hurry of her departure. He had not slept the night before; his wits refused to cope with the problem. But a leaden dejection filled his soul.

The Colonel looked in later, softened apparently by the lucky recovery of so large a sum of money. "Felt I must thank you personally, Bevern, for finding those notes for me. I scarcely like to offer you——"

"Certainly *not*," said Sam sternly.

"Quite so; quite." The Colonel almost

flushed, though it was difficult to see, because of the glazed red of his complexion. He changed the subject. "Queer thing those notes in the bureau—expect Miss Bolsover left things, money and that, all over the place, if we only knew. Old ladies do, you know . . . one sees it in the papers. Shan't be surprised at anything turning up," he laughed cheerfully. "Well, thanks once more, and—and anything I can do, any time, you know, I'm your man; I shan't forget it, and don't you." He went out, closing the door with a jubilant and somehow kindly bang. He'd a better heart than Sam had thought. A white man after all. Sam cursed his folly, his pride in his own integrity, which all these years had hidden from him a tendency to evil. For it must have been *in* him, he told himself coldly; he'd fallen at the first real temptation.

Well, he wasn't going to whine about it. A man's not a man if he goes under, even for such a thing as that. What he'd got to do now was to live straight and live it down in his conscience. If only he'd get the chance of, somehow, making good; but that wasn't likely.

Anyhow, he'd given up Janey Prim. That was some sort of reparation. He did not go near the Manor, and he seldom went out; so, as Janey did not come to the shop, he did not see her. *That* had all gone west, anyway.

One afternoon, about a month later, the Colonel came in in some excitement. *His* conscience, at times, reproached him for not, somehow, benefiting Sam Bevern. He believed now he'd got a chance of doing it.

"I've been put on to a pretty good thing." The Colonel had seated himself on the Empire chair which, with his bureau, was now almost the only piece of furniture in the shop. "You've not been buying much of late, have you?"

"I have not," Sam said shortly.

The Colonel grunted—with sympathy. "Prices are frightful, I know. Well, a friend of mine, a collector, has just died, suddenly, in Cadiz. His sister, a rich woman, who comes in for it, doesn't care twopence for the furniture—she'd sell it to anyone who'd take it off her hands and ship it over from Spain for a couple of thousand pounds. I believe it's worth twenty thousand. Now there's a chance for you!" He looked up at Sam, his red face and blue eyes fraught with expectation.

"Two thousand . . . I haven't got two hundred." Sam shook his head. "Thank

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you very much, sir; but, as a matter of fact, I'm going to sell this off and go out to Canada as soon as I can get through with it."

The Colonel was obviously disappointed. Still, what could one do?

"Not sold the old bureau yet?" He got up to go.

"Almost. Lady's going to bring her husband to see it this afternoon."

"It'd do with a rub up before he comes, in that case." The Colonel had lifted the lid, and the dust which Janey deplored lay in a thin film.

Sam nodded. "Going to start on it. It's got to pay my passage-money," he laughed shortly.

The Colonel went home rather dejectedly. He liked Sam Bevern. He was—or used to be—such a handy chap, too, for odd jobs on the Colonel's own antiques at the Manor, though, of late, Sam hadn't been quite so obliging. "Too busy," he said, "to come round." Busy on what, the Colonel wondered.

"I'm sorry for that fellow Bevern," he confided to Janey Prim, bent over a catalogue in the library when he got in. "He's down and under, I'm afraid; says he's going to Canada."

Colonel Bolsover took up the catalogue; Miss Prim turned slightly pale, but her employer did not seem to notice.

"I'm afraid I left my notes upstairs—so careless," she muttered, and left the room.

Meanwhile Sam had set to on the famous bureau. It would be something, even in his present wretchedness, to sell it well. The money would take him out to a new life, with something in hand to start on. And it would brace him up generally to feel he had done a good deal, and his hand not lost its cunning at the last.

Yes, the outside would do with a rubbing up of linseed oil, the inside he knew by heart. He had gone over it inch by inch only yesterday; it had, at any rate, no more secrets to reveal.

He worked on, at first dully, then with an awakening of the connoisseur's interest in his job. It *was* a good piece, this, when all was said. Out of fashion, certainly, but that didn't affect the workmanship. The three large drawers, for instance, how easily they ran—in and out like greased pistons working.

But, hallo! the bottom one stuck. How was that for workmanship? Sam frowned, pushed gently, but the drawer still pro-

truded a good inch beyond the front surface of marqueterie. Something had fallen down behind it, and was in the way. His pulses quickened. . . . But, going down on both knees, and reaching to the back of the deep structure, he brought out only a folded piece of brown paper tied round the middle with string. It contained nothing—was simply a useless "hoard" of the late Miss Bolsover's.

Sam replaced the bottom drawer, but it still refused to go home. Once more he had it out, went down on his knees and groped behind it. Something else there. His hand shook as he drew it out from the darkness, for it seemed to him he felt once more the crinkly surface of some more Bank of England notes.

Yes. A packet tightly bound with string, dusty, begrimed, but of banknotes all right. Sam, with a bead of moisture on each temple, cut the string and opened out the mouldy-smelling parcel.

Decidedly the late Miss Bolsover had been not only cracked, she had been mad. Before his wide-opened eyes were spread ten notes of £50 each, twenty of £100, and a £1,000 note: £3,500 in all. Sam shut his eyes and leant back in his chair with tightly closed lips.



"May I come in?" It was the first time for over a month that Janey Prim stood—at any rate, to Sam's knowledge—on the threshold of his shop.

"Come in," said Sam, raising his head.

"I had to come. . . . Oh, Sam!" In her fluttered excitement Janey Prim forgot she never used his Christian name—to Sam. "Oh! it was so splendid of you." She clasped her hands, looking up at him, her brown eyes soft with a genuine, an undisguised admiration.

"Splendid?" Sam took his pipe from his mouth; he frowned.

"Sending back those notes—all that £3,500. The Colonel is wild with excitement."

"Would you have liked me to steal them?" Sam asked sternly, and looked down into her upturned, smiling eyes.

Janey Prim's eyes fell.

"The Colonel says he doesn't think it would have been—er—stealing. He says she's coming round to tell you, only I—I was passing and I thought I'd come in first) that he doesn't think you ought to have sent back even that first lot. It didn't occur to him before, but he believes they were

THE COLONEL'S BUREAU

yours all the time—legally yours. . . So you see—”

But Mr. Bevern had turned round, quite quickly, silently, just like that, and gone down the steps into the workshop and shut the door. “They were yours all the time . . . it didn’t occur to him before. . . .” Janey’s soft accents beat stonily in his head. . . . heavens! When he had suffered—well, *hell* all last month. “Legally yours. . . .”

He stood staring out through the glass front of the workshop to the yard beyond. Then he went back up the steps into the shop. Janey was still there!

“I beg your pardon.” He went towards her. “I’m so sorry; frightfully rude you’ll think me. You upset me, Janey, that’s a fact. D’you know I haven’t seen you for over a month?” he added abruptly.

“Yes—no; I mean it hasn’t been my fault,” she stammered. “I tried—”

“I tried not to,” he said sternly. “I avoided you. D’you know why? No, of course you don’t; how could you? Because I wasn’t fit to know you: I’m not now! Janey”—he looked down at her very squarely, his face very determined but very pale—“I sent back those notes—the first lot—because I *had* to. But I’d *stolen* them first.”

“But you hadn’t!” cried Janey. “They were yours, legally yours. The Colonel says so.”

“That’s as may be. But I didn’t know it, and it’s a quibble, anyhow. Is it likely an honest man could take advantage of a thing like that? Rubbish!” said Sam.

But the Colonel, later on when he came in, didn’t think it rubbish.

“Righto!” he said at last, lapsing into modern slang in his excitement, possibly at meeting so incorruptible an honesty as Sam’s; “then *say* the money’s mine! I

don’t want to refuse it, goodness knows. But I tell you what I’ll do, Sam Bevern, if you’ll let me have this much of my own will: I’ll invest it in your business, and we’ll start by wiring to Cadiz to buy my poor friend’s collection. We’ll make at least nine hundred per cent. on that lot. . . .”

“And now,” and he paused, for the shop door opened and Janey Prim stood once more on the threshold. She immediately tried to withdraw.

“Come in, come in!” cried Colonel Bolsover. “I know why you’ve come, if he doesn’t!”—here Janey Prim flushed deeply and her eyes, fascinated by horror, were set on the Colonel—“and I know what he wants, if *he* doesn’t! He wants to marry you, Miss Prim. I’ll leave you to fight it out.” And so saying he stumped out of the shop, shaking with merriment.

He’d pretty well fixed Sam Bevern up so that he wouldn’t talk any more of Canada, he fancied.

But Sam was assuring Miss Prim he’d no sort of idea of marrying her, still less of asking her to marry him.

“You remember what I told you?” he asked, scowling. “That I *stole*—”

“But I always knew it,” said Janey Prim simply.

“You always—” Amazement stopped him.

“Knew it. *I’d looked* in that drawer where you pretended you’d found the notes and had seen it was empty—”

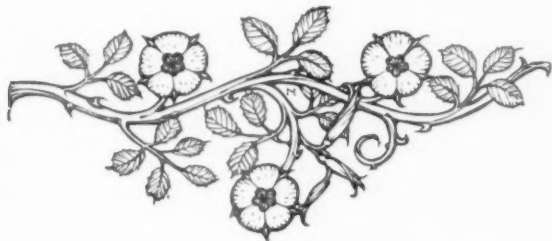
“And you mean to say you don’t mind?”

“Not in the least,” said she.

He gazed at her. “You, who are the soul of honour—”

“You see,” said Janey Prim, “I happen to think you the most honourable man I know.”

And that seemed to settle it.





A Bit of Old Tintagel

Photo: F. A. Maycock, Puzosath



By E. Havers Rutherford

IN that faraway corner of England where the granite cliffs of Cornwall hold out a stern resistance to the turbulent Atlantic the romantic land of King Arthur must be sought. It would be idle to search for its name on any ordnance map, for, although there is occasional mention of the great King in connexion with his "beds," his "graves," and his "cups and saucers," his realm lies largely in the region of fancy. King Arthur's Country is geographically more vague than the ancient Kingdom of Wessex, which Hardy has brought out of the shadowy past; but it is there, and the King and his Knights of the Round Table too, for all who will reverently seek them, asking neither too of dates nor of historical facts.

History or Myth ?

For the mere mention of King Arthur raises the perplexing question of whether he really existed, or is nothing more than a myth. Critics have done their best to shatter his reality, but Arthur stands firm on his own Cornish granite and emerges as a British chieftain flourishing in the sixth century. There is no need to accept the story that after the death of King Uther at St. Albans the Lords and Commons assembled in London, guided by the magi-

cian Merlin, and elected Arthur to the throne; that he made Camelot, or Caerleon, his head-quarters in a war against Cornwall, Wales, and the North; that when the Emperor Lucius demanded a tribute to Rome, he claimed the Roman Empire for himself as the descendant of Constantine; crossed over to Burgundy and slew the Emperor and his allies, sending their bodies to Rome as the only tribute he would pay; followed them to the Imperial City, where he himself was crowned by the Pope; and afterwards returned to England, where he devoted himself wholly to his duties as the head of Christian knighthood. It is sufficient that he was a British king.

We like to think of him in that delectable land in the west which is for ever known as King Arthur's Country. He is a shadowy but entrancing figure, the centre of legends that have grown more and more as the centuries have rolled by, and left him, perhaps less historical, but certainly more powerful as the head and fount of mediæval chivalry.

The Centre of his Kingdom

Tintagel is the centre of his kingdom, and here again the hard facts of history are clothed in the colours of old romance. The village itself—anciently known as

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Trevena—stands some half-mile from the shore and the Castle, and you pass down a long ravine to a shingly beach hemmed in by rocks, where the great waves of the Atlantic beat insistently by day and night, as though angry, even in the summer-time, at the sturdy resistance which is offered to their coming. High on a promontory on the left and partly also on the mainland stand the ruins of Tintagel Castle, its dark and rugged walls hardly distinguishable from the rocks by which they are surrounded. The sea has striven to turn the headland into an island, and has nearly succeeded; what it has actually done is to drive a dark tunnel, some eighty yards long, through the softer rock, through which the tide advances twice a day with deafening roar.

Birthplace of King Arthur

The ruinous Castle on the height, to which we shall presently go, is the reputed birthplace of King Arthur. Malory tells the story of his birth with more par-

ticularity than we care to repeat, and true to romance we prefer to learn of the Coming of Arthur as told in the later words of Tennyson, of how Merlin and his master B'leys, the two magicians,

on the night

When Uther in Tintagil past away,

wandered from the castle gateway down the chasm, lamenting that the King was leaving no heir, when they

Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps
It seem'd in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof
A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern
Bright with a shining people on the decks,
And gone as soon as seen. And then the two
Dropt to the cave, and watch'd the great sea fall,
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame:
And down the wave and in the flame was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stoop'd and caught the babe, and cried

"The King!"

Here is an heir for Uther!"

The ruins of the Castle are situated partly on the mainland and partly on the



The Coming of Arthur

From the picture by J. Walter West

THE ROMANCE OF KING ARTHUR'S COUNTRY

so-called "island," being separated one from the other by a deep chasm. Controversy is still rife as to whether the chasm existed when the Castle was built, or whether there was once solid rock between the two portions of the site now remaining. Possibly the best solution of the difficulty would be to suppose that there was always some kind of a chasm there, narrow enough in ancient days to be spanned by the draw-bridge of which legend has so much to say, which became deepened and widened as the resistless thresh of the sea forced its way through the softer rock.

No rock so hard but
that a little wave
May beat admission in
a thousand years.

Its Architecture

History, again with painful insistence on facts, will have the Castle as only "probable" as a West Saxon stronghold and that though the keep be Norman, other portions are late twelfth century—six hundred years after Arthur passed away. Soon after the Conquest it became a residence of the Earls of Cornwall; here in 1245 David, Prince of Wales, took refuge, and was entertained by Earl Richard; and here, more than a century later, John de Northampton, Lord Mayor of London, was "for his unruly mairalty condemned thither as a perpetual penitentiary." It was so ruinous in Leland's day that he reported that "shepe now fede within the dungeon," and though Queen Elizabeth would have used it as a defence against the



Where the Sea Gull
Reigns Supreme

Photo:
H. D. Williams

A typical bit of North Cornish scenery

Spanish Armada, the idea was never carried out.

But who cares now for this mediaeval stronghold? Our Tintagel is the Castle of King Arthur, the stronghold of legend, the walls of which were laid under such a powerful spell that they became invisible twice in the year to the common people: "Tintagel, half in sea and high on land; a crown of towers."

It is hazardous going from the isthmus to the summit of the "island," and the draw-bridge existing only in fancy is no help.

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The path winds up the face of the rock, dangerous when the winds are tearing in from the broad Atlantic, and it is with some relief that one passes through the little door into the Castle grounds. King Arthur and his Knights are there of a surety, ready to ride forth in quest of the Holy Grail; but the strong walls which sheltered them are little more than grass-grown ruins. The Chapel of St. Juliot, on the very summit of the hill, is the most perfect portion, if "perfect" can be applied to anything there. Its walls stand about two feet high, and the altar, a large slab

of granite, still remains, and some will have it that it is the tombstone of John de Northampton, who carved it in the weary hours of his imprisonment. More to our fancy, however, is the legend that near the Chapel Merlin was buried "in a rich sepulture," and that to this day he is said to pace the shore as he did on the wild night when the "naked babe" was swept to his feet by the stormy waters. And Arthur, too, he is there as well, for ancient Cornish folk living in the shadow of Tintagel say that the King still haunts the battlements in the form of a Cornish chough or raven. As Hawker wrote:

And mark yon bird of sable wing,
Talons and beak all red
with blood,
The spirit of the long-lost king
Passed in that shape from
Camlan's flood.

Tennyson a Frequent Visitor

Tennyson was a frequent visitor to the place. As early as 1848, when he again thought of taking up the subject of Arthur, he made a tour of Cornwall, arriving at Tintagel by way of Bude and Morwenstow, where he called on the eccentric vicar and walked on the cliff with him. He climbed over the Castle island, sat in the ruins in the darkening gloom, and smoked the inevitable pipe at the little inn. He was here again and yet again in after years, and his son tells us how, as an old man approaching eighty, he landed with extreme difficulty in the cave where King Arthur, as a babe, was borne in on a wave, how a couple of sailors helped him up the cliff, and an old woman who remembered his coming fifty years before rushed out of her cottage and began to

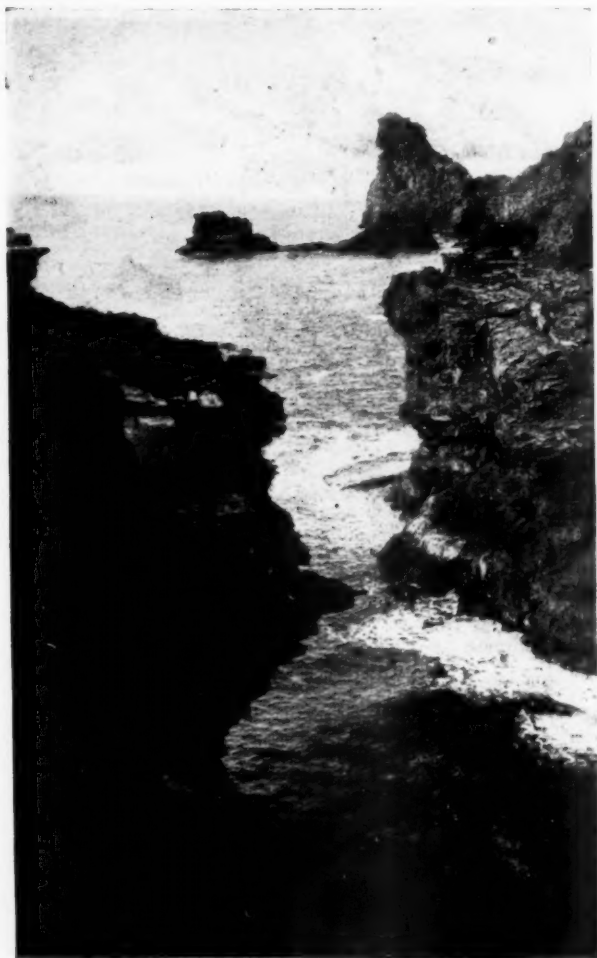


Photo. F. A. Maycock

Mouth of Rocky Valley, Bossiney

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Photo : F. A. Maycock

Merlin's Cave, Tintagel

recite passages from the "Idylls of the King."

"My father," the son tells us, "gazed at what he called the 'secret postern' arch, through which the babe had been handed to Merlin. He enjoyed the rushing of the sea under the great cave, and the splendour of the many-clod seaweeds, and carefully examined each bit of sorrel and thrift that grew among the ruins. The old memories and visions of the 'Idylls' came upon him, and he regarded the whole place with a kind of first-love feeling."

The Poet's Favourite Spots

One of the places which attracted the poet's steps was Camelford and Slaughter Bridge. "Sought for King Arthur's stone," he notes in his journal; "found it at last by a rock under two or three sycamores." Camelford shares the honour of being the "many tower'd Camelot," where the Knights sent their prisoners to do homage to King Arthur, with Queen's Camel in Somerset and Winchester, where a round table hangs in the castle hall to this day. Camelford is a busy little town whence all romance seems to have flown; but the neighbourhood is filled with the story of the famous King and his Knights of the Round Table.

Where King Arthur Was Slain

When the vision of the Holy Grail came upon them many of them set forth from Britain in quest of the sacred vessel, and Mordred, the King's nephew, noting the weakness of Arthur's forces, rose in revolt and attempted the conquest of the realm. The King hastened back to defend his rights, and the forces of uncle and nephew met with a mighty clash at Slaughter Bridge, where, according to one account, "there a hundred thousand laid dead upon the down." However this may be, it is agreed that Mordred himself was slain and King Arthur received his death wound. Tennyson puts the incident in glowing verse:

then Mordred smote his liege

Hard on that helm which many a heathen sword
Had beaten thin; while Arthur at one blow,
Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,
Slew him, and all but slain himself, he fell

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their lord,
King Arthur.

But that was not the end. The faithful Bedivere bore his liege to "a chapel nigh the field," and Arthur bade him take the famous sword Excalibur and throw it into the dark waters of Dozmaré. Bedivere de-

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parted on his mission; but, remembering that the King would soon be no more, and noting the exquisite beauty of the weapon—

For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery—

his soul was seized with covetousness, and he hid the weapon among the waterflags. Not once but twice he disobeyed the King's bidding; but the third time he flung Excalibur as far as he could into the water—

his head in her lap, and slowly and mournfully the vessel set sail:

To the island-valley of Avilion;

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea.

Thither the King went to cure him of his grievous wound. Cornish folk explain it all by saying that he was buried near Slaughter Bridge and translated to "Avilion" in later years.

For what is "Avilion" but Glastonbury,



The Inner Harbour, Boscastle

But ere he dipped the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd
him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.

Cornish folk near Camelford will show you "Arthur's Grave," and the thick, rough slab of coarse granite which marks his supposed resting-place. But we prefer the old romance, which is that Sir Bedivere, after casting Excalibur into the dark waters of Dozmaré, carried the King on his broad shoulders to the margin of the lake, across which came a "dusky barge," bearing three Queens crowned with gold, weeping and lamenting the sore plight of their beloved King. Arthur was placed on board, one of the Queens supporting

that beautiful little town in Somerset which in itself is the epitome of our island history for nigh two thousand years, and the cradle of the Christian faith in England? The abbey, ruined though it be, is itself a witness to former magnificence and to the power which Glastonbury exercised over the rest of the country. Centuries before the time when King Arthur is supposed to have been laid to rest there, came Joseph of Arimathea, accompanied by twelve Christian friends, bearing the Holy Grail. It would have been easy to sail up to the "island" of Avilion, for the sea once washed where fruitful orchards now flourish; but it is supposed that they came overland and marched to what we know to-day as Weary-All-Hill. There

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Photo: F. A. Maycock

Elephant Rock, Bossiney

Joseph planted his hawthorn staff which, legend says, has since continued to blossom on Christmas Day. Joseph did more: he "built with wattles from the marsh a little lonely church," the forerunner of the magnificent abbey which, from the beginning of the eleventh century, was reputed to be the traditional burial-place of Arthur. Hither came the King in that "dusky barge" from Dozmaré, attended by the three Queens, and was reverently laid to rest in a place still fragrant with the memory of his immortal name.

Bards in succeeding centuries sang of his prowess; English kings paid tribute at his shrine. One of them, Henry II, heard the deeds of the blameless King sung by a Welsh singer, and inspired the search for the King's body within the abbey walls. Seven feet below the surface a large, broad stone was found, with a plate of lead upon it bearing the words in Latin: "Here on the Island of Avalon lies buried the glorious King Arthur." Nine feet deeper, in a hollowed tree-trunk, was the body of the King himself, a man of ex-

traordinary size. "His Queen, Guinevere, a lady of passing beauty, lay by him, whose tresses of hair, in colour like gold, seemed perfect and whole until it was touched, but then showed itself to be dust."

All this may have been, but we suspect that much of it was monkish tradition intended to glorify the abbey and attract an increasing number of pilgrims. The monks of old were sometimes given to guile. We prefer to lay aside this circumstantial story, and simply believe that King Arthur is still in the "island-valley of Avilion." He "cannot die," said Merlin, and persistently the belief has flourished that if he did die after his departure from Dozmaré, he would come again to gather round him the Knights of the Round Table and lead them again to victory against the forces of evil.

But anyone who wanders to-day over Arthur's Country, from Tintagel to Avalon, as we have done, must fain admit that King Arthur did not die. He is still alive, the blameless King in a realm of romance whence naught can dispossess him.



Photo: F. A. Maycock, Puzoseth

Castle Doorway, Tintagel



Photo: H. Walter Barnett

Stacy Aumonier

SHOULD A MAN RETIRE?

by
Stacy Aumonier

IN considering the problem of whether a man should retire one is immediately confronted by a profounder problem, which is: *Is a man capable of retiring?*

On the face of it the matter seems simple and reasonable enough. After so many years of strenuous toil, the labourer retires to enjoy in peace and comfort the evening of his days. But with the pressure of modern civilized life, the whole question is not so simple. If it were concerned with manual labour alone, it would be easy enough; but a man who has devoted thirty or forty years to trade, business, or one of the professions—that is to say, any activity requiring constant concentration and mental effort—has all that time been shaping his mind in such a manner that it easily becomes bewildered and unhappy without its accustomed environment. I heard of a little girl some time ago who suffered from insomnia. On being asked about the symptoms by her father, she said: "You see, daddy, I can lie down quite comfortably, but my mind won't lie down." And this is true with a man who has led an active mental life. You may give him peace and comfort, but his "mind won't lie down."

If we look around amongst our acquaintances, I think we shall find few who have successfully retired. When a man retires from business, it is usually on account of

old age or broken health, and this one cannot consider as successful retirement. The cherished ambition of the young man—particularly if he is married!—is to make a fortune whilst he is young, say, by the time he is between thirty and forty. But then this laudable ambition is not usually concerned with leading a life of indolence after that, so much as leading a life of greater freedom and less responsibility: travelling, indulging his hobbies, or perhaps following some interesting intellectual pursuit that reaps no immediate commercial reward. It is, in essence, a dream of greater activity, a dream of being allowed to do "the things worth while." It is rather an ambition to expand than to retire.

The Lure of Success

But, assuming he succeeds in his trade or profession, the more does he find himself intrigued and involved. His calling becomes his life, his everything, apart from his domestic affections. The greater his success, the greater his commitments and responsibilities, and, moreover, the greater his mental ties. Suppose he has been a man whose life has been entirely devoted to money-making—say, a stock-broker—and at the age of forty he has made a fortune. What is he to do with a fortune? He cannot keep it under the bed. He has to invest it, and consequently take an active interest in his investments. The old impetus—using his knowledge in the interests of speculation—will be for ever tugging at his elbow. His hobbies may distract him for a moment, but the vital urge is ever with him. It seems to be irretrievably mixed up with his life purposes. Suppose he is a barrister. It is just at this desirable age of retirement that he

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is beginning to be recognized. To forgo the tempting briefs that have begun to come his way would be like squandering the riches of his laboriously won knowledge and experience. Can one imagine a creative artist of any sort retiring? The thought is horrible, a kind of spiritual starvation. It is most probable that at the age of forty Mr. Kipling, for instance, might have retired upon the proceeds of his literary activities. Can you conceive his doing it? Incidentally, would not some of the finest literature of our age have been still-born? Can one imagine Shaw, or Wells, or Augustus John "retiring" and spending the rest of their lives "pottering about"?

The Keynote of the Question

For in discussing the creative arts one arrives perhaps at the keynote of the question: What are these activities from which a man should contemplate retirement? Or rather, should a man's normal employment be such that his interest in it is coloured by a desire to escape at the earliest opportunity?

And, in regarding the problem, one is driven to the conclusion that there are, alas! a number of employments, and a number of activities, from which the worker's sole idea is to escape. But this is obviously a social evil, which only indirectly affects the question of retirement. It is apparent that all men and women should have work which is congenial to them. If their work is uncongenial they must shift their ground and seek and struggle until they find the work from which they derive most satisfaction. (An eminent scientist has recently said that every man is a genius at something.) It is up to every man to find himself, his special gift towards social service, his place in the cosmos. And not only has he got to find it, he has to keep it and glorify it, and be absorbed by it, till in the end the sense of retirement is even repugnant to him.

Arts and Sciences

To this end the arts and sciences would appear to have an enormous pull. While a man, for instance, continues to write successful plays, he naturally doesn't want to retire. On the other hand, a man who has spent thirty-five years down in a coal pit does want to. And how is anyone to adjust these difficulties? For a state—even an ideal state—has got to have coal,

in the same way that if it is to make intellectual progress it has got to have plays. I can see no solution except a frank acknowledgment of the partisanship of nature. Nature is prodigal and prejudiced. She will produce a Caruso on the same morning that she destroys a hundred men in a coal pit. She will make one brother a genius, the other a mountebank. She will freeze, and burn, and drown, and poison with apparent indiscrimination, and it is no good any of us making a fuss about it. The story of man's life is very largely a record of his struggle with nature. He has conquered wild beasts and fevers, protected himself against storms and tempests, ridden over waves ever seeking to engulf him, hacked out nature's secrets from the rocks, flown faster than the birds, weighed the stars, and evolved the arts. All of which seems to suggest that there is some spark in man greater than is manifest in all the other phenomena of nature. He rules nature not so much by his powers as by his potentialities. When all is said and done, nature appears a limited business. To man everything seems eventually possible.

The Domestic Point of View

The question of a man's retirement must also be considered from a purely domestic standpoint. Love's young dream of spending the whole of one's life in close association with one's beloved does not work out satisfactorily in detail. Under these conditions the early glammers quickly begin to pall. It is asking for trouble. Undoubtedly the most satisfactory married lives are those when both the man and the woman are actively engaged, in any case for most of the day, apart. They spend the evenings together, the week-ends, and the holidays. These little enforced separations give piquance to their union. They have much to tell, time to reflect, and space in which to adjust and even enlarge their visions of each other. Their affections do not become sated and stale. Any good housewife will tell you of her aversion to having "a man about the house" always. In this respect the creative arts are at a disadvantage. A woman whose husband is an author, a painter, or a musician, and is consequently nearly always at home, has to bear all the brunt of his perverse moods. He, on his part, is quickly irritated by the petty frictions of domestic life. The dreams of Parnassus are shattered by an angry

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tradesman, or the strident demands of a telephone. They become so familiar with each other that they lose that glamour of mystery without which the skeins of married life quickly sag. Perhaps that is why so many theatrical marriages are a failure. Actors and actresses are no worse than other people, but their domestic lives are unhappily synchronized.

For a man to retire, then, means suddenly to court these conditions. Moreover, the metamorphosis comes at an even more trying period of life:

"Habit lies upon us like a weight,
Heavy as frost, deep almost as night."

By this time habits of both man and wife have become confirmed. The domestic routine has become firmly established. The wife has learnt by experience how to run her household on the most satisfactory lines. And then abruptly the whole arrangement is upset. There is a man in the house, a man who wants attendance and attention, proper meals at proper times, consideration for his activities and for his repose. Of course, she is very fond of him and all that sort of thing; but, still, it makes it all much more difficult and inconvenient. Without the claims of his work he is apt to be restless, and if not very imaginative he even requires to be entertained and amused. It is a tax upon a woman who has, in any case, lost the glamour of youth.

When Time Hangs Heavy

The quiet home and rest which he has been looking forward to is apt to appear suddenly narrow and dull. Time hangs heavy on his hands. He misses the stimulus of opposition, the exciting hazards of attainment. To an artist, a scientist, or any creative worker, it means that the chain of his ambitions is snapped. He is on the shelf. However successful his career may have been, he is conscious of his reputation being gradually dimmed by the lights of the rising generation.

There is, perhaps, one class of society which faces the turgidity of retirement with more equanimity than others, and that is: the Civil Servant. But in this case his mind has been attuned to the change from the beginning. He has known exactly how and when it would come. He has trained himself to it. Moreover, the nature of his work has prepared his mind for what is nothing more than a change of routine.

His career presents no possibilities of anything startling. He may do his work well or only moderately, but he cannot be dismissed unless he behaves outrageously. On the other hand, it is almost impossible to distinguish himself, to raise himself above his fellows, or to be the instrument of epoch-making reforms. The Civil Servant probably retires more gracefully and successfully than any other. The mind that chose this career easily adapts itself to the conditions of retirement. The innocuous hobbies and the settled outlook are all part of the Civil Servant's intellectual make-up. He glides easily from the cradle to the grave, and finds in retirement but a natural and beneficent relaxing of his normal routine.

The same would appear to hold good of the soldier and the sailor in a rather more modified form. By the time the pension is due they have usually climbed as high in their profession as they are likely to do, and their work not being creative, nothing is snapped in the process. The influence of their good work is continued by others. They have to retire in any case.

It Cannot be Done

Broadly speaking, the problem refines itself to the question of the business and professional man, whether it is right for them to retire when they are in a position to. Personally, I think I should always revert to my opening statement and contend that the business and professional man might, but that he simply *cannot* with any success! The suggestion postulates an unnatural condition. Nothing in nature retires, and that spark in man which is ever at war with nature is more inherently antipathetic to the unnatural condition than are cabbages and cows. He retires sometimes when he is forced to by broken health and old age, but he is not happy. For when the time comes, when he has amassed wealth, he realizes that although he may have worked for gain, gain was not the main incentive. The great urge at the back of all his endeavours was the instinct of social service. He was being useful, creating, contributing to life, and suddenly—he becomes a drone!

You may contend that he has earned his dronedom, and so perhaps he has. But the knowledge does not ease his disquiet. And so we find that the, I will not say best men, but the happiest men, choose to die in harness.

Felicity Leaves Home

by

Jermyn March

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS

FELICITY DALE is the embodiment of the country mouse—beautiful, good, but buried in the heart of the country without a chance of incident or opportunity. It came as a veritable godsend when her old school friend, Camilla Kelthorpe—a brilliant society girl—descended on her, and proposed that they should change places for a month or two.

The prospect of some weeks in town—balls, parties, theatres—was an entrancing one to Felicity. It seemed she had nothing to offer in exchange—but possibly the proximity of the seat of the Montroverses, to which Sir Peter Rainham, a brilliant K.C. and confirmed bachelor, was a visitor had something to do with Camilla's generosity. Whilst she was paying her call on Felicity and fixing up the details of the proposed exchange, Camilla made the acquaintance of George Bassett. There is some mystery about this man, who is working a small holding near the Lales' cottage, and Mrs. Dale does not allow Felicity to become acquainted with him—a ban which, however, does not affect Camilla, who is rather interested in him, but with whom Mrs. Dale is not on intimate terms.

It was at Lady Montroverses' that Camilla met Paul Vanderlee, a celebrated portrait painter, whose diabolical cleverness was as well known as his success with the ladies.

CHAPTER III

At Vanderlee's Studio

NEVER before had the month of June passed so slowly for Camilla Kelthorpe, and yet, oddly enough, never before had it been so full of interest.

This year she had Felicity's visit to prepare for, as well as the usual gaieties of the London season to occupy her, and the former took markedly the first place in her mind. There was quite a lot to be planned and done if her experiment was to be a success as far as Felicity was concerned; and she was intensely anxious to make it a success.

She made sure of enlisting the sympathies of all the friends whom she thought might be useful in giving her guest a good time; and where sympathy was an unreliable quantity she put the thing in the light of a personal favour to herself. She carefully selected from her wardrobe those dresses and hats which would suit Felicity best, and realizing that shoes and gloves would be a difficult item, since Felicity took half a size smaller than herself in both, she bought several pairs of the right size, which Miss Wilmot had

instructions to describe to the unsuspecting Felicity as having been "misfits."

"Dancing shoes *must* be comfortable," so she gaily explained her rather extravagant generosity, as, after a morning's shopping, she showed Miss Wilmot her purchases. "Look, aren't these pretty?" She held out, as she spoke, a dainty pair of brocaded shoes with paste buckles.

"Cinderella's slippers," said Miss Wilmot, eyeing the pretty things with indulgent admiration. "The rôle of fairy god-mother seems to suit you, my dear."

Camilla flushed faintly. She felt Wilmy's approval to be as over-lenient as her aunt Hermione's judgment had been over-harsh. But Wilmy could always be trusted to think the best of everyone. Even Paul Vanderlee, who had aroused that curious feeling of doubt and reserve in herself.

They had seen him several times since Camilla had come back to London, and Wilmy thought him an exceedingly pleasant person—for an artist and a Bohemian, although she didn't altogether approve of him—artists' morals were notoriously lax. He had called at the flat in Brook Street

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soon after Camilla's return there, and he had apparently not yet given up the hope of persuading her to sit for him. She couldn't quite understand his persistence on that point, since she refused to believe that she had made enough impression on him to warrant it. And the instinct which warns both animals and human beings to distrust what they don't understand, warred in her with that other impulse which urges them on to investigate it, often at their peril.

When she had concluded her visit to her aunt she had firmly intended that her acquaintance with the popular portrait painter should end where it began. She didn't like him; he didn't fascinate her as he was supposed to fascinate the majority of women, although she could, in some sort, understand the attraction he might exert. And yet, in spite of her resolution, she had received him when he called on her, and she had even accepted an invitation to have tea with him this very afternoon in his Chelsea studio.

Wilmy was to come too. As a rule, that good lady's chaperonage was a very nominal affair—Camilla being a modern of the moderns; but in this particular case—

"Miss Wilmot and I will very much enjoy seeing your studio," so Camilla's little note had assured Mr. Vanderlee. And if that hadn't been quite what Vanderlee had meant, he couldn't very well say so.

His studio was close to the Embankment and rather too far to walk to from Brook Street on a hot afternoon in late June; but Camilla, in spite of her busy morning's shopping, was in no mood for spending a quiet afternoon until it was time to summon a taxi, so she went for a walk in the Park.

As the date of her migration to Elm Tree Cottage drew nearer she grew daily more restless. London was airless, enervating. She wanted to stand in Felicity's garden in the cool air of a country evening and see the moonlight silvering that big cornfield that rustled gently on the other side of the hedge. There was always something tremendously soothing in sounds like that in the country. Wind among the corn, for instance, or rain pattering in an orchard. Rain on a London pavement was simply monotonous and dreary.

The corn would be ripening now—or wouldn't it? Camilla knew very little about matters connected with the soil. That young man who was the Dales' nearest neighbour—young Bassett—would no doubt be horrified at her ignorance if it ever came to his

knowledge, which it wasn't likely to. His opinion of her, individually, would probably be even less flattering than Sir Peter Rainham's verdict on her sex in general; but whereas the good-looking young farmer's possible opinion of her didn't matter at all to Camilla, Peter Rainham's did.

She was trying at present to keep Rainham out of her thoughts. This experiment of hers was not to be taken too seriously. The inherited instinct of many sporting forbears warned Camilla to sit loosely when riding for a fall; and a woman-hating lawyer was certainly a stiff fence to tackle.

Fate, however, always seems to take a malicious pleasure in thrusting before one's notice the very things that bear upon the subject one doesn't want to think about. Sauntering slowly under the trees, past the more or less empty rows of chairs in front of the Achilles statue, Camilla didn't expect to meet any of her friends at this unfashionable hour in the afternoon unless it might be a few energetic women taking their pet dogs for exercise. She was certainly unprepared to hear the voice of the tall thin lady who hailed her suddenly from one of those green chairs, since she hadn't even known that Mrs. Rainham was in London.

But it was just like Peter Rainham's mother, since she *was* in London, to do what nobody else was doing at the moment.

Camilla was a favourite of hers. That young woman's sense of humour constituted a saving grace in Mrs. Rainham's eyes; it covered a multitude of frivolous sins. It was from his mother that Peter Rainham had inherited his irony and his quick wit; you could read the fact in her bright, keen glance and the upturned corners of her mobile mouth.

She beckoned Camilla now to the empty chair beside her, casting an approving eye over the girl's cool, flowered chiffon and rose-wreathed hat. No one was a more appreciative critic of pretty clothes than she, who had never altered her own style of dressing or her coiffure from the fashions which had obtained at the end of Queen Victoria's reign.

"You're looking particularly charming this afternoon, my dear," she said. "Have these fine feathers just adorned a luncheon party, or are they on the way to decorate an 'At Home'?"

"Neither," Camilla answered, smiling. "They're modestly intended to take their small part in living up to a Chelsea studio."

"Chelsea? Well, I've spent this morning

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at the Academy, and I've never seen such a collection of mediocrities and freaks. I sincerely hope that your Chelsea host will have something more amusing to show you."

"Hardly amusing," Camilla returned meditatively. "Interesting—yes. It's Paul Vanderlee's studio I'm going to see. His work always makes one think, doesn't it? But it's never made me smile . . . yet."

"No." The older woman nodded. "There's a tremendous lot of life in his work, but seldom the joy of life, or even its sweetness."

"Do you know him?" Camilla asked curiously.

"No; and I don't particularly want to." An odd little shadow swept the animation from the keen, lined face. "Mr. Vanderlee's name is connected with a certain incident in the past which hasn't left me a pleasant memory. Apart from that, I don't care for what I hear of him, and no more, I fancy, does Peter. Where did you meet the man?"

"At Aunt Hermione's. He was staying with the Gilrays."

"Ah, yes. The nice little verse-writing woman who thinks she's a poetess and tries so desperately hard to find a new setting for the oldest *clichés*. They always remind me, this modern school of poets, of the painstaking housekeeper who concentrates on 'doing up' the remains of the evening's joint for the morning's lunch. It's the same old leg of mutton all the time, and we all know it; to pretend that it's anything else is just an insult to our intelligence; and it would be so much better to finish it cold and so much more digestible."

Camilla laughed.

"I'm afraid I know awfully little about housekeeping," she said, "which ought to be depressing me rather, because I've just let myself in for a spell of it."

"What? Is your invaluable Miss Wilmot going off for a holiday? Then you'd much better come and stay with me in the country. We move into Barstead next week, and everyone tells me that I shall never keep servants down in the wilds, and that I shall be reduced to cooking my own breakfast and sweeping my own floors. So why not come and help me do it, and shut up your flat here?"

Camilla shook her head regretfully. A month ago she would have jumped at the invitation, but it had come too late. Fate certainly was being intensely provoking.

"That's not the responsibility that's trou-

ling me," she explained. "As a matter of fact, I'm lending my flat to a friend and Miss Wilmot with it. And alas! I can't accept your invitation, much as I should like to, because I've promised to stay with my friend's mother and look after her in the meanwhile. However, as she happens to live in your part of the world, you may expect to hear me sending out a frantic S O S almost at your gates. It's a dear little place, and they run it with only one maid, so I fancy I shall have to do a good deal of the housework myself."

"Really?" Mrs. Rainham was amused and interested. Into her keen, twinkling glance there crept a touch of thoughtful surprise. So far she hadn't credited "that amusing little Kelthorpe girl" with altruistic tendencies; and the discovery that Camilla was apparently capable of doing a kind action at the expense of her own comfort appealed to Mrs. Rainham as quite an effective argument in favour of the modern girl. She was always glad to be provided with such arguments. A friendly strife on that subject was perpetually being waged between herself and her son. Peter would admit nothing good of a sex which, in the person of one girl, had disillusioned him very badly, although his faith in his own sex had apparently withstood far more numerous blows. But your idealist falls hard, and Peter—as his mother knew—had once been an ardent idealist where women were concerned.

She made a note now of Camilla's address in the country, asked various questions, and remarked with quickened interest that if Mrs. Dale's late husband had been a sailor she fancied he must have been an old dancing partner of hers.

"Andrew Dale? Yes, there can hardly have been two of them. Extraordinarily good-looking, he was," she said, "and a beautiful dancer in the days when we *did* dance, in the real meaning of the word, and didn't mind looking as though we enjoyed it either. I used to enjoy my dances with him most heartily. He and your father, my dear . . . they are both among my most pleasant memories."

She broke off abruptly, as though the phrase had reminded her of something spoken of previously. "Well, I mustn't keep you from your tea-party," she said. "You'll find Vanderlee's studio full of interest, I expect. He's by way of being an art connoisseur as well as a painter, and you'll be likely to see a lot of fascinating

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things at his place besides the rubbish that artists usually collect around them."

Then, after they had both said good-bye, and Camilla had risen and was about to walk on, she added: "By the way, if you'll take a bit of advice, my dear, there's no need to make great friends with anyone you may run across at Paul Vanderlee's. Mind, I'm not saying that he *would* ask anyone at all undesirable to meet you, but an artist is bound to include people among his acquaintances whom I personally shouldn't care for any daughter of mine to be too friendly with; and, after all, these Bohemians haven't much discrimination. You don't mind an old woman giving you a little advice, do you?"

"I think it's awfully kind of you," Camilla said. The quick flush which always made her definitely pretty mounted to her cheeks. This token of friendly solicitude from Mrs. Rainham—whose attitude towards her fellow-creatures was generally one of amused detachment—meant a good deal. Camilla, far from resenting it, was conscious of a little thrill of pleasure.

She walked back to Brook Street feeling both elated and intrigued. Intrigued, because she realized that she had been warned—very tactfully, but warned nevertheless—against a man of whom already her own instinct had bade her beware. She wondered what possible connexion there could have been between Paul Vanderlee and the woman she had just left that had affected the latter so unpleasantly.

As far as her warning was concerned, however, there turned out to have been no need for the particular form it had taken. Camilla and her chaperon were the artist's only guests this afternoon.

His studio was at the top of a tall block of flats, in a street that ran down to the Embankment. They climbed many dusty stairs to reach it, passing the doors of other studios on the way. Vanderlee himself opened his door in answer to their ring. He kept no servant, he told them. A daily woman came in for the morning and did the work of the flat, which consisted only of two rooms, with a bathroom and a kitchen. For the rest, he was able to cope with whatever cooking or cleaning up remained to be done.

"It's the most comfortable way of living for a lone bachelor who hasn't any use for regular hours or conventional meals," he said.

He led them across a narrow landing

and into a large room with an uncurtained window filling up the greater part of one wall and looking out over the lower roofs of intervening houses on to the Embankment and the river.

It was the first time that Camilla had ever been inside a professional studio, and the untidy medley round her interested her enormously. The disorder carried with it no touch of sordidness, and it was, moreover, the workshop of a man who, whatever else he might be and do, worked hard. There was nothing of the drifter or the dilettante about it.

A closed locker ran along the wall under the big window, heaped with old brushes and tubes, palettes and palette knives, opened tins and paint-stained rags. Unframed canvases and empty picture-frames leaned against the wall and were stacked on a high shelf that ran round it on two sides, together with bronzes and plaster casts.

On the fourth wall, to one side of the fireplace, hung a beautiful piece of old tapestry and a big, gilt-framed mirror. On the broad mantelshelf were stacks of invitation cards and letters, piled carelessly among exquisite bits of enamel and quaint old pieces of silver and of ivory carved with that amazing skill and patience which is only to be found in the East.

A low Oriental tea-table had been laid out close to a tall screen which was hung carelessly with a gorgeous piece of Italian brocade. The bare boards were strewn with mats, and the rest of the furniture consisted of a big arm-chair, a gilt-legged couch of the period of the first Empire, and a carved Italian dower chest, besides a couple of heavy easels and a model stand.

Vanderlee installed his younger guest behind the tea-table, Miss Wilmot having firmly declined the post of tea-maker. She knew that when a man asks a young woman to tea he likes to see her and no one else handling his teapot and performing the offices of his table. She knew this, although in her own uninspiring youth she had never been the object of any such special attentions from young men. Wilmy, in fact, was one of those people who seem to be born with a ready-made knowledge about things that are fated never to come within their personal experience.

"You bring the spirit of summer to Chel-sea," Vanderlee told Camilla, and, as once before, she knew that no detail of her dress had escaped his notice. "Roses don't

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often drift up among these dusty roofs," he went on as he stooped to pick up a petal which had fallen from one of the pale pink blossoms which she had tucked into her sash. He sniffed its cool fragrance with deliberate appreciation, then crushed it slowly between his long tobacco-stained fingers, until it dropped again to the floor, a tiny bruised fragment.

Once more Camilla felt that odd sensation of repugnance which had assailed her in her aunt's drawing-room. There darted through her mind a flash of intuition which showed the man before her as one who would despoil any lovely thing of its scent, its beauty and its freshness to afford himself a moment's pleasurable sensation. And what was more, would enjoy the actual fact of having done so. The next moment she mentally rebuked herself for the uncharitable thought, telling herself that it was the man's way of painting which obsessed her. And, after all, one may be unfortunate enough to see the worst in people without finding any actual pleasure in doing it.

It was difficult, as she discovered later, to decide exactly what was Vanderlee's attitude towards his sitters.

After tea, when he showed them round the studio, she noticed that he more or less ignored the human and personal factor in the portraits he exhibited. An effect of light or texture that had been difficult to get, a

pose which hadn't quite satisfied him—these were the points which he made with the swift, expressive gesticulations that betrayed his foreign origin.



"You don't mind an old woman giving you a little advice, do you?"

Drawn by
J. Dewar Mills

"When you consent to sit for me," he said, "I shall paint you in the dress you wore when I first met you, although your colour scheme to-day leaves nothing to be desired. May I compliment you again on your choice both of dress and ornaments?"

"But I haven't chosen my ornaments," Camilla lightly disclaimed the compliment. To-day she was wearing an antique brooch of pink topaz and pearls, and a string of uncut topaz was wound about her neck.

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"I've inherited most of them, so you might almost say that they've chosen me."

He shrugged his shoulders, acceding the point with unexpected readiness.

"Well, it is, after all, not so fantastical—the idea that a jewel should choose its owner. For my part, I am always inclined to believe that stones have an individuality of their own. The ancients certainly must have believed it; and even down to the present day certain qualities are supposed to belong to certain stones."

Turning to the fireplace, he lifted each of the little carved figures in turn from the mantelpiece and drew his guests' attention to the intricacy of the carving. He told them the legend attached to each—to the exquisite little sea-maiden, to the fat little Hotei, the Japanese god of luck, and the sinister Tengu, the legendary bird man with its cruel beak and flat head.

He was a fascinating talker, with a fund of interesting knowledge on out-of-the-way subjects. From the netsukes they passed to some brilliant specimens of sixteenth-century enamelling, and then Camilla, coming back to the paintings, gave a sudden exclamation.

"I know that face, surely!" She stared at the half-finished portrait of a woman which stood on the farthest easel.

"It's familiar to most Londoners, I should say," Vanderlee made answer. "That's Rosamond Cressitor."

Camilla drew a long breath. "Of course," she said, and then fell silent. It was, she thought, a queer coincidence which had brought her straight from a chance meeting with Peter Rainham's mother to be faced by a portrait of the woman who might, had things turned out differently, have been his wife!

Rosamond Cressitor . . .

A fascinating creature, slim, ethereal, the kind of woman whom a man instinctively yearns to protect, to pick her up in his strong arms and carry her, so that no stones shall bruise her delicate little feet and no mud soil her dainty shoes.

Camilla didn't know her. She had never seen her excepting over the footlights.

For Peter Rainham's ex-fiancée had gone on the stage shortly after breaking off her engagement. She had always taken prominent parts in amateur theatricals, and her people, who had up till then strongly objected to the idea of her adopting the stage as a profession, had given their consent at last, to assuage the discontent and

depression which had descended upon her after she had jilted Rainham.

A year after she started her stage training she made her debut in the provinces as Shakespeare's Juliet, and had the luck to be seen by a London producer. From thence onwards her progress up the ladder of success had been rapid. Add to which, that during its course not a word of scandal had been breathed against her. She was reputed to take her art very seriously indeed, and her name was always to the fore in connexion with services given for charity.

Yet Camilla, standing in front of her portrait, recalled the words in which, eight years ago, Mrs. Rainham was said to have described her prospective daughter-in-law.

"The appearance of a strayed angel and the disposition of an evil monkey."

It was a harsh judgment, perhaps—Peter Rainham's mother had frankly disapproved of her son's choice; but no crueller than Vanderlee's portrait of her to-day.

It was just that simian element in Rosamond Cressitor that his ruthless brush had swept to light and portrayed unerringly. As he had painted her it showed in every curve of her slim, narrow-palmed hands, clutching, rapacious. It slumbered in the widely set blue eyes, with their deceptively ingenuous glance that foiled any effort to get behind it, and it lurked in faint lines about the pretty rose-lipped mouth—little cruel lines. About the whole face and light, graceful figure there was a curious suggestion of hidden impishness, of callous, wanton irresponsibility. . . .

Miss Wilmot was at the other end of the room turning over some canvases against the wall, but a ridiculous self-consciousness made Camilla lower her voice as she looked up at Vanderlee.

"She was engaged to Sir Peter Rainham once, you know," she said.

He nodded.

"The rôle of a rising barrister's wife would never have satisfied her," he said.

"No. He wasn't as big a man then as he is now," Camilla added thoughtfully.

She couldn't tear herself away from the portrait; it held a disagreeable sort of fascination for her. This woman had held Peter Rainham's heart in those little grasping hands of hers, and she had thrown it away. Camilla bore a grudge against her on both counts. The impertinence of it! Did he care still, in spite of everything, she wondered? Did Rosamond Cressitor ever regret her decision?

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"But even now his autograph wouldn't fetch what hers does," Vanderlee said with careless cynicism. "Of what account is the most brilliant legal luminary beside a star of the footlights? Yet it's a very striking signature—Rainham's. I must show you my collection of autographs some day, Miss Kelthorpe. My work brings me letters from all sorts of people, and calligraphy is an interesting study—helpful, too, very often."

"You know Sir Peter, then?" Camilla asked in some surprise. She had certainly gathered from Mrs. Rainham that neither she nor her son knew the artist personally. "No, I haven't that honour." The smile that flitted across Vanderlee's lips was an enigmatical one. "But he once sent me a small cheque for a netsuke which Miss Cressitor had commissioned me to buy for her. It was for so small an amount—the netsuke wasn't a rare or even a very good one—that I have never bothered to cash it. The signature constituted its greatest interest for me."

"That's rather an expensive method of collecting autographs," his companion commented. Vanderlee's *déjà-gé* way of telling the little story amused her. Mentally she characterized it as pure "swank," and it was the first instance of this that she had noticed in him. He was, otherwise, rather surprisingly unaffected.

"Will the signature ever be worth as much as the amount of the cheque?" she asked idly.

"It is already worth more," he answered. "Only the other day I was offered a good deal more than twice its face value."

"Really?" Her tone was politely incredulous. "By another collector?"

"No, hardly that, unless one might describe the lady as a collector of sentimental memories. It was"—he hesitated, then, with an ironical twist to his lips, he finished his sentence. "It was Miss Cressitor," he said.

Camilla's eyes widened with astonishment. "What a curious idea!" she exclaimed.

"Your sex do many curious things," the artist said with his easy shrug. "In the first flush of some keen emotion a woman has been known to destroy everything that could remind her of some particular man . . . and regret it ten minutes afterwards. Even at this late hour Miss Cressitor apparently covets this proof that her slightest whim was once law to a man who, after all, has never replaced her in his affections."

Yes, that was possible, Camilla thought. But the idea didn't please her somehow. She turned abruptly back to the easel.

"Does she like her portrait?"

She couldn't resist the question, even while it seemed an absurd one. For it was surely impossible that any woman could face such a revelation of herself and *like it!*

"She says that I haven't made her hair fair enough," Vanderlee said with a grin. "What do *you* think about it?"

Camilla's answer was given with some emphasis. "To be perfectly candid," she said slowly, "if I were her I should be willing to pay any price for it . . . in order to destroy it."

Her host threw back his head and laughed, quite unperturbed.

"But what waste of a good advertisement!" he protested. "You are impractical, Miss Kelthorpe. When this," he flipped at the unfinished canvas with an irreverent finger and thumb, "is exhibited, people will discuss the personality of my sitter as much as they will criticize my methods. She knows that. For the rest, she does not care."

Camilla nodded. After all, she could believe that. It was in keeping with her own conception of the character of Rosamond Cressitor. But it wasn't at all in keeping with what Vanderlee had told her just previously.

Coming away from the studio Miss Wilmot remarked that she wondered why Vanderlee devoted his time almost exclusively to painting portraits.

"There were one or two other pictures," she said, "which struck me as being extraordinarily clever. Did you notice that big unfinished canvas which he said he had put aside to work at Miss Cressitor's portrait—the group of London flower-girls? A very fine bit of work, I thought."

"He finds that portraits pay better, I expect," Camilla said.

Miss Wilmot looked unconvinced.

"Even so," she persisted, "at the prices a Vanderlee can command, he might spare more time to other work, and yet make an income more than big enough for anything he can want."

Camilla agreed to that. "As far as one can judge by his style of living," she added. "But we don't know what claims he has upon him. And I believe he spends a good part of the year abroad—he may live more luxuriously there than he does in Chelsea."

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Why this solicitude, Wilmy? Do you consider that he's degrading his art?"

"He thinks so himself," Miss Wilmot answered with one of the flashes of shrewdness which were so oddly at variance with her usual blind tendency to think the best of everybody. "He showed us the portraits because he knew they would interest you, and he wants you to sit for him. He wouldn't have shown us the other pictures at all unless I had discovered them, yet they are infinitely better work—worthy of the finest traditions of Dutch art, and you can't say much more. He must know that. In fact, he showed that he knew it by turning them with their faces to the wall so that they shouldn't show up the flashy cleverness of the others. It's a thing about Mr. Vanderlee that I can't quite understand."

"You're modest, Wilmy darling," her pupil commented with affectionate irony. "As for me, there's not one, but many things about Mr. Vanderlee that I don't understand. And"—she paused, then laughed at her own sudden seriousness—"I'm not at all sure," she added, "though I can't exactly explain *why* I feel like that about it—that he isn't perhaps a riddle that is better left unguessed."

CHAPTER IV

Camilla Arrives at Elm Tree Cottage

GEORGE BASSETT was wending his way homewards by the narrow grass track that ran along the side of one of his largest cornfields.

The evening sunlight only touched him occasionally as he walked along in the shade of the tall hedge. Crickets chirped in the grass, birds twittered drowsily, and the gnats and midges which had persecuted him all day in the open hayfield where he had been working dispersed before the tobacco smoke that hovered about him. It was cool and pleasant here. Yet his lips were set in a grim line as they closed about the stem of his pipe.

Seen at the present moment, and from a distance, as he strode along at the half-slouching gait that relaxes tired muscles, with a battered felt hat crammed down over his gloomy eyes, the owner of Barstead Farm, in his working clothes, was just a typical specimen of the average small farmer who has no social aspirations and is only one degree above the men who work

for him in refinement and intellect. Seen closer there was a subtle difference.

George Bassett's clothes, weather-stained and shabby though they were, bore the ineradicable stamp of a good tailor, and the face under that shapeless brim—a lean, tanned face—had an unexpected air of distinction. The nose was thin and hawklike, the brooding, dark grey eyes didn't lack keenness or command, for all the cloud that shadowed them now; the mouth was sensitive and the jaw cleanly chiselled.

For the rest, he was hot, dusty and entirely depressed. Yet there was nothing in his immediate surroundings to depress him. The fine weather seemed to be holding out, the hay would soon be safely in, while his other crops showed good promise. He wasn't finding the work of the farm uncongenial either. Once, long ago, he had had a training intended to fit him for much this kind of position, not as an owner—he had never dreamt of that—but as a land agent. And the knowledge which had been stored away in his mind, useless apparently, had come back to him easily enough.

Already his farm hands were discovering that their new master would be no cipher in the management of his own property. He wouldn't put up with incompetency or slackness.

They respected him; but for all his comparative youth they didn't find him as genial as their late master, nor, for some odd reason, so easy of approach.

To-day, as he had worked among them in the hayfield, tossing the heavy, sweet-scented swaths, there had been a tendency for the other workers to grow silent when they approached him in their steady progress down the long lines of mown hay. Every now and then he exchanged a word or two with the nearest to him, and it was responded to respectfully, but briefly. As they receded from him he could hear the light-hearted chaff between the men and women breaking out again. Some joke would be handed about from one to the other, often travelling the whole length of the field. But the atmosphere of rustic bonhomie which pervaded the little company hadn't stretched so far as to include himself.

Perhaps it was just as well, he told himself. When a man harbours an intense aching for the companionship which he can't get, he is always liable to take recklessly any which comes his way, and to sink in his habits to the company he keeps. Already he was discovering that it might



"When this is exhibited, people will discuss the personality of my sitter as much as they will criticize my methods"—p. 667

Drawn by
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become in time an effort to keep up those outward observances and conventions which go so far to prevent a man from slipping morally and mentally downhill. It would be very easy to grow slack in little ways.

To-night, for instance, weary and hungry, he entered the house by the back door, passed through the kitchen and found himself on the point of going straight into the room where his supper was laid out without troubling to wash his hands or to change out of his working clothes. But he checked himself doggedly and, turning, went upstairs to his room.

The bedrooms at Barstead Farm were the pleasantest rooms in the house. They were less crammed with ugly old furniture, and their wallpapers had prettier, lighter designs. His old housekeeper, with the aid of a hard-working girl, kept everything spotlessly clean, and lately he had found a can of hot water on his washing-stand at this hour. Mrs. Neale was becoming used to the new master's ways. There was no bathroom in the house, and it seemed that he objected to washing his hands, as his uncle had always done, under the tap of the scullery sink.

"That finicky, 'e is," Mrs. Neale remarked to her underling. "Is father, Mr. David, was the same, I mind me, arter 'e took up with all that there book-learning."

She spoke with a dubious shake of her grey head. This quality which George had inherited from his father had given rise to acute family dissension in the days of old Grandfather Bassett. George's father had been the eldest son, but farming hadn't appealed to him. He had won a scholarship at the school, and from then on had gone his own way in the teeth of his father's bitter opposition. Old William Bassett, to whom his farm was a passion, had thereupon disinherited the renegade and cast him off entirely, refusing even to hear his name mentioned. No black sheep of any family ever brought on himself a more complete parental ban than did David Bassett by his misplaced zest for "book-learning."

His brother Simon would willingly have kept in touch with the prodigal, but the unrelenting head of the family had deliberately intercepted the letters which David had written home, and it was only years after their father's death that sheer accident brought the two brothers together again.

Many things had happened in the interval. David was married and had a son. He was living far away in the North of England, and Simon had gone up there to make the

acquaintance of his sister-in-law and his nephew.

He came back, not ill pleased with his visit, but he never repeated it in spite of cordial invitations from David and his wife, and he said very little about it to anyone.

"I'm main glad to ha' seen the lad again," was all he vouchsafed to his particular cronies; "main glad, I am. But he's taken his own way and made his own friends, and they're not mine. I seed that clear enough."

Even Mrs. Neale had been able to get nothing more out of him, except that "David's lad was a fine, sturdy youngster, and his mother"—he would chuckle there and shake his head in a perplexity that was only part dissatisfaction—"a rare one. Oh, aye! a rare one was Mrs. David."

And now here was Mr. David's son, his father over again in his fastidious ways, though physically the likeness was far to seek. Mrs. Neale felt a curious, unacknowledged pride in his "finickiness." It savoured, in her eyes, of the "gentry," and, besides, it gave her very little extra trouble. She didn't grumble. For one thing she knew he had been in "furrin' parts" ever since he was a very young man. There had been some mystery about his going there, which she had never fathomed; but she had come to look upon mystery as an irritating but inevitable factor in connexion with Mr. David and his family, and she had long ago given up speculating about it. She had always heard, however, that folks who "went furrin'" contracted the habit of being waited on hand and foot by "them niggers," and she was pleasantly surprised to find the young man so considerate and unexacting.

He changed now into a cool suit of blue serge, washed, brushed his dark hair into sleek order, and went down-stairs to the sombre, unattractive best parlour where his supper was laid out. It might have been a very pleasant room. He strongly suspected that there were deep hearths and wide chimneys hidden behind most of the hideous, cheap-looking fire-places in Barstead Farm, and no doubt there were fine old oak beams masked by the low plaster ceilings. Some day he would investigate and make alterations; it would give him an interest.

He wasn't long over his supper; there was no temptation to linger in the vicinity of that cheap mustard-patterned Victorian wallpaper, to sit staring at the fly-spotted engravings of scenes from Shake-peare. Mrs.

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Neale would be in presently to clear away, and he had a presentiment that she was in a garrulous mood. An air of suppressed excitement had hovered over her and Emily when he came in. He had noticed it once before, and it had preceded the unfolding of a piece of village gossip which had proved most unpleasant news to him.

So now he rose, refilled and lit his pipe, and wandered out to the front garden, where he leant over the white-painted gate and smoked morosely.

This was the hour of the day which he always looked forward to with dread. The reflection of a day's work well done brought with it very little consolation in comparison with the prospect of a lonely evening with thoughts for company that made the loneliness harder to bear than it need have been. The solitude of the years he had spent on a rubber plantation in the Malay States had held nothing to equal it.

In the early days of that exile of his he had welcomed loneliness; very shortly he had found it almost unbearable; later he had become hardened to it. He often wondered that in his youth and his misery he hadn't gone the way of many other lads of his age, given in to one or another of the many forms of temptation that offer oblivion or temporary distraction. Yet he hadn't. He had been eight years in that self-imposed exile of his, and the ingrained strength of character that went with his wiry physique had saved him from the pitfalls that beset weaker temperaments and constitutions. There had been compensations too. Shooting expeditions into the interior, leave spent in seeing other parts of the world, storing a restless, hungry mind with impressions that would help to exclude the one memory that still blazed upon his consciousness like an angry scar.

News of his parents' death had reached him in the fourth year of his exile. They had both been carried off by an epidemic which had swept their village; and at the time he had fancied this tragedy to have severed the last tie that still linked him with his own country. Barring his uncle Simon, whom he scarcely knew, he was entirely devoid of kith and kin on his father's side of the family; on his mother's side there were only a few relations whom he had never seen, and who no doubt had long ago managed, with intense relief, to forget his existence. He had thought then that his exile would now be a lasting one. But he had been wrong. Last year his uncle

had been thrown from his horse and killed, and the first intimation of his death, as far as his nephew was concerned, was a lawyer's letter informing him of his inheritance.

He had never dreamt of such a thing happening. Simon Bassett had been a hale and hearty man who might still have been expected to marry and leave children to inherit after him. It was rather a tradition with the Bassetts to marry late in life, though David Bassett had been an exception to the rule. But Simon had died a bachelor, and his death brought George Bassett back to England.

His first impulse had been to sell the farm and to realize on his inheritance, but it didn't stand the test of reflection. After all, the very fact of taking up his abode in the home of his forbears, of starting life afresh as a plain farmer, would cut him off as effectually from all that had once been his—old friends, old associations—as leagues of water had hitherto done.

So he had started it afresh four months ago, to make the slow discovery that the solitariness which stalks through an empty bungalow in the vast silence of a tropical night was as nothing to the aching solitude of feeling himself to be a stranger within the gates that had sheltered his forbears, and to know that that other life which he had once enjoyed was within easy reach of the hand which he couldn't put out.

He moved restlessly. It was a curious coincidence, if he had only known it, that two such lonely people as himself and Felicity Dale—lonely in different degrees and from different causes—should have been living side by side for the last four months with a barrier between them that was absurd in its very efficacy.

The noise of clattering plates floated out to him through the open windows. Mrs. Neale was clearing away, feeling distinctly injured. If she had guessed that Mr. George would be so quick over his supper she would have invented some excuse to go into the parlour and unburden herself of the interesting news with which she was bursting. She couldn't remember the day, not if she tried ever so, when there had been such comings and goings as there had been at Elm Tree Cottage to-day. First, soon after breakfast, had come the rattling old taxi from the Crown Inn at Barstead, and there had been much fussing in and out of the cottage. Mrs. Neale had seen it all from the spare bedroom up to which she hur-

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riedly panted on the arrival of the taxi. Its window, at the side of the house, gave a view through tall syringa bushes and over the high wall into the cottage garden. From this point of vantage she had watched Elspeth, the apple-cheeked Scotch servant, issuing agitated injunctions to the driver to "be careful with yon box, the noo," as if her young lady's modest luggage had been of priceless value. The watcher sniffed contemptuously. Then Mrs. Dale had come out to the gate to exchange a last affectionate embrace with her daughter.

"And bonny the lass looked," Mrs. Neale afterwards admitted grudgingly to her satellite in the kitchen. "I'll not deny it, for all they think themselves too good for the likes of we. Setting themselves up and they as poor as church mice!"

The exclusiveness of her neighbours was a standing grievance with Mrs. Neale, for in the Captain's day it had been different. The genial sailor had often enjoyed a stroll and a smoke with Simon Bassett, and even after her father's death Felicity had still come and gone about the farm buildings as she had done when she was a child, taking a keen interest in the live stock, making pets of the baby calves and the other young animals. Then Simon Bassett had died, and Felicity—Mrs. Neale was willing to accede that—had seemed genuinely to mourn her old friend, with his fund of countryside lore, his hearty chuckle, and the cheery "Wantin' a lift, missie?" shouted from his high dog-cart whenever he met her walking in the lane. Yet his nephew's arrival to take possession had marked the beginning of entirely different relations between the cottage and the farm. Felicity's interest in the animals apparently died out; she had never set foot inside the farmyard since Mr. George came home; and if extra butter or cream or eggs were wanted for some special dish to tempt Mrs. Dale's delicate appetite, it was Elspeth who came over for it these days. And Elspeth had never been friendly and chatty as Miss Felicity was. She was a typical Scotchwoman of her class, with a dour exterior and a passion for work that left her no time for an amiable bit of gossip.

Mrs. Neale had drawn her own conclusions, and her loyal old heart burnt hot with resentment. It was clear that in Mrs. Dale's eyes a mild familiarity between an elderly farmer with no pretensions and a girl who had grown up from a child at his door was one thing; but any intimacy be-

tween that girl and a young man of the same class as her old friend was quite another.

And Mrs. Neale guessed rightly.

There *had* been no pretensions about old Simon; but Felicity's mother had been quick to see the difference in his successor. The very cut of his shabby tweed coat, the angle at which he wore his hat, something in the way he walked, spoke unmistakably, to her, of "pretensions."

So, clinging tenaciously to the traditions in which she herself had been brought up, and blandly ignoring the fact that every year the old arbitrary class distinctions were losing grip, she put her small, narrow foot down on any intercourse with their next-door neighbour.

"It's little we'll be missing the lass as things are," George Bassett's housekeeper had muttered as she watched the taxi drive away. Then she went downstairs again, and the matter had almost passed out of her head when Elspeth presented herself at the back door to request a half-pint of cream.

For once Elspeth happened to be in a communicative frame of mind. "'Tis for a special sweet that Miss Feleccity asked me to make the night, seeing we have a young leddy coming on a veesit that has a liking for it," she explained.

Here was fresh excitement. A visitor at Elm Tree Cottage!

"A young lady? And Miss Felicity away?" Mrs. Neale asked, brimful of curiosity.

"Aye, but she's no a stranger to these parts," Elspeth answered. "Ye'll mind the wee bit lassie that used to veesit here in Miss Feleccity's schooldays—Miss Cameella, a niece of her leddyship over to Mon-travers'?"

Mrs. Neale remembered her quite well.

"A regular little limb, she was." Her good-natured chuckle was reminiscent of many a wild, tomboy prank. "Always up to mischief."

"Ah, weel, she's grown into a fine young leddy," remarked Elspeth, "and she'll be here some time this afternoon."

With which she departed, taking with her the half-pint of cream and the inward assurance that Mrs. Neale would spend all the afternoon on the look out.

"It's sma' diversion she gets, the puir body," said Elspeth to herself with kindly condescension.

Since then Camilla's taxi had deposited her at the cottage, and Mrs. Neale had

FELICITY LEAVES HOME

watched her arrival with avid interest. She wished that she had asked Elspeth how long the young lady was going to stay. Not that it would make much difference to the inhabitants of the farm, she supposed. The days had gone by when the advent of Camilla had sooner or later meant a thrilling farmhouse tea, with cream which two amateur pairs of hands had helped to skim and cakes in whose baking they had importantly assisted.

Mrs. Neale piled plates and knives and forks gloomily on a tray, then paused, open-eyed and open-mouthed, to listen.

A sudden clamour had broken out behind the house, a wild tumult of squealing and shrieking, with other odd sounds, which to her practised ear were unmistakable. Putting down the tray, she hurried to the open window and called through it to the motionless figure at the gate.

"The old sow's broken through the hedge again, Mr. George."

Bassett turned slowly. That fool Hobson must have forgotten to stake the gap, bother him! This sort of thing was always happening. When it wasn't his neighbour's hens it was his own pigs which contrived to create the kind of situation he was most anxious to avoid. Hadn't the Dales shown him plainly enough that they had no wish to make his closer acquaintance?

Goodness, what a row! There were two women's voices now; through the shrill oburgations of Elspeth, scolding wrathfully, could be heard high-pitched notes of helpless laughter and little cries of warning.

"Look out! Head them off—quick . . . oh! the little brutes!" And again fresh gusts of laughter.

"I'd better go and see to it, I suppose," said Bassett, with a reluctance that was only half genuine. He wouldn't for the world have owned to the flash of irrepressible sympathy which that infectious laughter had aroused in him. It was so gay, so irresponsible, so *young* . . . so everything that his present mood and his present surroundings were not. He had never heard his next-door neighbour laugh like that before.

The hubbub showed no diminution as he ran into the house, caught up a stick and dashed round through the yard and out into the field where the old sow and her litter should have been. As he had expected, the field was empty, and the gap in the hedge which Hobson had neglected to mend faced

him with mute accusation. It wasn't the first time the old sow had led her progeny through it. Forbidden territory seemed to have a fascination for that adventurous animal.

Twice already she had made her appearance in the other field behind the cottage, triumphantly heading her troop of piglets, squealing, grunting and shaking with excitement, their ears flapping, their little snouts rooting busily as they turned this way and that. Once they had made an unceremonious entry into the Dales' kitchen garden, getting in under the lowest bar of the fence that divided it from the field and wreaking untold havoc before they could be turned out.

Now their harassed owner crashed through the hedge in his turn, and discovered to his relief that so far they hadn't done any damage.

Elspeth, flustered but grim, was keeping guard along the fence, armed with a broom handle which she waved vigorously as she shrieked; while round the field in hot pursuit raced a flying figure in a pale green evening frock, bare-headed and bare-armed. She had caught up her frock as she ran, and her long, slim silk-stockinged legs and brocaded slippers flashed in the low, slanting rays of the evening sun which gilded her bronze-gold head. She was laughing with breathless enjoyment, and she brandished an absurd little furled parasol.

Bassett was so taken aback by the sight of her that he stared, dumbfounded, for the moment. This wasn't Miss Dale! Where had this girl sprung from?

Camilla herself was too intent upon the chase to spare him more than a cursory glance. Even when he joined in it, her whole attention was concentrated on herding the now frantic pigs back through the gap. It was only when the last loudly-protesting porker had been rounded up and "shooed" into its own field that she turned to him, smiling and panting. "You're Mr. Bassett, aren't you? Thanks ever so much for coming to the rescue."

"I really must apologize," he said gravely. "The whole thing's my fault; I'll have that gap filled in to-morrow."

She laughed, making light of the necessity for an apology. "But *weren't* they funny?" she demanded. "So frightfully pleased with themselves, poor dears, when we first caught sight of them—trotting along in the perkiest way and coming *straight* for our fence."

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She was scrutinizing him as she spoke with a frank interest that held none of Felicity's dignified reserve. She had to look up considerably to do it; he was a tall man and—now that she had time to observe him thoroughly—he was, she thought, very unexpected.

Simon Bassett's nephew! How did he come by that indefinable air which made the relationship so surprising? And from where had he got that clear, crisp intonation? Old Simon's dialect had been broad enough at times to be almost incomprehensible; but this man spoke like . . . well, like anyone else who has been to a good public school. When she had had that brief glimpse of him on her last visit to Elm Tree Cottage she had certainly been struck by his good looks; but in his working clothes, and with his hat pulled low over his eyes, Felicity's explanation of him hadn't been so very difficult to accept. Now, as he stood there bare-headed, well-groomed and self-possessed, she found him decidedly an anomaly.

"And I'm not at all sure that it is your fault," she went on. "I believe the gap in that hedge was originally started years ago by Felicity Dale and myself when we were children. The blackberries were always so much bigger on the other side, you see, and we also were unprincipled little pigs. Your uncle always laughed and said he'd prosecute us; but instead he used to ask us over to tea when Mrs. Neale had made blackberry jam."

"She makes it still, I believe," the young man said, smiling. The smile lit up his grave brown face most attractively. "At least, I had blackberry jam for tea the other day, and I fancy it was home-made."

He could have bitten his tongue out the moment he had said it. At once it sounded in his ears like the crudest of advances—a veiled invitation—and he flushed darkly in wrath at himself for inviting the snub which would probably follow, however gently she might administer it.

Camilla, however, never dreamt of administering it at all.

"Oh, I must come over and see Mrs. Neale, if I may," she exclaimed. "Do remember me to her, will you? The dear old thing used to be so kind to Felicity and me."

"I'm sure she'll be delighted to see you," Bassett said. Already in his mind he was

bombarding Mrs. Neale with questions about this delicious, friendly creature whose very name he didn't know.

As he went back to the house, after having safely shut the old sow and her family into the yard, he cast about for words in which to describe her to his housekeeper. He felt that Mrs. Neale would probably require explicit details, and for the life of him he couldn't have told exactly what her colouring was or the shape of her nose. Would it convey anything to Mrs. Neale if he told her that he had just made the acquaintance of a girl whose hair had collected all the sun's dying rays in a silken flame, and whose eyes and voice held the glint and the laughter of a woodland stream?

Well, hardly!

Camilla, for her part, on her return to the cottage, gave Mrs. Dale a highly picturesque account of her pig-hunt, but, mindful of the standpoint which her hostess had elected to take as regarded her neighbour, touched very lightly on her brief encounter with him.

"Mr. Bassett came nobly to our rescue," was her brief resume of the incident, "and promised to have the gap in the hedge mended at once."

"He's always quite civil," commented Mrs. Dale. "And one can't help these things happening occasionally with live stock at one's very back door." She spoke as though Barstead Farm were a tiresome but insignificant adjunct of the cottage demesne. "You must have astonished him, my dear." She glanced with some amusement at the airy garment of soft green georgette, fashionably brief as to skirt, and entirely lacking as to sleeve, which Camilla had brought down with her as being the easiest of all her evening dresses to pack. There was no space for extraneous luggage at the cottage. "I expect that it was the first time in his life that the young man has ever met and talked to anything quite like you."

Camilla laughed and made no comment. Somehow she had a very strong conviction that neither she nor her clothes had been the least little bit of a revelation to Simon Bassett's nephew. His manner hadn't given her that impression at all. Odd, but there it was. And, like all curious things to a restless mind like Camilla's, distinctly intriguing.

(To be continued)

Is Living Alone Lonely?

by
AGNES M. MIALl

PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that one of the three strongest human instincts is the gregarious instinct. It is that which makes us seek, not merely the companionship, but the approval of others; that, more than any recognized ethical code, which induces us to observe the laws of morality. But it is also an instinct which, if overdone, can blunt or nullify some of the finest traits in our nature.

Human companionship is sweet, sane, and essential; but that is not to say that we must be always surrounded by people, and that solitude is nothing beyond the bog defined by Dr. Johnson, in which "The mind stagnates for want of employment, grows morbid, and is extinguished like a candle in foul air."

Yet how many people shudder away from being alone, as though it were merely that. Apparently—more's the pity—they have never glimpsed the peace, the kindness, the illuminating power of solitude. They solemnly warn others against it; they are warned against it themselves.

Is It Morbid and Dreary?

The subject of this article was suggested to me by one of Barbara Dane's answers to her correspondents in this magazine. I have not the number by me, so am quoting from memory, but if this does not mislead me she strongly discouraged her correspondent, a self-supporting woman, who wished to live alone, on the grounds that it was morbid and dreary. The idea was that life would be far healthier and more interesting in a boarding-house among bright, sociable people than alone in "cheerless" rooms.

Now, in that individual case, very likely there was some definite reason in Miss Dane's mind why it was undesirable for this particular correspondent to be "on her own." But in innumerable other instances this advice to shun solitude is,

it seems to me, too readily given. I speak of what I know, for when I decided, years back, to step from family life into a solitary mode of living, all and sundry showered warnings of such a nature on me. I should grow selfish, I should become morbid, my outlook on life would narrow, etc. etc.

Preferable to Boarding-house "Society"

After a prolonged experience of living by myself, I think I can safely claim that none of these terrible things has happened. Nor have I tired of my solitude. While I still believe, as I have always done, that the ideal arrangement is to share a home with the one or two absolutely right people, these are so often living far away, claimed elsewhere by duty, or otherwise provided for. Failing this ideal plan—and, for the causes indicated, it generally *does* fail to materialize—to my mind there is no comparison between living alone or living with people, either relatives or friends, who are not really congenial.

Perish the cheery boarding-house with its bright, sociable people! People who live in such institutions seldom enthuse over their gaiety; and the bright, sociable occupants, far from proving a boon to one another, are most often to be found metaphorically and perpetually tearing each other to pieces!

As for the dreary and depressing bed-sitting-rooms of the women solitaires—no one ever seems to feel a man's life is ruined if he does not share his premises—these are almost entirely a sentimental myth. Only the sweated worker—of whom there are few among educated women—tolerates the faded and dirty rooms which merit this lugubrious description. Women have not been home-makers for so many centuries, often on very narrow means, without knowing instinctively how to make any place livable and attractive.

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Think again, ye pessimists! Recall, without sentimentality, the little homes of women workers, earning between two pounds ten and five pounds a week, with which you are acquainted. They are nearly always very small, certainly; but one woman who is out at work all day does not require the same space as a family. They may be in streets which anxious relatives do not consider so desirable as their own; but surely these small nests, however shabby, however cheaply furnished, struck you one and all as being bright and essentially homelike?

An Immense Advantage

Living alone gives a woman this advantage, the immense psychological value of which is not half appreciated. It satisfies, however inadequately, her fundamental instinct for having a home of her own. It is not selfishness or any morbid streak which urges a girl, once she is grown up, to leave the roof over which her mother rules. She, too, feels the need to queen it over some establishment, however small; a need that becomes all the more urgent if the years do not bring her that natural fulfilment of this instinct—marriage. It is this necessity which, in grown-up women who do remain on in the old home, causes them to desire so vehemently, at the risk of all family opposition, to turn their bedrooms into bed-sitting-rooms, and to retire to these havens sometimes from the common life downstairs.

Because of the satisfaction of this primary psychological urge gained by living at home, I am convinced that the independent woman, in the tiniest of single rooms which she has furnished according to her own ideas, and of which she is the unquestioned despot, is happier, even if she loses in every other respect, than the daughter who is merely her father's lodger in the most luxurious of establishments.

One's Own Mistress

To be able to change the furniture completely round without consulting anyone; to have the power to alter the hour of a meal for no logical reason; to be able to come in unusually early or late without being questioned as to whys and wherefores: these and similar things, apparently equally trivial, do more to compensate a woman for not having married than any parental indulgences or any jovial boarding-house companionship.

It is supposed by many people to be so dreary to come home after the day's work to a place where no one waits with a greeting. But if the folk who quite sincerely believe this will be honest with themselves, they will realize how often it would be a relief to return at one's own time, unquestioned, to a room that offers its own quiet greeting just because it *is* one's own.

Misconception as to What It Implies

Much of the pity—or the blame—wasted on the solitary seems to me to be due to a misconception as to what living alone implies. I am sure that many people think of it as twenty-four hours daily of steady loneliness. They are confusing living alone under modern conditions with the life of an anchorite in some cave or cell in the Middle Ages.

In point of fact, no normal woman would face such an existence for a moment; or, if she did, it would not be possible to carry it out. The bed-sitting-room or flat of the so-called recluse is in a house that contains other people; at the worst they are passed and greeted on the stairs, and the sounds of outside life penetrate the all-too-thin walls of the modern flat. The "recluse" earns her own living. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this means that for eight or nine hours a day she is constantly with other people: in the trains going to and fro, at office or shop or consulting-room, at lunch-time, which most women workers take in company with a friend or business colleague.

Not In Much Danger

Add to this daily and enforced programme the time every normal, sociable woman spends in visiting or entertaining her acquaintances, going to the theatre, pictures, or dances, at church, and in occasional week-ends away, and it will be seen that the woman who lives alone is not really in much danger of either loneliness or morbidity. She has actually just as much solitude as is needed to calm her nerves after the turmoil of the day spent in the rather nerve-racking work-centre, with its crowds, its bustle, its clicking typewriters and incessant telephones; just enough solitude to give her time for that meditation and quiet which bring forth the best fruits of mind and soul.

I am not denying that the solitary life has its dangers. So has everything. But they are not greater, very likely not as

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great as, those which beset the woman living in the bosom of her family or in a boarding-house. There are, of course, morbid, self-engrossed, narrow people who live alone. There are also an equal number of folk betraying these characteristics who do not live alone, and who bear in every tone and gesture the mark of the friction caused by being at too close quarters with companions who are "misfits" for them.

Granville Barker's impressive play, "The Madras House," which was recently revived in London, gives a grim picture of the futility, the repression, and the strife of the lives of the six grown-up daughters crowded together under the parental roof, without any of the liberty belonging naturally to maturity. Most of us could quote similar, though perhaps not quite such glaring instances, from our own knowledge.

False Sentiment

It is little less than extraordinary how false sentiment blinds us to Nature's cruel, yet kind plan, for the adult son or daughter. Watch the birds, the animals—one and all lose interest in the fledgling or the litter once it is fully grown. One and all the beasts realize that a time comes when the young must stand on their own feet, stretch their own wings for flight, without parental care. It is only we human folk who insist that the ties of parent and child are as strong and binding when the children are full-grown as when they were immature. While we joyfully allow a daughter to leave home if she intends marrying and founding another home, inconsistently if that same daughter wishes to start a home of her own without marrying and sharing it with a man, we say that she is morbid and ungrateful.

The Handicap of Sickness

It must be admitted against living alone that from the standpoint of physical health the solitary woman suffers badly compared with her sister at home in time of illness. She must either struggle back to health alone or with the precarious help of friends similarly situated, or she must be packed off to a nursing home, which everyone dreads and few workers can afford.

But in many minor ways the gain is hers. She is, in my experience, less likely to have ailments than the more gregarious folk. Gregariousness is a fertile source of infection, and the folk with perpetual colds and

annual visitations of flu generally reside in establishments where "Mary brought it home and, of course, it went all round the house." Living alone, one may arrange the hours of rising and going to bed, the times of meals, the amount of ventilation, to suit individual needs—all small points, but contributing quite definitely to maintaining good health and energy.

The Absence of Triviality

One of the things which is most striking in a solitary existence, as compared with a gregarious one, is not the supposed loneliness, but the peace—the *absence of triviality*. You must wait on yourself, of course; living alone is unsuited to the lazy. But while you are cleaning your boots or washing-up in the accustomed almost mechanical routine, your mind is free to think over the book you are reading or to ponder some fascinating question. Whereas, in a well-populated home any connected thought would be out of the question, because someone is demanding to know if you have put your laundry ready, or arguing with someone else whether an extra half-pint of milk will be needed this morning.

Few people accustomed to family life realize the amount of time consumed daily, in these servantless times, in necessary—perhaps—but sordid details of domestic policy; whether young John's new trousers shall be black or grey, discussing the unprecedented increase in the gas bill, or taking ten minutes to settle whether Aunt Deris shall be asked to supper on Wednesday or Wednesday week. When you live alone there is no one with whom to talk over such details. They lose all interest and are quickly settled to get them out of the way, leaving the energies free for subjects more refreshing or more uplifting.

Time for the Best Things in Life

In an establishment of one there is so much more time for many of the best things of life: for books, for music, for the one absorbing hobby—be it stamps or pen-painting—for which room should be made in every existence; for the writing of those long, intimate letters which keep one in touch with distant friends; for the benison of the homely things that can be quietly enjoyed without infringing on the rights of others: the blazing fire, the refreshing meal with a book, the bedroom uninvaded by others, the country stroll in which no

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conversation distracts the mind from Nature's thousand thrilling secrets.

I am, of course, presupposing in all that I have said that you do find these things satisfying and domestic details uninteresting; that you do consider life all too short for the many things you wish to get into it; that you have a real desire to make it a larger and more inspiring thing than it is. If you do not feel these things, it is pretty certain that to you living alone *will* be a lonely business.

To make a success of solitude, which Thoreau called the most companionable of all companions, there is one necessity: *that you should not be afraid either of life or of yourself.* It is the person who fears either of these, who shrinks terrified from their vast potentialities, that must either cower beneath the protection of a perpetual crowd, or become the undesirable kind of recluse who thinks that by shutting out fellow-humanity she can shut out all danger to her precious self.

Stella Benson wrote that beautiful and happy book, "Living Alone"; but it was in an irony far removed from the spirit of that book that she penned some scathing verses:

Oh, shut your lips to words that are forbidden.
Oh, throw away your sword nor think to fight.
Seek not the best, the best is better hidden. . . .

Call no man foe, but never love a stranger.

Build up no plan, nor any star pursue.

Go forth with crowds; in loneliness is danger.

Thus nothing Fate can send,

And nothing Fate can do

Shall pierce your peace, my friend.

Afraid to Think

Many people fear solitude because they are afraid of having time to think and feel. Instinctively they realize that their selves are in a muddle—since they are human; and rather than sort out that muddle, with all that it may reveal of disillusionment, the need for self-conquest, and, above all, the necessity for more kindness towards others, they fill up every bit of their lives that is clear of work with some sociability or other that will keep them from ever being face to face with themselves, or with life.

Sociability in moderation—such as we all get in our work, by seeing friends and in ordinary daily contacts—is healthy and essential; but sociability carried to excess is very often nothing more than a disguise for fear.

The old saints and mystics realized this. It was because they knew how many distractions gregariousness has to drug the soul that they retired into monasteries or solitary places where their only companions were God and their own selves. We think easily that they were unbalanced creatures who exaggerated their religion; but one cannot carefully read such a book as Evelyn Underhill's "Mysticism," with its comprehensive survey, among other things, of many wonderful lives, without realizing the immense part that solitude—none of them ever called it loneliness—played in making these men and women the spiritual giants they were. I do not want to seem to suggest for a moment that only those who live alone can master the great art of living; but it is safe to say that there has been no saint in whose life solitude has not had an essential part.

The Master's Example

Christ himself was essentially gregarious. The twelve disciples accompanied him, he was often surrounded by crowds; yet He went into the wilderness alone to rest awhile. It was when she was solitary in country fields that Joan of Arc saw the visions which sent her forth a warrior to save France. Francis of Assisi spent much of the later years of his life in remote hermitages, where he would pass hours and days in the rapt contemplation of Christ's Passion. He was publicly cast off by his father, who was infuriated by what he considered the madness of the saint, so that he went forth saying that he had no father now but his Father in Heaven; but though his kin disowned him and left him solitary, we do not hear that he complained of loneliness.

It is a great pity that the monastic system of setting certain times of day apart for meditation on a given subject cannot be made a rule of modern life, taught in the schools, and practised by older people. For the person living in a crowd, whether of relatives or strangers, under the present conditions of housing shortage, even five minutes a day of perfect quiet to concentrate is often impossible. But for the liver-alone it is easy and priceless. A state of neither rest, thought, nor prayer, but partaking of the nature of all three, it brings a gradual self-knowledge leading to understanding of others, a deeper purpose in life, and precious glimpses of the Unseen.

The Poacher's Last Shot

by
H. MORTIMER BATTEN

SANDY McLAUCHLIN worked with the feverish haste of one who fears the approach of something inevitable, which in his case was the day. Already the east was brightening, and he knew that if he were caught it would be the lock-up for him this time. He was straight on the skyline, for the most part on all fours; then stooping, creeping, running through the heather from one batch of snares to the next. He was an expert at the game, and what nimble fingers could have done, his did. Already his capacious pockets were bulging, and for him this was the day of the year. To-morrow was August the twelfth; to-morrow the red birds of the hill would be legitimate tender. Well, his bag would be in London to-morrow, and to Sandy, who sprang from a long line who had taken liberal toll of hoof and feather, to-day's catch meant a small fortune.

Once he thought he heard footsteps, and instinctively he crouched, like a snake in the grass. As he did so, a roe-buck passed in the gloom below, startled from the unburnt heather by his movements; and he breathed again. Then his poacher instincts began to whisper to him: "Don't go to the top of the hill. Turn back now. Leave your snares and cut it for the open road."

He hesitated, wondering, then decided to go on. What was wrong with him, anyway? His nerves were all agley, probably because a grouse to-day was worth half a dozen a week hence. Therefore, he would go on, take the chance, and empty his snares to the last at all cost.

He went on hurriedly rather than cautiously, till suddenly, from the gloom ahead, came a sound which, of all sounds, he least wished to hear—a human voice. "Stand your ground!" said the voice. "I've got ye covered!"

Sandy froze where he stood, gripping his old gun; but it was not fear which held him. It was anger—bitter chagrin that he

should be fooled and foiled at the eleventh hour, and on the Eleventh—the desire to spring forward into the gloom and close his wiry fingers on the throat of the man who, with full justification, had caught him out. But in such a crisis, human judgment weights the scales quickly.

"Aye," said Sandy; and even as he spoke he tried to disguise his voice. "You've got me a' richt," said he. Then he saw, or thought he saw, a suggestion of movement in the heather ahead, and, quick as a deer, Sandy hurled himself headlong into the empty washout ten feet away. He fell spreadeagle; but in an instant he was up, doubling, dodging, then creeping on all fours up a narrow channel through the peat hag, wrist-deep and knee-deep in the cold, wet slush. For a time he lay, flat as a leaf, panting, and his sole desire was to get away with his bag. He had ceased to think of the lock-up—he was thinking only of winning the game, the glorious game he was playing, plus the game in his bag. Sandy had no belief in game laws. He held that game belonged to no man till it was caught, and then it belonged to the catcher; but as he lay there, his pulses throbbing, he heard the tread of feet nearby, and the red blood rose to the roots of his red hair. Discovery was inevitable, so he flung up the old breech-loader and fired almost point-blank at the figure on the skyline. Why he did it he did not know: the old-world, primeval instinct of the hunted beast, probably. He wanted only to clear the air, and that shot did clear the air—for him. For a moment the other man stood rigidly upright; then he fell, as a tree falls, and seemed to see-saw as his rigid body smote a hillock.

"Oh, heavens!" gasped Sandy Mc-Lauchlin; and he turned and ran.

He ran headlong, leaping the gulleys, scrambling across the stagnant pools. Now and then he glanced behind him, his face ashen grey beneath its tan, his fingers

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crooked and claw-like; and as he ran and looked back, and ran, he muttered again and again the futile, feeble supplication: "Oh, heavens!" in tones which were utterly meaningless and hollow. For him it meant more than the lock-up now—it meant the gallows.

Once he dropped his gun, and did not pause to pick it up. It was not till he had gone fifty yards that he realized—that the thinking, scheming man awoke behind the wild beast. His gun would betray him. He must go back for it; and he paused, shivering, looking back, and never in his life had he been called upon to summon such virile courage as at that moment was required. But at length he went back—faced the gloom of the departing night, while the dawn beckoned him—homeward. The dawn, the daybreak—merciful heaven, why didn't it come?

He reached his cycle, hidden in the larch fringe, mounted it, and rode off; and as he rode, the sweat streaming into his eyes, he tried to think—he *must* think. There had been no time yet; but now, while his animal instincts bade him dash on—anywhere—the human, reasoning, scheming man told him that he must get rid of every sign which might betray him. His old gun—he would leave that where he always left it, under the stone bridge which crossed the burn at the glen bottom. It lived there. But his grouse, the snares—should he hide them under a boulder? No! The foxes or the ravens might drag them out and make a tell-tale litter. He would throw them into the burn, and the burn would sweep them away out of human sight and reckoning.

At the bridge he leapt from his machine and leant it against the stonework. Ahead of him was the opening day, creeping up, up, with resplendent shafts of light between the hills. A herd of deer passed by like ghosts in the unearthly gloom, and he envied them their freedom; but now he was afraid of the day, for which, only a few moments ago, he had longed. He scrambled down and hid his gun in its usual hiding-place; then he looked about him—the faithless burn was empty! Overhead sang a lark, its music like the tinkle of a bell; but the stream, such as there was, would merely float his bag on to the sandbanks, and those who followed would see. Should he throw in his jacket, weighted with stones, and sink the lot? No—my stars, no! Someone would see him jocketless. They would drag the pool under the bridge and

find the jacket, weighted, the pocket-stuffed with game. No—my goodness, no! But the snares—yes; he could be rid of them now. It never occurred to him that he might burn them all in ten seconds when he reached home; so he searched round for a flat stone, and began to wind them round the stone, when suddenly his fingers froze. He could have sworn he heard a voice, a human voice, calling his name across the purple heather bell—a strangely hollow and malicious voice.

Sandy McLaughlin rose, clawed his way up the steep embankment, seized his cycle, and fled on. A mile farther he had to swing off the main road into a peaty side-track, two hundred yards along which his thatched hovel stood, and it occurred to him that the sleuths, which ere long would be running his trail, would see the tracks of his cycle on the wet earth. So he dismounted and carried the machine through the deep heather, till there, just ahead in the hollow of the corrie, stood home.

He saw it illuminated in the strange, soft light of the newborn day, as he had seen it a thousand times before. Home—his home! As he looked upon it, it seemed there was something new and strange about it all: the gilt edge along the thatch, the whiteness of the walls, with their stately hollyhocks, the whiteness of the pigeons about the dovecote—it seemed all to beckon him with open arms, begging, entreating, bidding him be at rest. But at the soul of Sandy McLaughlin there could be no rest.

Mary, his wife, was just down, and as he entered she started visibly.

"Mary," said McLaughlin, "I've shot Cameron! Shot him dead!"

She stepped back, staggered, then caught her hands to her face as she strove for understanding. She went up to him and shook him by the shoulders. "Merciful heavens!" she gasped. "I kent it would come tae this, Sandy. Heaven help ye and all of us!"

For a moment they stood thus, while the dreadful, horrible truth sank in. "They're efter me already, Mary," said Sandy suddenly, with a frightened glance towards the door. "Listen! Can ye no hear them calling?"

His cold, wet fingers held her arm with cruel force as they listened together; but not a sound broke the morning stillness save the tinkling of a lark and the plaintive piping of a plover.

"Whist, mon!" said the woman presently. "Ye need tae maister yersel'.



"Sandy McLauchlin ran headlong, leaping the gulleys,
scrambling across the stagnant pools"—p. 679

Drawn by
John Cameron

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Sandy. Y'ere fair exhausted. Noo, what will we dae?" And she wrung her hands.

Sandy led the way quickly to the little back kitchen. "Light the copper, Mary," said he. "We must burn they birds. Get the sticks quickly. We must burn them! Get the sticks! I'll help ye tae noo."

They worked together. They got the sticks crackling, and piled the grouse on top of them. An unsavoury aroma of singeing feathers and scorched meat began to fill the little house. They opened the doors, but there was no getting rid of it. Moreover, the grouse would not burn. They seemed to weld into a solid mass, impervious to the flames. Sandy, with trembling hands, split more sticks, till, in his haste, his fingers were bleeding. Their little girl was astir now, and got in the way as she wandered about half dressed. In the general pandemonium they were achieving nothing, and Mrs. McLaughlin was the first to realize this.

"Sandy," she said, clutching him by the shoulders and looking up into his face, "jist sit ye doon, mon, and take yer porritch. We'll be the better of it."

For a time he did not answer, but stood looking down at her, dazedly and with fixed intentness. "Dae as I bid ye, noo," she went on coaxingly. "We'll accomplish naething by being sae feared."

At this his big hands passed over her forehead, brushing aside the hair which, he saw in the morning light, already bore a trace of silver.

"Mary," he said, his voice breaking, "God comfort ye! I tell ye I'm scared, awfu' scared! I've shot and killed the man Cameron, and he, ye ken, has a wife o' his ain and three sma' bairns. I dinna ken why I did it. I must ha'e been mad. I turned like a wounded stag in the burn, and, God forgive me, Mary—mad, mad!"

He sank to his chair, his hands clasped, staring into a dark corner. Mary went behind him and placed one hand on his shoulder. "Mebbe there's worse crimes happened," said she; "but it's guid tae feel, laddie, that ye find yer ain wife a comfort. I thoht they days were past for a' time. Mony and mony's the morning it would ha'e gleddened my hert tae feel ye needed me, Sandy; but noo, when ye turn tae me in yer hour o' need, I ken weel the love's still there."

The morning light shining through the little lattice window lent a new lustre to her dishevelled hair, a new youth, so re-

cently past, to her faded cheeks, even as it lent the glory of bygone springtime to the wild slopes about the bothie.

"My love's still there!" he echoed, rising, his hands groping towards her. "Mary, d'ye ken it's no the fear o' the galls which holds me," he went on quickly. "Death—it's no death!" and he laughed a reckless laugh. "I care naething for death, but I was thinking o' ye. Not the bairn," he went on, flinging aside. "Somebody will take pity on her. Somebody aye does. She will fare a' richt, wi' all God's favour; but ye—the wife o' a murderer! Merciful heaven!"

He buried his head against her shoulder and shook like a leaf, while she held him to her, patting his brawny arm.

"Come and ha'e yer porritch, my laddie," she said at length. "It's ready for ye, as it aye is, and whatever our sorrows this bright morning, my hert's gled, because I ken noo that my man needs me."

"Needs ye!" said Sandy, looking down at her steadily. "I've aye needed ye, Mary, frae the day we met that harvest time; but at times my tongue seems sealed. I care for ye wi' a' a man's love, and that's a part o' my life for a' time, come what may. If we have tae part, remember that!"



At that precise moment Cameron opened the door of the keeper's lodge and looked upon his wife. She was on her knees by the fire, and did not turn about to see who had entered. She knew well enough his footfall.

"A bonny oor ye wakened me this morning, dropping yer boots and clicking yer gun!" said she in a subdued falsetto. "If ye want tae get up wi' the lark, why d'ye no come hame at respectable oors?"

Cameron walked heavy-footed across to the table and clanked down his gun. "Ye need tae be gled I'm alive," said he with a sigh. "I've had the closest shave o' a' my life, Maggie. Yon fellow—I dinna ken who he was, but I have my ain ideas—yon fellow let fly at me frae fifty feet. Hoo he missed, I dinna ken. I felt the ring o' shot pass my ear, so I just went ower backwards, kenning I had a madman tae deal wi'. Yes; ye need tae be thankfu' I'm back at a' this morning."

But his wife acknowledged the receipt of this information merely with a grunt, and went on with her poli-hing. "D've no care, Maggie?" he demanded at length.

THE POACHER'S LAST SHOT

She polished still more vigorously. "When folk ha'e been mairried twelve years, they get beyond caring," she said with a sniff.

It was his turn to grunt now. "A braw reception this tae come hame tae," said he. "Is the porritch no ready?"

She turned about and faced him. "Hoo can the porritch be ready when the fire's no lit?" she demanded. "Can't ye see it's no ready? Can't ye see I'm daeing my best for ye, Donald, as I aye did."

She snivelled audibly, and a black daub appeared upon her upper lip.

There was a pause, and then:

"Maggie, would ye no have cared? I tell ye, lass, I've been sae near death that it made me thiak. A' the way hame I've been thinking — thinking o' ye. Not o' the bairns — bless me,

no! They would make oot a' richt. Somebody — the minister, the laird, the shooting tenant — aye takes pity on the bairns; but the dead man's wife, young and able-bodied, is left somehow tae flounder alane through the peat hag. She has her pride, and did we no see it when O'Donnelly went through the ice and left his widow? Aye, I've been thinking o' ye this morning, Maggie," he added soberly.

She had sunk into a little heap by the empty grate, holding her brushes, her hands for once idle. "O' me, Donald?" she said, very softly, almost inaudibly. "I thoct ye had ceased tae think o' me. Me who makes the porritch and bakes the scones, and keeps yer hoose in order. In a' yer busy life, wi' its mony interests, I thoct ye'd nae time left tae think o' me. When ye were at hame, it was aye the bairns that took yer

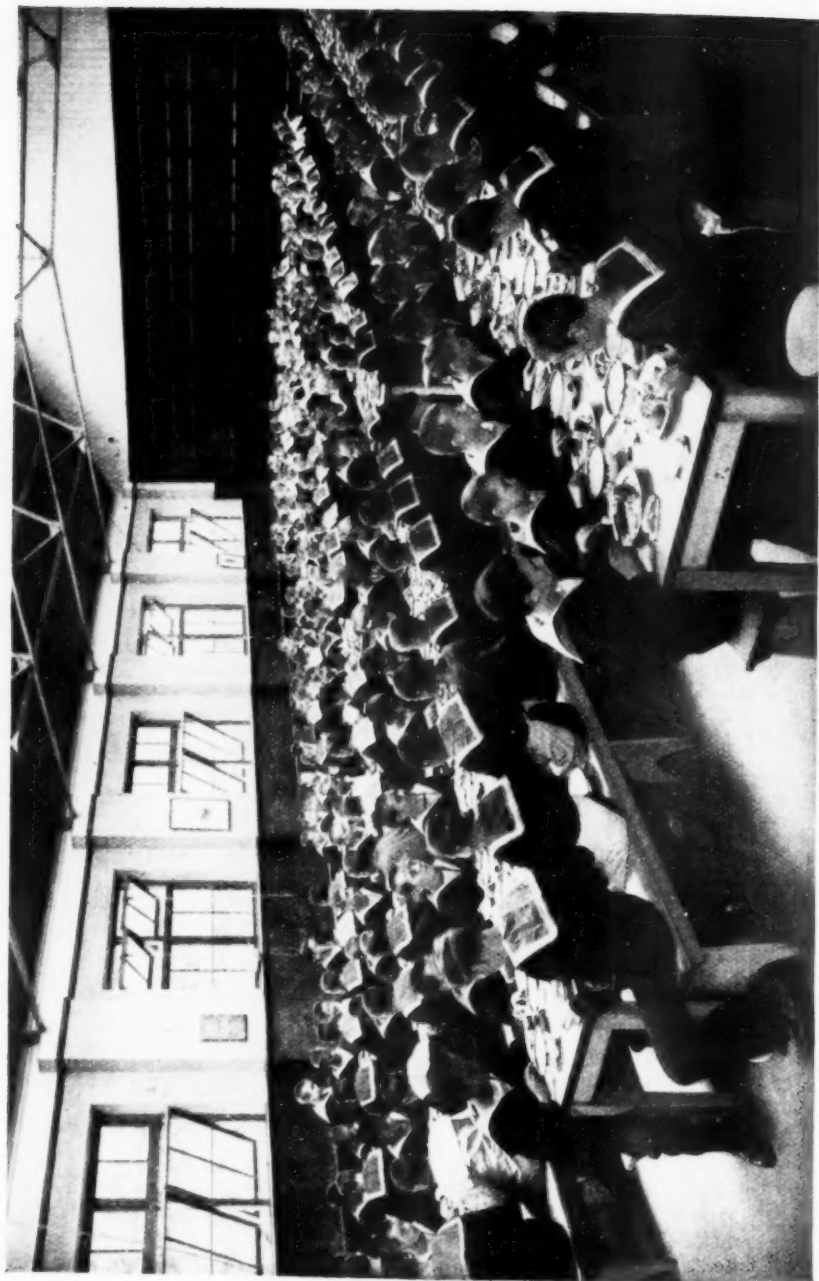


"'O' me, Donald?' she said. 'I thoct ye had ceased tae think o' me.'"

Drawn by
John Cameron

mind. If ye mean what ye say, Donald, this is the brichtest day for mony a year past."

He did not answer, but he placed his big hands on her shoulders. His arm was about her, as on the day when first they mounted that hill together; and together now, under the ramblers which drooped about the doorway, their faces towards the opening day, they stood. They said nothing, perhaps because there was so much to be said, and so little for which their tongues possessed the power of utterance; while down, down, the shafts of light touched the lower slopes of the corrie with the soft gills of morning. And away over the height of land another couple stood under the thatched roof of a mountain bothie, and they, too, were silent, though the fear and the dread of to-morrow was gone from their faces.



Feeding Time for a Small Part of the World's Largest Family

Hungry Sailor Boys have a good meal at the Watts Naval School of Dr. Barnardo's Homes



The Prince of Wales among a Group of Barnardo Brownies

The World's Largest Family

The Diamond Jubilee of the "Ever Open Door"

by THE EDITOR

SIXTY years ago, in a tiny donkey-stable in a back street off the Commercial Road, East London, a young medical student and would-be missionary to China—Thomas Barnardo—started a work that is now of world-wide renown under the name of "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," and the Diamond Jubilee of this great undertaking synchronizes with the 100,000th admission to "the largest family in the world."

That bald statement in itself will appeal to the sympathies of Christian people, but there is a meaning behind the bare facts of the case that is not always realized.

Many people now living remember Dr.

Barnardo, and recall his virile, aggressive personality, his pronounced evangelicalism, his urgency in appeal, but necessarily few can remember the conditions of life sixty years ago, the urgent need which called forth urgent measures, the very real crisis that was averted by strenuous efforts such as those of Dr. Barnardo.

The Victorian age was a great era; we are too apt to deify its virtues and make light of its mannerisms; our very nearness prevents us seeing the wonder of its achievements and the genius of its men and women. Moreover, we do not to-day realize the colossal difficulties that faced

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our fathers and grandfathers; the very thoroughness with which they accomplished their task makes us forget the steps they had to take, the machinery they had to improvise to lay the foundations on which we, their sons, have built the superstructures of which we are apt to be so proud.

The early days of the nineteenth century witnessed that tremendous but silent revolution, the coming of the industrial age. The introduction of machinery, the opening up of the railways, the multiplication of factories turned a country largely agricultural into a manufacturing nation. The population increased by leaps and bounds, new towns and cities sprang up, and rural industries were neglected as vast populations flocked into the towns. The "streets paved with gold" became a greater and greater

trade unions, safeguards and restrictions did not exist. Labour was cruelly exploited, little children forced to slave in unsuitable places without inspection or restriction. The "dole," of course, did not exist, there was no provision but the workhouse for fluctuations in the labour market; sanitary arrangements were rudimentary, disease and the death-rate high. Industrialism was inevitable, but its coming threw vast numbers of the older workers out of employment, and inevitably introduced ills that needed drastic treatment, or the most serious of consequences might ensue.

In good times there were bound to be anomalies and hardships, but when times were bad, when trade fluctuated, when epidemics swept through the land, the possibilities were grave indeed.

Go back to the 'sixties and learn something of the condition of things, for instance, in East London.

Here is a picture of life in East London at that time, taken from "The Children's Home Finder," by Miss Lillian M. Butt:

"At that period the East End was a gloomy district of over a million people, who dwelt in indescribable slums and worked incredibly long hours for starvation pay.

"The people sought relief from the crushing misery of their lives in drink and vicious courses, or the excitement of crime. No temperance coffee-houses had even been heard of. No railways had then been constructed by which visitors could cross

London from the north and west to the east.

"Scarcely one well-to-do person with time or money to spare was to be found living in the district able to assist the churches or the poor.

"Free education did not exist. The relief



Future Empire Settlers

Three jolly youngsters learning farming at the Boys' Garden City

lure as agriculture declined, and the land was not able to support the children born on it.

The towns, with their new smoking chimneys and fast-growing factories, absorbed a great deal of this labour, but the vast network of factory legislation,

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of the poor was ill-administered, often in the hands of arbitrary coarse men and altogether inadequate. One shilling a week was the usual outdoor relief on which aged people or widows were expected to maintain life.

"Consumption was rife, and swept away whole families underfed and shockingly housed.

"In addition to the terrible physical plight of these poor children, their moral condition was even more appalling.

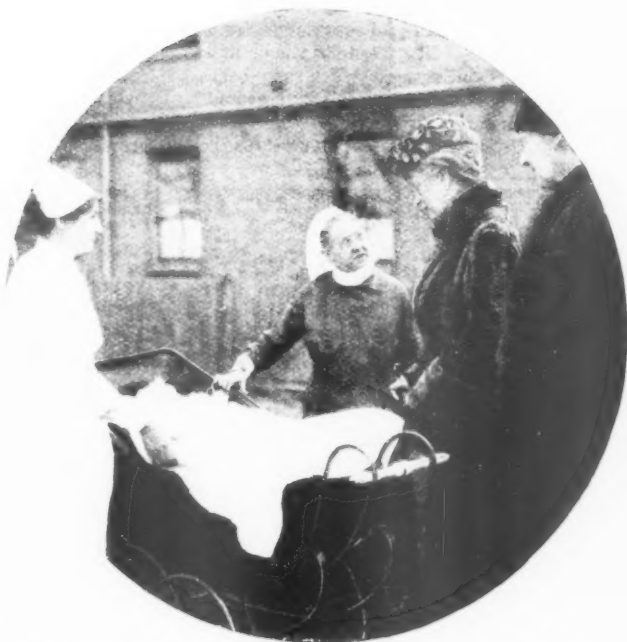
"The badly lit streets, the filthy conditions of the courts and alleys, the unlimited facilities for drink, led to the vices which bore the darkness. Certain streets were altogether given up to thieves' lodgings and other dens of iniquity, where many a Fagin trained the youthful denizens to steal. Over 3,000 thieves lived around the quarters of the Home of Industry when Miss Macpherson began her work there. Even the police did not dare to venture singly down these streets, and many an unwary stranger who did so has been hustled into a house, and before he realized what was happening has been robbed and left naked, to get out of the predicament as best he could."

Nowadays it would be argued that it was the duty of the State to put a stop to such appalling conditions. The State, it is true, took action, but only at the instigation of certain philanthropists. If East London and other similar districts were saved, it was owing to the wonderful self-sacrificing work of a band of voluntary helpers, of whom Dr. Barnardo was only one.

In these days it is easy to criticize the theology of a past generation, but it must be admitted that just as Wesley in a previous century saved this country from moral collapse, so in the nineteenth century it was the evangelical movement that provided the

impetus for philanthropists and statesmen to alleviate the misery created by rampant industrialism.

One can gauge the tremendous help rendered by private philanthropists at this time



The Queen at the Girls' Village Home inspecting one of the youngest members of the World's Largest Family

by the number of new movements started and since carried on to permanent success. The Salvation Army, the London City Mission, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Dr. Stephenson's (National Children's) Homes, the Homes for Little Boys at Farningham, Mr. Fegan's Homes for Boys, Mrs. Meredith's Prison Mission, Quarrier's Homes—these are but a few of the institutions that came into existence in that critical era, and one and all owe their inspiration to the evangelical movement. Indeed, many of the workers were not content with spending themselves, soul and body, on their own particular society, but gave generous help to kindred organizations. For instance, trace the records of the beginning of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and many another institution, and you will find in the background the magnificent figure of Lord Shaftesbury. He it was who waged warfare in Parliament on behalf of the down-trodden

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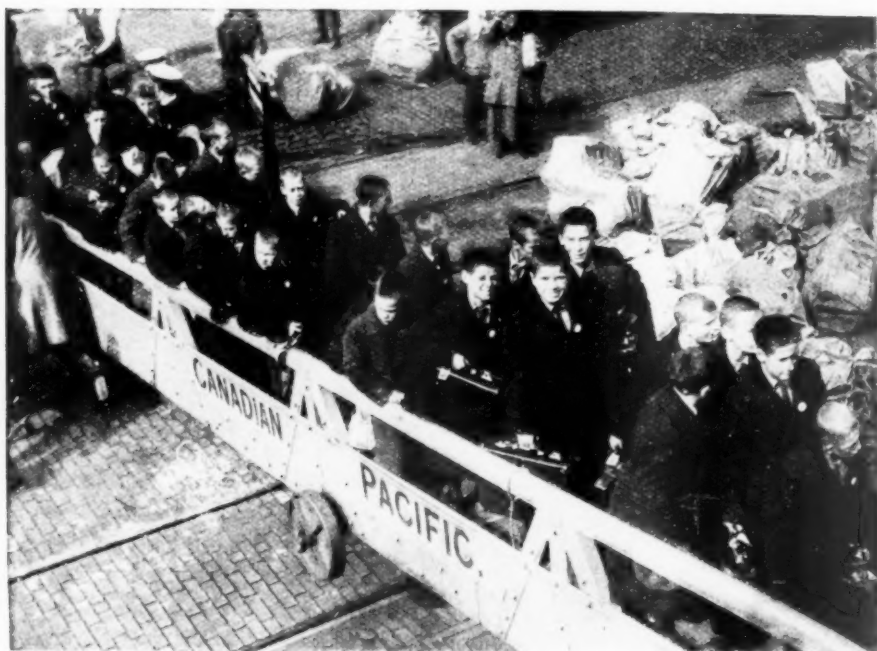
workers, and inaugurated factory legislation which has meant so much, particularly to women toilers and boy labourers. But in addition he rendered splendid aid to scores of voluntary efforts for the alleviation of distress: to mention one only with which his name is now permanently connected—the Ragged School Movement, from which developed the Reformation and Industrial School system which has been instrumental in reclaiming many neglected and delinquent children.

Dr. Barnardo had no intention of starting

successful culmination in the face of incredible difficulties, and an amount of opposition which we cannot to-day estimate or understand.

Dr. Barnardo combined in one person the vision of an idealist, the zeal of a reformer, and the sound common sense of a practical man of business. This is a combination not often found in this world, but when discovered it is invaluable.

No sooner had Dr. Barnardo discovered the need for his work than he set about to provide rough-and-ready shelters for the



A Group of Happy Barnardo Boys Embarking for Canada

or carrying on the work now associated with his name. It was his ambition to become a medical missionary in China, but whilst studying medicine at the London Hospital his attention was drawn to the terrible condition of things in the East End of London. The story has often been told how he found a homeless waif who had nowhere to go, and how the rescue of "Little Jim" led to the discovery of numberless others in like plight.

Dr. Barnardo started his life work because he was forced to take up the challenge. He continued it and carried it on to suc-

cessful culmination in the face of incredible difficulties, and an amount of opposition which we cannot to-day estimate or understand.

These two operations, that of taking care of the waif and at the same time arousing interest and providing the necessary funds, were always going on in competition with one another. Dr. Barnardo's zeal continually forged ahead of his resources, and again and again he was forced to spend more money than he knew where to obtain.

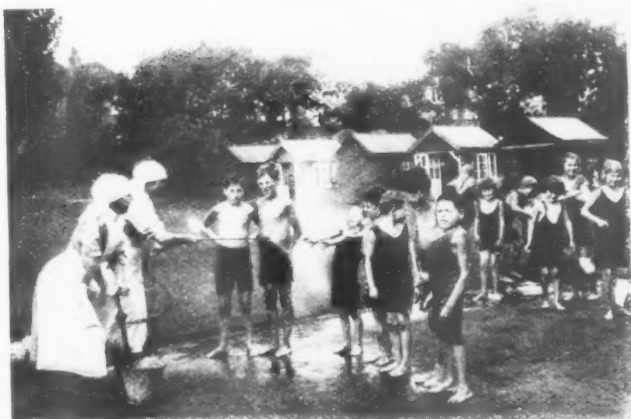
At a very early stage of the proceedings

THE WORLD'S LARGEST FAMILY

Dr. Barnardo adopted the motto which has distinguished the Homes ever since, "*No destitute child ever refused admission.*" It was a proud boast, but one very difficult to maintain, and many times it seemed that admission would have to be refused when exigencies of space and lack of money counselled caution.

Dr. Barnardo was essentially an autocrat. He had his own ideas as to what should be done and how it should be performed, but after a while he was forced to appoint a committee in connexion with the work, and this committee spent a good deal of its time and energy counselling caution, and trying to restrain the impetuous doctor from launching out into new undertakings. Their efforts were largely in vain, for Dr. Barnardo forged ahead, and till the day of his death and long after the financial position was a very critical one.

Dr. Barnardo gave the whole of his life



Sea Spray for Health

All these little ones are suffering from some form of tuberculosis (Gonitis, etc.), and are being made well by sunshine and the sea at Folkestone

to the work associated with his name. He worked morning, noon and night on behalf of the children, and died at the early age of sixty, after strenuous years of labour devoted to this one end.

What were the results of his life-work? At the time of his death there were 6,033 children in the Homes who had been admitted to his ever-growing family. Branches were already established in various parts, the most important being the

large Village Home for Girls at Barking-side. This Home was the subject of his most tender thought and care, and every cottage — almost every brick—may be said to have been put in place under his own personal supervision. When he died a huge procession of the highest and lowest followed his body to the grave, placed in the heart of the Girls' Village Home.

But the Village Home was only one of his many ventures. A large proportion of the children were boarded out in little country



At the School of Embroidery, Girls' Village Home

All these girls are defective in some way, but are being taught to create beautiful things

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cottages up and down the land, because Dr. Barnardo did not believe in any system of uniformity. He was one of the first to break away from the "dormitory" type of institution, pinning his faith to the little cottage, where boys and girls could be grouped in "families" and as far as possible get the atmosphere of real home life.

For the very times he acquired and placed at Hawkhurst a home which he called "Babies' Castle." This branch ever since has been devoted to children of the kindergarten age, though he found in some cases that for tiny babies the love and parental care of a foster-mother were more successful than the most scientifically organized institution.

The Watts Naval Training School was another branch dealing with a special class, namely, boys destined for the Royal Navy.

Dr. Barnardo was one of the first to see the possibilities of migration as the solution both of the problem of Empire settlement and of that of finding employment for boys and girls. He first started this work as far back as 1885, and with the greatest thoroughness established and staffed a receiving home at Toronto.

That the work has been successful is proved by official statistics, which show that not less than 98 per cent. of the boys and girls sent to Canada make good.

The testing-time of Dr. Barnardo's efforts occurred after his death, and there were many ready to prophesy that the work would fall to pieces. That this did not occur was largely due to the splendid organization of the Doctor. Every member of the staff filling a position of any importance in the Barnardo organization had been selected by the Doctor himself, and it was soon realized after the founder's death that the foundations had been so well laid that the structure would grow instead of diminishing.

The traditions remain, but the work has increased and not decreased.

The Boys' Garden City at Woodford Bridge was planned and has developed somewhat after the model of the Girls' Village Home. A very fine Nautical Training School has been established at Parkstone, Dorset, for boys for the Mercantile Marine.

The work of migration has gone on unceasingly (with the exception, of course, of the war years), until now no fewer than 30,000 boys and girls have been migrated to Britain beyond the seas.

All through these sixty years of the work the proud motto, "No destitute child ever refused admission," has been maintained, and at the end of 1925 the 100,000th admission was received.

During the war, and during those trying

years afterwards, Dr. Barnardo's Homes rendered magnificent service. On the one hand, no less than 10,715 old Barnardo boys served in the Army and Navy (of whom 677 made the supreme sacrifice), and, on the other hand, thousands of children bereft by the war found a refuge in one or the other of the Homes.

We have said that the continuance of the work was due largely to the organizing genius of the founder. It should also be said that the work has continued because it is still found to be highly necessary.



"Cobbler, Cobbler——"

These boys at Goldings, Herts., can face the world with a trade at their fingers' ends.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST FAMILY



Boys for the Navy

A practical demonstration at the Watts Naval School

Conditions have obviously changed since the squalid picture of East London in the 'sixties was drawn, but, alas! human nature has not changed so fast. Again and again shocking cases of cruelty and neglect are revealed, and now and always Dr. Barnardo's Homes have been ready at a moment's notice to take into their fold needy and destitute little ones.

In order to deal promptly and thoroughly with the need which exists, Dr. Barnardo inaugurated ever-open doors at the principal centres of the country, such as London, Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol, etc. At any one of these branches at any hour of the day or night a destitute child can be received. Inquiries, of course, are made, but if the case is urgent these are made afterwards.

There is no waiting list.

One could quote statistics—for instance, there are on an average 7,300 children in the Homes from day to day—but more than statistics is the spirit and the success of the work.

A Barnardo tradition has grown up, and in Canada and the other Colonies a "Barnardo boy" or a "Barnardo girl" is a subject of respect and regard.

For sixty years the work has gone on, and there is every sign that the future will

be even greater than the past. Despite the magnitude of the work in all its branches there will be found an absence of red tape, a sympathetic outlook towards child life, and what is even more important—a supreme concern, not only for the child's physical and moral growth, but for his spiritual welfare. The aim always is not merely to make successful citizens of this world, but real earnest Christians fit for the next.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes have long ago outgrown the criticisms and attacks that characterized the early days. Everywhere now they receive the most sympathetic consideration and support.

The King and Queen are patrons, and H.R.H. the Duke of York is president. High and low, rich and poor, throughout the land have combined to give the work the support it needs, and no charity is more firmly established in the hearts of the people than that which now celebrates its Diamond Jubilee.

To quote from the Diamond Jubilee message of the Duke of York: "There is no institution more justly entitled to any assistance which it is in our power to give than these famous Homes established for the benefit of destitute children sixty years ago."

I shall be glad to receive and pass on contributions to this, and other, institutions. Thousands of pounds have been contributed to deserving causes by readers of THE QUIVER in past years: let us keep up our reputation. Address, The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.



Photo : Photachrom Co., Ltd.

SHALL I SEND MY BOY TO THE UNIVERSITY?

by a Cambridge B.A.

This human document reveals one of the tragedies of our modern educational system. It was written for me by a caller at the office who had not sufficient to pay his landlady's bill.

WANTED.—Public school and university-trained man with highest credentials, civil and military, for well-established firm. Applicant must be widely travelled and well read. Salary to commence, £3 per week.

IF the reader were to insert this advertisement in a leading metropolitan daily, he or she would receive shoals of replies from innumerable men of scholarship and refinement anxious to earn the sum named. Compare this with the fact that the L.C.C. pays the dustman £3 12s. 6d. per week for collecting the refuse, and the irony of the situation becomes apparent.

Is It Worth While?

Is it any wonder then that people are pondering whether to spend £1,000 sending their only sons to the university, or whether to take them from school at the age of fourteen and initiate them into the mysteries of running a fried fish shop at a total expenditure of £100? A visit to the Ap-

pointments Department, the Labour Exchanges, or even the Rowton Houses, will prove that this is not by any means a gross exaggeration. For there can be found any number of briefless barristers, journalists without a journal, erstwhile Shakespearean actors, schoolmasters without a class, and even clergymen without a pulpit.

When a boy is given an expensive academic training it is tacitly implied that the business world will reward him proportionately. In the Victorian days this was, generally speaking, true. For several years prior to the war it was slightly less true. While in this post-war period, owing to foreign competition, trade depression, and consequent unemployment, the supply of highly educated men far exceeds the demand for their services.

From Personal Experience

Setting generalities aside, a few words

SHALL I SEND MY BOY TO THE UNIVERSITY?

from the realm of personal experience may be appropriate: At the close of my public-school and university career, my father went bankrupt owing, partially, to the expense of giving my five sisters, two brothers, and myself a costly education at home and abroad. Hence I was compelled to face the world with nothing but the clothes I stood up in and an education that, without money and influence, or a business to step into, was too theoretical to sell.

In mathematics I had been all through Euclid, algebra, and trigonometry; in fact, had reached the place where it was necessary to learn German and astronomy before proceeding any further; but, alas, I could not keep a set of books—the one thing for which a business man needed me.

Also, I had studied inorganic chemistry, though I had not the slightest intention of being a chemist; it was a part of the curriculum. And though I could quote formulae, solve equations, and experiment in a laboratory with equal facility, I could neither dispense nor fill a prescription—the two capacities in which a chemist might need my services.

Once more, I had studied rhetoric, a fine quality of English, at the public school, through the translation of Greek and Latin authors. But when I submitted a masterpiece of rhetoric according to those standards to the London, New York, and Paris editors, they said: "For goodness' sake forget all that verbiage and phraseology you learned at school and college and write plain English."

A Walking Encyclopædia of Useless Knowledge

Thus I became a walking encyclopædia of useless academic knowledge and had nothing saleable to offer the business world. While other young men were learning a useful trade, I had been studying the intricacies of differential calculus and trying to solve the fourth dimension. And now my position in the workaday world resembled that of a counterfeit coin in the realm of money—nobody wanted me.

It was assumed that because my father was a lawyer that I must necessarily be a lawyer too. Whereas, I was pre-eminently fitted for carpentry, having made my own desk-chairs, bee-hives, and incubators as a bobby when a boy. And it will readily be admitted that a good carpenter is of far more service to the community than a poor lawyer. Finally, I landed in New York,

neither a carpenter nor a lawyer, where I went to work with a pick and shovel on an extension of the New York subway alongside Italian labourers. With the work I had no particular fault to find. My fellow workmen were as good as I was, only their experience in life had been different. My chief anxiety, therefore, was the lack of a social side to my life. For, while I wanted to discuss art, literature, the drama, current events at home and abroad and the leading editorials, the men I was working with could only talk about the weather, the latest sporting news, and what they had to drink the previous evening. Thus, I became a social misfit. Then along came self-righteous people who pointed a finger of scorn at me and said: "Look at that man digging with a pick and shovel. I heard him lecture the other night on German philosophy. There must be something wrong with him; he had such a good education." They were wrong. I never received any education at all, only instruction and scholarship—quite a different thing. I was merely a victim of that refined form of cruelty known as the British public school and university system, which is turning out men of my type by the thousand every year who, unless backed by money and influence, will never rise above the £3-a-week mark.

"Not Worth the Candle"

To use a colloquial phrase, "the game is not worth the candle." Mothers and fathers, then, will be well advised to weigh all the pros and cons before embarking on the great expense of giving their sons a university career. For this is a material age, in which character, scholarship, gentility, and other abstract virtues are not easily exchanged for gold.

The average boy who goes to the university does so merely because his parents are financially able to send him. Most of the university men who achieve what the world calls success do not do so because of their training, but because the same parents who paid for their expensive education possess money and influence enough to secure them lucrative posts. However, it is not suggested that the universities should all be closed; merely, that only those boys who show signs of being especially fitted for research work that is likely to benefit humanity should undertake university courses. Also, far more attention needs to be given to the laws of supply and demand which obtain in the business world.

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A Pathetic Figure

One can imagine no more pathetic figure than the man who, after leading a protected life in home, church, and school, arrives in the business and social world with a firm belief in the things he has been taught, full of hope, high character, spirit, and enterprise. If he lacks money and influence, as is often the case in these days, the awakening is stupendous. My own experience, which is not an isolated one (I have met others who have never recovered from the shock), will illustrate the illusion which awaits such a man.

I was told nothing about the world and its methods, my training having been very academic and therefore very narrow. Having spent two years in school in France, I applied for a post as a French correspondent, only to learn that there were fully twenty thousand people in London who spoke French fluently and that preference was usually given to a Frenchman born. As I had no means to travel abroad I wondered where the monetary return was to come from to balance the expense of those two years in Dunkerque.

Living in One Room

My wife and I live in one furnished room and just manage to secure the bare necessities of life, and, therefore, I can never meet the people who might appreciate such humble education as I may possess. This involves limiting one's conversation to a trivial and confined circle. It is the part that money plays, or the lack of it.

I lectured in France and Belgium for the Army Educational Council during the last year of the war, following an operation at Trouville, and yet have found it impossible to get on any lecture platform through the various London agencies, their attitude being summed up in the words: "Christ we know and Paul we know; we've heard of Bernard Shaw, Prof. Gilbert Murray, and Sir Oliver Lodge, but who in the world are you?" So I applied to the L.C.C. for a permit to give educational lectures in the London parks and collect money in return. I pointed out that the people are anxious to

hear the lectures and pay for them. Permission to collect was refused. And yet if it is right for a barrister to be paid for speaking in court, and for a clergyman in his pulpit, it should be considered right for a university man to have some reward for his lectures and thereby solve his unemployment problem.

The placing of articles with newspapers hardly proves a solution. Names, I found, take precedence over merit.

Wrong Ideas of Success

At school and college I acquired wrong ideas of success, believing that attribute to consist in passing an examination, reaching the top of the class, or getting more marks than the next boy. I now know that success consists in doing the best one can and not in defeating someone else. Competition must give place to co-operation both in the school and the business world.

In conclusion, a brief outline of the object of education, as I see it, may be appropriate. The aim of education is to learn all that it concerns us to know in order that we may become all that it concerns us to be. It consists in the right ordering of human life through the training to the utmost power of mind, body, and spirit for the common good. Or, as J. L. Paton expresses it: "Education is the science which deals with the world as it is capable of becoming." It must be higher than money, wider than the nations, co-extensive with life, and a means to larger citizenship. It is not so much a knowledge of facts that is required as an understanding of the relative value of those facts to the given end in view.

All education must commence with the child in the cradle for much the same reason that one opens a book at the first page. It must also start with the individual and extend to the community, just as a house has to be built one brick at a time.

And having secured this education which educates in the wider sense, we should then be enabled to enjoy the fruits of that true citizenship which consists in the art of living together on the highest plane.

What Can You Say on the Other Side?

This is a bit of personal experience, straight from life. What do you think of it? Can you speak from the other side of the advantages of a university education?

Letters on this subject will be printed and paid for. Address: The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.

THE PROPER PLACE

by

O. DOUGLAS

CHAPTER XXIX

"O, thinkest thou we shall ever meet again?"
—*Romeo and Juliet*.

NICOLE had thought she wanted to get away from Kirkmeikle, but all the time at Rutherford she had pined to be back. She saw the place where she had known Simon through the haze of her dreams; it was beautified by her memories. She felt there must be a virtue in it that would help her to courage and patience.

But going back was not all she had pictured.

It was a day grey with east wind. Edinburgh was at its rawest and bleakest. The Gardens had a dejected look as if they had ceased to believe that it could ever be warm and sunny again; even the Castle seemed a mere dull hulk. At every corner passers-by clung to the collars of their coats, for the blast was biting.

Nicole had meant to do some shopping and get the afternoon train, but she felt so discouraged by the prevailing gloom that she was thankful to escape. She settled herself in the corner of an empty carriage, but discomfort dogged her steps, for there entered a bronchial lady in a sealskin coat who immediately demanded that the windows be closed, the result being a sort of cold frowst.

Nicole stared out of the window. The Firth was sullen and grey. One by one they passed the dreary, dripping little stations, then Kirkcaldy with its tall factories and "queer-like smell," and at last Kirkmeikle.

She sprang out and looked eagerly round. There was no one to meet her of course; she was not expected till the next train; nevertheless she felt neglected. A young porter came along kicking a stone and whistling, and she pointed out her boxes and asked him to see that they were sent

down to the Harbour House, and set off walking.

There is something about an east wind on a March day that seems to lay a weight on the spirits. As she walked down the familiar steep street, Nicole felt supremely sorry for herself. Here she was, alone, Simon every minute going farther from her, her mother living with her memories, Barbara engrossed in Andrew Jackson.

As she passed Mrs. Brodie's little house with the steps leading down to the front door she looked eagerly, but the door was close shut and she was not even cheered by a sight of "the wee horse."

She stole into the Harbour House like a thief in the night and went straight to the drawing-room. Here, anyhow, was comfort. The bleakness of the March day had no power to chill the gentle colours of the quiet room. Here was peace.

The fire was purring to itself as little flames licked the seasoned logs, and Lady Jane sat at the bureau. She had been writing one of her long family letters and had stopped to think for a little, head on hand. A small glass of deep blue grape hyacinths stood beside her on the bureau, the three miniatures that never left her were ranged there. On the wall above were other miniatures, older, much older, with the tremulous look that such meek little pictures of the past have; the modern ones looked almost blatant beside them. A small frame with a bit of embroidery in the making lay on the arm of a chair, the *Cornhill* open beside it.

Nicole, having opened the door without being heard, stood, holding her breath in the quiet. How contented the room looked; the very furniture seemed to like to be there. It was her mother that made it so, she thought. Some rooms are as restless as their owners; one cannot imagine anyone sitting down in them to read or think or to

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be "lonely and happy and good." They seem only meant for sprawling about in with an illustrated paper, for smoking and drinking, for light talk and lighter laughter.

Lady Jane's rooms were sanctuaries, sweet with fresh flowers, gently gay with choice embroidery and rugs, wise with old books.

"Mother," Nicole said softly.

Lady Jane sprang up, her face suddenly warm with colour, her eyes bright and expectant. She saw her daughter. "My darling—you!" she cried, and put her hand to her eyes for a second. "I'm getting old, Nikky, and wandering. When you spoke just now I thought . . . your voices were all so much alike. But where have you come from? I meant to be at the station to meet you at six o'clock."

"I know. I know. I ought to have sent a wire. It was such a horrible day in Edinburgh. I had no heart to shop, so I rushed and caught the early train, and there was a woman in the carriage who loved a frowst, and it was so sad seeing no one at the station, and I'm dreadfully cold and it's a mischievous world . . ."

Ten minutes later, sitting well "into the fire" with a cup of hot tea in her hand, Nicole gave a long sigh and said, "Mums, I don't believe there's an ill in the world that a good fire and a good tea can't do something to lighten. Even when your heart's nearly broken there's a slight consolation to be found in these two blessed things. And, when added to them, one has a mother like you, well—I don't believe I'm going to take pneumonia after all."

"That's a good thing," said her mother. "Now, if you're sufficiently warmed and comforted, perhaps you'll tell me something about your visit. Your letters were wonderfully unilluminating."

"I know," Nicole looked at the fire. "You see it was rather difficult."

Lady Jane looked at her daughter's averted face and said, "Barbara seems to have enjoyed her visit."

"Yes, oh yes—Mums, I rather expect we'll be hearing some news from Babs soon. She and Andrew Jackson have made great friends. I expect Babs will go back to Rutherford as mistress. Funny, isn't it?"

"Very. You liked the young man?" her mother asked.

"Oh, I did, enormously. He's quite one of the nicest people I've ever met. He's got something of his mother's simplicity along

with a very good brain and excellent taste. He'll make a fine laird of Rutherford. Babs is in luck. And so is he. It'll make all the difference to Babs to have a house of her own and an assured position. I've been thinking, Mums, it can't always have been easy for her living with us. Of course she adores you quite as much as if you had been her own mother, and you've never made the slightest difference between us; but when I grew up I must have been a horrid snag, always in the way. I rather wonder she didn't hate me—a smaller natured person would have—for I can see, looking back, how often I must have spoiled things for her; but I believe in spite of everything she is fond of me. We'll miss her terribly, won't we, Mums? I do like tart people. Babs was like the cloves in an apple tart; she gave things a flavour."

"But, Nikky, are you sure of this?"

Nicole nodded. "Quite sure. Barbara, as I told you, went off to-day to stay with the Langlands. I give Andy—I love the way his mother says it—'A-andy'—just two days to miss her, to realize where he stands, to go over to Langlands and propose. And Barbara, dear thing, knows where her happiness lies. That I am sure of too. If there was ever in her heart any feeling of superiority, or stepping down to accept, it is gone now." She laughed softly. "She looks at Andy as if he were a knight in armour instead of a little Glasgow merchant."

Lady Jane stitched for a minute or two in silence, then she said: "As you say, we'll miss Barbara very badly, but I confess I'm glad to hear of this. I've often worried about her, and sometimes I've felt that I wasn't quite fair to you in my efforts not to make her feel out of it. . . . It was often hard for her, but I'm glad you have never realized it till now, or things would have been more difficult. . . . Then, will Barbara settle down at Rutherford with the parents?"

"I think not. I believe Mrs. Jackson will never be really happy at Rutherford. She is proud of it, but feels herself entirely alien. She tells me her dream is to get a new villa in a Glasgow suburb with two good servants and a little garden, and 'Father' less busy and her old friends round her. She says she is tired of being 'county,' and prefers to be suburban. Sensible woman! She knows what she wants. She really is a dear, mother. I loved listening to her stories and going round the

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place with her and hearing her talk to all the cottage women, taking the deepest interest in all the details of their cooking and housework and management of their children. They must be fond of her, I'm sure. And all the people round seem to like her so much."

"Does Barbara get on well with her?" Lady Jane asked.

"Oh, yes. Quite fairly well. I think she jars, you know. Bab's is ultra sensitive, and Mrs. Jackson has a somewhat free way of expressing herself; but I expect it will be all right. They are united in one thing—love for Andy. . . . Mr. Jackson is rather like a rat—a nice rat, of course—out of *The Wind in the Willows*, perhaps; but a little depressing to live with, I should imagine. If he isn't at work in Glasgow, or buried in papers at Rutherford, he doesn't seem to know what to do with himself. He's a man 'perplexed wi' leisure.' He keeps tapping his top teeth with the nail of his forefinger and answers invariably, 'Is that so?' Once he broke into an anecdote, but though I laughed immoderately I couldn't see the point! I doubt if there was one. . . . And now tell me your news. What have you done since I left?"

Lady Jane smiled as she pulled a thread through the linen she was working on.

"Missed you, Nikky dear, mostly. And I've read and walked and sewed, and written some of my endless letters, and the servants have been most attentive, almost embarrassingly so—set on, I suppose, by you. Christina kept making errands into the room every hour, watching me like a nurse with a mental patient. I was driven to go out more than I would otherwise have done, in consequence. And the Bat came every day for his lessons, and once he lunched with me. He's an extraordinarily idle little boy! If I don't watch him after I've given him a task, he simply folds his hands and sits; he has no real thirst for knowledge."

"Has any boy?" Nicole said, and laughed.

"And I visited Betsy," her mother went on. "She is at war with her daughter-in-law. There has been a new baby, and Betsy hasn't been invited to inspect it, and her pride won't let her go unasked. She makes a virtue of remaining away, and says, 'It's a guid dowie that disna bark till it's askit,' and adds, 'She'll never hae to soap her floor after me.'"

Nicole laughed. "Poor Betsy, she has

a saying for every crisis in life. And the 'wee horse'? I brought him some gundey."

"Oh," said Lady Jane, "there has been a crisis in the Brodie household, and Mrs. Brodie had no proverb ready! The poor 'wee horse' took suddenly ill on Wednesday. I heard about it, and went in about three o'clock in the afternoon to see if I could do anything. I found Mrs. Brodie white-washing the kitchen ceiling, with all the younger children, including the invalid, stacked in the kitchen bed to keep them out of the dirt! When I expressed surprise that she should have chosen such a time for such an undertaking, she replied that Doctor Kilgour was bringing another doctor to consult, and she couldn't let a strange doctor see her with a black ceiling! There were no bad results; indeed, the child had begun to improve when the two doctors arrived."

"Amazing!" said Nicole. "And what of our friends on the hill? Has Mrs. Heggie asked you to any meals?"

"None in particular. I met her one day, and she asked me to any meal I cared to come to. . . . Mrs. Buckler's new housemaid goes in and out of the front door instead of the back, which is causing friction. Miss Symington I haven't seen. . . . I think Mrs. Lambert must be spring-cleaning. As I passed the garden gate yesterday the little stalwart Betha was beating chairs furiously. . . . You know, you've only been away for the inside of a week; it seems much longer. It's a week to-day since Mr. Beckett went away—I must say I've missed him a lot. I hadn't realized quite how much his visits meant, how much I looked forward to them. Things seem a little flat and stale now that I know I won't hear Christina announce 'Mr. Beckett.' He once said he felt ashamed to hear himself announced so frequently, and thought he ought to change his name to create a diversion! I think he liked coming."

"Well," said Nicole, in an even voice, "I know I liked him coming. He was almost as much my friend as the Bat's. The poor Bat must be missing him terribly. I must take him out and devise some sport, but I'll be a wretched substitute for his beloved Simon. Heigh-ho! I wish nice people didn't always want to put the thick of the world between themselves and their friends and well-wishers! And the dull, tiresome ones remain, sticking closer than a brother!"

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CHAPTER XXX

"Consider Mr. Collins' respectability, and Charlotte's prudent, steady character. Remember that as to fortune it is a most eligible match: and be ready to believe . . . that she may feel something like regard and esteem for Mr. Collins."—JANE AUSTEN.

WONDERING much what was happening to Miss Symington, Nicole made an early opportunity to call at Ravenscraig.

The ten days which had elapsed since their last meeting had made a decided change in Janet. She carried herself with more importance, as if the coming dignity of matrimony was already casting its shadow. She spoke with more weight, was inclined to lay down the law, to treat Nicole rather patronizingly, as a mere spinster. Events had moved rapidly and everything was arranged for an early marriage.

"Samuel says there's no sense in delay," she said with a little conscious laugh.

"No," said Nicole.

"And the housekeeper's leaving in May, anyway. She isn't at all satisfactory, Samuel says; very lax about the amount eaten in the kitchen."

"Does that matter?" Nicole asked carelessly.

"Of course it matters. It's not right not to be careful, no matter what your means may be."

"I dare say not, but it seems a pity to make a fuss and have no end of unpleasantness. I'd rather be cheated."

"I don't agree," Miss Symington said, pursing her mouth. "I couldn't be happy if I thought waste was going on. I've just parted with my cook—very inconveniently—simply for waste. The woman had no conscience about dripping."

"Hadn't she, poor soul! Well—well. And have you decided where the wedding is to be? In Mr. Lambert's church, I suppose?"

"No. We're going to have a very quiet wedding at the Caledonian Hotel, in Edinburgh. Samuel doesn't care for church weddings; he doesn't like display, and there will probably only be the nearest relations present."

"Oh," Nicole said, looking dashed. "It won't seem much like a wedding, will it, in a hotel?"

"Oh, I don't know. A church wedding is such a parade, and with Samuel a widower and me far from young it would be quite

out of place—I've been to see the house and the children."

"Oh, you have? I hope you liked what you saw of them."

"Quite. Quite. I'm not awfully fond of Morningside, and it's just a house in a terrace—I'll miss the space we have here, and there's a basement flat which I don't like; but you can't have everything. I'm sorry now I was at all the expense of doing up this house. If only I had known what the future held for me—but Samuel never gave me an inkling of his intentions, and I never imagined such a thing possible, though I always admired him. . . . But Samuel has consented to sell his drawing-room furniture—it was furnished by his first wife on her marriage, quite handsomely but without much taste—and I'll put this furniture into it. It'll require to be redecorated, of course. Something the same as this, I should think." She looked thoughtfully round the pretty room. "It's been practically unused since the first wife died, for, of course, there was no entertaining done. All the house is thoroughly well furnished and stocked. I suppose I'll need to get rid of nearly all my things; there's no room for them."

"Why not let Ravenscraig furnished? Or keep it as a summer house?"

Miss Symington looked thoughtful. "Well, that's an idea; it would let me keep my things. I'll need to think it over and see what Samuel says. It's a different thing when you've got a man to consult." She sighed, not unhappily.

"And the daughters?" Nicole asked. "Are they agreeable creatures?"

"Ye-es. Agnes is just finishing school; she's seventeen. Her father's going to send her for a year to Paris, and then she'll be at home."

"Pretty?"

"Not very. She's a lank kind of girl with a long, pale face and an Edinburgh accent; she seems inclined to lounge."

"Perhaps she has grown too fast, and her spine's weak," Nicole suggested cheerfully. "Paris ought to smarten her up a bit."

"They've been very carefully brought up," Janet went on; "never been taught dancing or allowed to go to the theatre."

"Oh. . . . Well, I dare say it's possible to be quite happy without dancing or going to the play. They'll be allowed to play games, I suppose, and go to concerts."

"Oh, I think so; and a circus. My father hated the theatre; but he said a

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circus was different—the horses, you know. . . . The younger girl, Jessie, struck me as being rather a monkey. She has a dimple and a good deal of colour, and I distinctly saw her wink at Agnes behind her father's back! But she's only fifteen, so I shan't have much to do with her for a few years except, of course, in the holidays. But when I saw those girls, Miss Rutherford, and the basement, I couldn't help thinking I'd taken on a good deal."

"I think you have," Nicole told her frankly. "To run a house with a basement in an Edinburgh suburb, and make a man and two young girls and, incidentally, yourself happy!"

"Of course," said Miss Symington. "I'm giving up a lot: my own house, my freedom, and—and—" She looked round vaguely as if in search of something, and continued: "But there will be great compensations. I'll be Mrs. Innes. It's only now I realize how much I've always wanted to be a Mrs. . . . and Samuel's a highly respected man with a very good position. And we've exactly the same tastes; I *will* enjoy going with him to meetings, and I'll have a real pleasure in seeing that he's comfortable. I don't believe the housekeeper looked after his clothes as she should have done, and, of course, the girls were too young to care. And then I'll have a large circle of new acquaintances and my life will be full. I've often felt Kirkmeikle very cramping, and the people are so uninteresting. . . . I wonder you stand it, for you're young."

Nicole laughed. "But I don't find the people dull," she said.

Janet nodded her head sagely. "It's all very well for you; you've just alighted here like a bird, and you'll be off again whenever the spirit moves you. That was what Mr. Lambert said about you when you came, and I thought it was so true. You look so interested in everything, and seem so keen; but your real life isn't here at all."

"The difficulty," said Nicole, "is to have any real life anywhere. But what I want to know is, *have you got your clothes?* What will you wear in the Caledonian Hotel on your wedding day?"

Janet blushed becomingly. "Well, that's what I want to ask you. Samuel liked the last things you chose for me; indeed, I'll always treasure that brown dress with the orange, for I was wearing it when Samuel first saw he cared for me. . . . He went home, you know, and wrote. . . . I don't

want to be a laughing-stock. Talmage once said that nothing made him laugh so much as to see a middle-aged woman dressed like a girl, and I've never forgotten it."

"Who was Talmage?"

"He was a minister—American, I think—who wrote every week in a paper called *The Christian Herald*."

"Well," said Nicole, "I don't think I care for Mr. Talmage's kind of humour. If a woman dresses becomingly, no one will laugh at her. Of course, if a middle-aged woman shingles her hair, and reddens her lips, and wears skirts to her knees, they might laugh; but the decent ones would feel more inclined to cry. What do you think you'd like to wear yourself?"

"Well," again Janet blushed, "Samuel likes brown in all shades."

"Oh, well, that includes fawn, and that's quite wedding-like. Why not have a very pale fawn with long, tight sleeves and some embroidery—rather vivid—with a cloak of the same with a beaver collar for softness, and a hat repeating the colours in the embroidery—and shoes and stockings and gloves all in palest fawn?"

Janet's eyes shone. "I'd like that. I couldn't think of a single thing except grey and pink, and grey is so cold and doesn't suit me. . . . I'm afraid I'm being very troublesome, but will you come with me to Edinburgh and explain just exactly to the dressmaker. Middle-aged woman as I am she makes me feel like a schoolgirl, and I just do whatever she suggests. . . . But if you were there to support me—"

"Of course, I'll come. Weddings are so interesting, and I love having a finger in the pie."

She rose to go, and Miss Symington said: "Had you a good time when you were away? I've been talking away about my own affairs, and probably you have more exciting things happening to you which you never speak of."

"Epoch-making events," laughed Nicole. "How is the B—Alastair?"

"That's another complication," Miss Symington said, looking worried. "It seems a shame that Samuel should be saddled with the child, and yet he's rather young to be sent to school."

"He's not seven yet."

"I know. It's very difficult knowing what to do. The house in Morningside isn't large, and we couldn't spare a room for a nursery, and yet a child coming to meals

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and always about is such a nuisance. And I don't want to take Annie, and yet who would take the child out and look after him? It would just come on me. Of course, I'm fond of Alastair, but I never did understand him. Samuel's very good about it and says, 'Bring him along'; but I don't know. . . . However, it's no use worrying about it. . . . Good-bye, just now."

Nicole went home very thoughtful and finding her mother alone, at once began: "Mums, I'm worried about the Bat."

"Why— isn't he well?"

"Oh, quite, I think; but Miss Symington's marriage is going to change things for him."

"I hope so, poor darling. He has a dreary life with her here."

"I'm afraid he has," Nicole agreed, "though she honestly tries to do her best for him. But Samuel's house, it seems, isn't large enough to take in the Bat, and—"

"Samuel?" Lady Jane raised puzzled eyes.

"The man Miss Symington's going to marry— Samuel Innes. I've just come from Ravenscraig. Mother, she's so changed. She talks now, quite a lot, and actually simpers. Often middle-aged marriages are lovely things, intensely happy with a grateful happiness that is the very 'innocence of love'; but somehow Samuel and his house in Morningside, with a basement and pert, schoolgirl daughters . . . ! Poor Janet Symington! And yet what right have I to call her poor? She is almost triumphant. She says her life will be so full, and she is looking forward to going to meetings with Samuel. Isn't life the most laughable, pathetic jumble? I wonder what Miss Symington's religion really amounts to? Does she want to do good because Christ died for her, and for His dear sake she must be loving and giving, thinking no ill, pitiful and kind, or is it only an inherited fear of a jealous God who will send her to Hell if she doesn't heap up, ant-like, little bundles of good deeds and works of mercy? I don't know. I don't know. But it's the Bat I care about. Wouldn't it be possible, mother, if Miss Symington were willing, for us to take him? He could stay with us until he was old enough for school, that's all we need say at present; but gradually he would become our own—boys mean so much to you and me. . . ."

There was a long silence, then Nicole said:

"Wouldn't you like to have him for your

own, mother, the funny little Bat? To have a boy to look after again, to see about his clothes and his tuck-box, and welcome him back for the holidays? Miss Symington never really wanted him, I think she disliked his parents, and I can't bear to think of him an unwelcome presence in that Morningside house with Samuel, and the lank girl that lounges, and the pink girl that winks."

Half-laughing, half-crying, she laid her head on her mother's knee, and Lady Jane, stroking her hair, said:

"I think it would be an immense comfort to have the Bat— if it can be arranged. We've lots of room and time and everything, and the first moment I saw the child I felt drawn to him. In fact, I can't explain to myself the curious sympathy there is between us. And he is so small, and solitary in the world. When he gets on that too-large overcoat and gravely salutes as he goes away with Gentle Annie, I yearn over him. And now that his friend has gone for the time being, we've more responsibility. . . . Will you see Miss Symington, Nik, or shall I?"

"I think I'd better. I've promised to go with her to Edinburgh to choose clothes— isn't it good of her to want me to help?— so I'll have lots of opportunities. But I don't think she will make any serious objection. It's a way out of the difficulty for her, and for us. . . . Oh, mother, won't it be lovely? Let's plan now about his room. . . ."

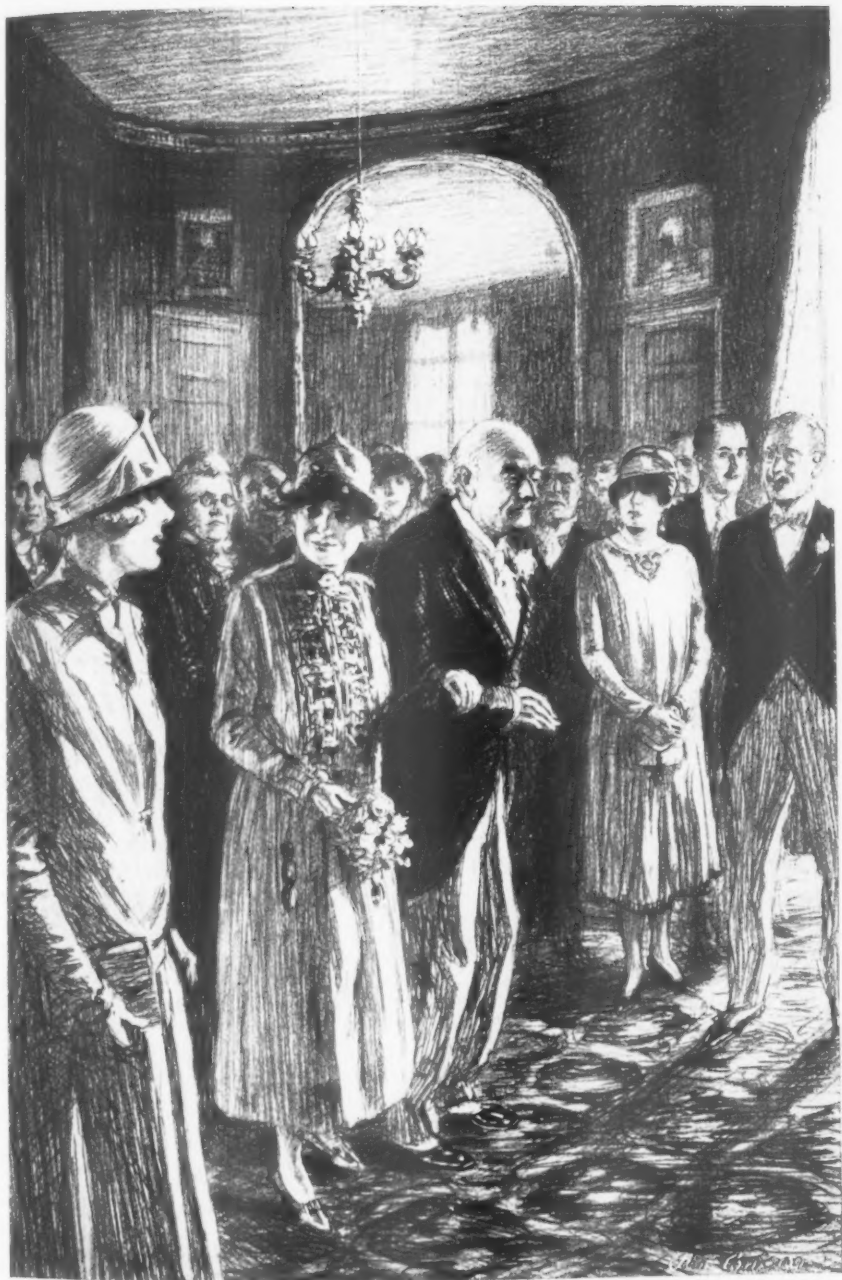
CHAPTER XXXI

"Oh, isna she verra weel off
To be woo't an' mairrit an' a'?"

— SCOTS SONG.

EVENTS worked out even as Nicole had predicted. Barbara wrote to her aunt from Langlands saying that she had promised to marry Andrew Jackson. It was not an ecstatic letter; indeed, there was a sort of gravity about it that made Lady Jane wonder, and hope that Barbara was not marrying for any but the one reason. She questioned Nicole: "She cares for him, you think?"

Nicole reassured her. "She certainly cares for him. Rutherford matters to her too, of course; but it comes a long way behind Andrew Jackson. Have no doubts, Mums. Happiness is rather startling, you know. She would be but little happy if



"The eyes of the bride sought her friend,
and Nicole gave her a radiant nod"—p. 705

Drawn by
John Cameron

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she could say how much. . . . When is she coming home?"

Lady Jane re-turned to the letter. "Wednesday, she says. I'll write at once."

"So shall I; but I'll send a wire with our love first thing. Is there a form there? Christina will fly with it."

Barbara came back and was petted and made much of to her heart's content; and it was a changed Barbara, softened, warmed, willing ever to see good in Kirkmeikle now that she was leaving it.

"Why, Babs," Nicole cried, "I believe you're quite interested in Miss Symington's approaching nuptials? You and she seemed to be having quite a heart-to-heart talk. Own she isn't so intolerable as you used to find her."

Barbara laughed rather shamefacedly. "I own I was a cantankerous creature; but it does make such a difference to know I'm only sojourning here, not tied, not caged. Now I can see all the good points both in the place and the people—I never would admit they had any, would I?"

Nicole agreed that it was easy to be a sojourner. "Then you haven't to be consistently pleasant: that's what gives people nervous breakdowns. But there's something else, Babs—your whole outlook on life has changed. Happiness makes people wonderfully kind." And she lightly kissed the top of her cousin's head as she went out of the room.

It was arranged that the marriage would take place very quietly in the beginning of June in the Rutherford church, and afterwards at Kingshouse. Jean Douglas insisted that it should be so.

"After all," she wrote, "Life is a *freud* place with which you have no links, whereas there isn't a soul in this countryside that won't be interested. You must all come to me for at least a week before. Thomas says he can see that my fingers are itching to get started, and I must say I do like to manage things. Of course, I know you will want a quiet wedding, but you must have all your oldest friends. It's a most satisfactory marriage. Andrew Jackson is a thoroughly good sort, and Barbara will make the best of wives. I went to see Mrs. Jackson yesterday. She said she was very pleased—as well she might be!—but I thought her rather quiet and dull. I dare say she feels giving up her only son, and she and her husband are going back to Glasgow, so she told me. Probably a wise step; but I can't help feeling sorry. I

shall miss her. I've got a sincere liking for her, and I could listen for hours to her conversation. I shall miss her, too, at the Nursing meetings. It always cheered me to meet the shrewd eyes of Mrs. Jackson and to exchange a furtive smile; she and I shared many jokes. . . . By the way, I've just heard that the Bothwells are giving up their delicious little house: it would be so beautifully perfect for you and Nikky. Leave your old Harbour House and your sea-maws, and come back to your own countryside. . . . But of this more anon. . . ."

It was all arranged about the Bat. Miss Symington had protested, had taken council with Samuel, and finally accepted Lady Jane's offer. If she had qualms about it, she salved her conscience with the assurance that she was really doing a good turn to poor Lady Jane.

"And the keep of a child doesn't amount to much," she told herself; "and father left him enough to pay for his education, so he won't be much expense."

She told Alastair one morning at breakfast.

"You know, Alastair," she said, "that I'm going to be married to Mr. Innes and live in Edinburgh."

"Yes," said Alastair, polite but uninterested.

"And Lady Jane has kindly asked you to come and live with her."

Alastair's hand, holding a bit of bread and butter, was suspended in mid-air while he fixed his eyes on his aunt's face.

"To live? To take my pyjamas and my toothbrush, to sleep at the Harbour House; not come back here at all?"

"No; of course you won't come back here. This house will be shut up."

"And Annie?"

"Yes; Annie's to go with you, though you're far too big a boy to have a nurse—where are you going?"

Alastair was scrambling from his chair. "I'm going to tell Annie," he said.

"Nonsense; you haven't finished your breakfast. . . . Are you so glad to be going to the Harbour House that you can't wait?"

"Yes," said Alastair.

"Aren't you sorry to leave me and leave Ravenscraig?"

Alastair got rather pink and said "Yes," without much conviction.

"Run away then," said his aunt; and to herself she said rather bitterly: "Unfeeling, like his father before him."

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Miss Symington had decided recklessly to defy superstition and be married in May. Samuel wished to attend the General Assembly of his Church, so it was on the last day of the sitting of that august body that Janet stood up in the Caledonian Station Hotel to become Mrs. Innes.

It was an exciting time in Kirkmuckle with preparations for two weddings, and it is doubtful if Mrs. Heggie had ever been quite so happy. All barriers went down before her kindly interest, and she trotted—no; that is not the word to describe this large, hearty lady; rather she sailed like some old-fashioned vessel with all sails set—between Ravensraig and the Harbour House, inspecting each present as it arrived, gloating over the soft stuffs and fine lace of the two *trousseaux*.

Miss Symington's presents were rather scanty, for she had few friends and fewer relations; but Samuel and his connexions had risen to the occasion, and Janet was more than satisfied. Her expression became positively smug, so much so that Mrs. Heggie, calling one evening at the Harbour House on the chance of seeing anything that was to be seen, said:

"I never in my life saw anybody so changed as Miss Symington."

"Changed?" Lady Janet lifted her eyebrows questioningly.

"In every way," said Mrs. Heggie; "a year ago you couldn't have seen a duller and more dejected figure. I used often to say to Joan that she was a typical old maid. Always neat and tidy, you know; but just a person you looked at once and then looked away. And her conversation! It wasn't there! Fond as I am of tea parties, I quite dreaded going to tea with her; I had to bear the whole brunt of the conversation. Not," Mrs. Heggie chuckled, "that that was any real effort to me, for I'm a great talker; but you can understand it wasn't very interesting. And her house was as depressing as herself. With all her money, I don't think she ever had a luxury. Luxury! She was so busy looking for waste that she hardly gave her household proper food. Of course, she did give away a lot to deserving charities, and worked away herself on all sorts of committees and went to meetings; but—I may be wrong—it never seemed to me that she did it for love of it. It was all duty with Miss Symington, and duty's a cold thing. I never heard of her being a comfort to anyone in trouble, or doing an impulsively kind thing, and per-

haps at heart she's still the same; but what a difference on the outside! You could have knocked me down with a feather the first time I went to call after I saw the workmen had left, and the curtains were up. Joan said the drawing-room reminded her of *Hassan*—that's a play, you know—and Miss Symington herself, with her hair brought forward over her ears—I couldn't have believed she had such pretty, soft hair, for she wore it scraped back; indeed, she always reminded me of the man who shaved his beard, saying: 'A' face that will be face'!—and a dress of soft brown with some colour about it to warm it! I tell you, I almost forgot my manners and said: 'My dear, what have you done to yourself?' It was like a transformation scene. . . . I wonder what put it into her head. Joan says she must always have been in love with Mr. Innes, and that this was a last effort to attract him—but I don't know. Joan writes, you see, and literary people have queer notions about things; besides, Miss Symington was too nice-minded to want to attract—what do you think, Miss Rutherford?"



That young woman was sitting in one of the window seats showing Mrs. Lambert a beautiful book which had just come for Barbara, between intervals of listening to Mrs. Heggie's conversation. Barbara, in another window-seat, was sewing a fine seam.

"Oh," said Nicole, "to my way of thinking there's nothing actively immoral about trying to make oneself attractive; but you'd be safer to ask Mrs. Lambert." She turned to her friend. "What do you think?"

Mrs. Lambert's "wood anemone" face flushed as she said:

"I think it's only right for every woman, young or old, to look as attractive as possible; but, dear me! it's terribly difficult when you're busy all day and at night simply long to tumble into bed. For, making yourself attractive takes time; hair-brushing, and attending to your hands, and keeping your skin smooth. And in the morning one is so apt to twist up one's hair anyhow and run, when there's the breakfast waiting to be made and the children to bath and dress and the whole house depending on you to freshen it for the day! But deliberately to make oneself attractive for an object doesn't seem to me quite nice, and I don't believe Miss Symington ever

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had such an idea. I think she was immensely surprised herself when Mr. Innes asked her to marry him."

"What kind of man is he?" Lady Jane asked.

"Quite a personable man to look at," Mrs. Heggie said; and Mrs. Lambert put in: "John says he's a good man."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Nicole, "for 'John' ought to know: he's a very good man himself. . . . D'you know what I'm going to start in Kirkmeikle?—a society for speaking ill of our neighbours. It's perfectly ridiculous the way everyone says only nice things about everyone else—and thinks them, too. It's so dull."

Mrs. Heggie laughed appreciatively. "You'd like our old cook. She smooths her apron and begins: 'I suppose,' and tells you the most terrible tales of everyone. And there's not a word of truth in them, that's the best of it."

"Or the worst of it," said Nicole.

"Oh, I don't know," Mrs. Heggie said. "I don't like to have to think ill of anybody." Then, in a stage whisper: "Any more presents, Miss Burt?" And Barbara in her new kindness and patience smiled at her and offered to take her up to see what had come lately.

"Let's all go," said Nicole; and they all went.

A large, unoccupied bedroom had been given over to Barbara for her dresses and presents, and very delightful it looked that evening to the visitors, with the spring sun pouring in through a west window on tables stacked with offerings.

Among many rare and lovely things, there was the usual pile of silversmith's boxes containing tea-knives and spoons, toast-racks and sugar-sifters, ink-pots and paper-knives, mustard and pepper pots complete with salt-cellar. "What you're going to do with them all, Babs, I know not," Nicole said, "because it isn't as if you were starting a house: Rutherford's stocked with everything."

Barbara shook her head. "Most of them will remain in the silver chest, I'm afraid."

"It's extraordinary," said Lady Jane, "how one's mind goes when one starts out to buy a present. There are so many things to give, but everything at the moment is forgotten, and I can think of nothing but silver candlesticks or an inkstand—and I hate both, and always use glass candlesticks and inkpots. . . . But you've been lucky, Barbara, getting so many really charming

things. Show Mrs. Heggie the old Waterford glasses you got to-day, and the painted tray and the lovely lace dinner-set and the lacquer table."

Mrs. Heggie gloated over everything, patting the things for pure pleasure. "I do like my Kirkmeikle presents," said Barbara. "I mean to use your tea-caddy every single day, Mrs. Lambert. See how beautifully it goes with this tray and the Worcester cups! And your present, Mrs. Heggie, just speaks of comfort."

"Like Mrs. Heggie herself," put in Nicole.

The present in question was an eider-down quilt, large, thick, lustrous.

"It's a homely sort of gift," Mrs. Heggie said, as she proudly eyed her offering displayed over the end of the bed, "but useful!"

"Very," said Barbara. "This Chinese panel is from the Bucklers. Isn't it a nice splash of colour?"

"Everything's perfect," sighed Mrs. Heggie; "but are we not to have a chance of seeing Mr. Jackson himself?"

"Oh, I hope so," Lady Jane said; "but we've been meeting in Edinburgh as a half-way house. Andrew is very busy just now, as you may suppose. I met him for the first time last week and was delighted with my new nephew. . . . Shall we go downstairs now?"



It was a beautiful day—Janet's wedding day—very clear and golden, and as Nicole walked towards the Caledonian Hotel from her club, where she had been lunching, she thought that never did Edinburgh look so well as on a bright May afternoon.

It was the last day of the Assemblies, and Princes' Street was full of black-coated figures hurrying to catch trains that would take them back to their different homes. Some were well dressed, with glossy silk hats, and walked importantly, looking as if they had flourishing congregations and were frequently mentioned in the *British Weekly* as outstanding preachers. Some looked rather shabby and careworn; these Nicole judged to be men who had a hard row to hoe, and she hoped they had warm, kind houses to go back to, and understanding wives to give them a welcome.

One man she noticed in particular—a thin little man with a travelling bag in one hand, and several parcels in the other—parcels of which she thought she could guess the contents. The flat one was a

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book from Andrew Elliot's, for the minister himself; the longish parcel in white paper was Ferguson's Edinburgh rock for the children, and the thick package was cake from Mackie's—good rich cake that his careful wife would put away in a crock, and which would come out to grace several tea-parties. Nicole looked very kindly at the little hurrying figure, and amused herself picturing the reception he and his parcels would get when they arrived at home.

Nicole was invited alone to the wedding; indeed, it was rather a concession that she was there at all, for only relations were supposed to be present, but Janet had made a point of her being there.

Nicole was prepared to enjoy everything, and when she was taken to a large room half full of people she looked about at once for someone she knew. She found they were all strangers to her except Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, who were at the other end of the room. With them was Alastair, resplendent in a new white man-of-war suit, but wearing a subdued expression.

No one seemed quite to know whether they ought to behave as if they were in church or not; but the social atmosphere was so chilly that, to warm it, Nicole began at once to talk to the people on either side of her, though she had never seen them before and they evinced no burning desire to become better acquainted with her.

Someone at the piano broke into a wedding march, the two ministers with Samuel and his best man moved into position, and Janet came in on the arm of her uncle, an aged and confirmed hypochondriac who lived in complete seclusion, but who had been forcibly resurrected for the occasion by his strong-minded niece.

The eyes of the bride sought her friend, and Nicole gave her a radiant nod; and, indeed, Janet had never looked so well in her life. Samuel, in a frock-coat, seemed to think so, for his smile was more unctuous than ever.

Mr. Lambert, looking acutely miserable, assisted by the bridegroom's minister, married them, and the short, unadorned service was soon over.

"It doesn't take long to do a great deed," a chinless young man remarked solemnly, and Nicole laughed suddenly.

Seeing that there was no chance of getting near the bride and bridegroom yet

awhile, she made her way to where the Lamberts were sitting and soon had Alastair supremely happy drinking lemonade through a straw. Mr. Lambert had gone to look for tea for his wife, and appeared with a cup which was mostly slopped into the saucer.

"John's no use at a wedding," Mrs. Lambert said sadly. "Just look how Mr. Robson is making everyone laugh!"

She cast a rebuking glance at her husband, who said stiffly: "I see no p-point in being facetious at a wedding."

"Well, if you can't be facetious, be useful, and get Miss Rutherford some tea"; but Nicole thought it wiser to make her own way to the buffet, and there she enjoyed an excellent meal.

She shook hands with the newly-wed couple and was introduced to the step-daughters. They talked for a little, and she liked them; they were good laughers and quite unaffected, and she felt that unless Janet erred grossly the household at Morningside should go fairly smoothly.

Presently the bride moved up to Nicole. "Well?" she said.

"Splendid! You look quite, quite charming, and everything has gone off so well. They have done things nicely, haven't they? Such good cake and ices—"

Janet looked round complacently. "Quite. Quite. And it's such a blessing it's a good day. A nice-looking lot of people, don't you think? Practically all Samuel's relations."

"Yes; and I like your step-daughters. Give them a good time Miss—Mrs. Innes."

Janet nodded. "I'll do my best for them, you may be sure. I'm going to change now, and we're leaving about four—*motoring to Crieff!*"—the last in a hoarse whisper.

When the bride and bridegroom departed amid a little genteel throwing of confetti and many good wishes, Nicole stood looking after the departing car. "I hope they'll be happy," she thought, "and, anyway, they've done us a good turn." She held the hand of the Bat and smiled down at his small, upturned face on which content lay like a sunbeam. He was going back that very night to the Harbour House, Gentle Annie was there already with all his belongings, and it seemed to the child that life was now going to be like a fairy tale come true.

(To be concluded)

Things that Matter

by Rev. ARTHUR PRINGLE

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE

IN nine cases out of ten, when people come to speak of life's brevity, they tune their words to melancholy. Psalmists, hymn-writers, saints, and men of the world add their distinctive notes to the gloomy chorus; and in most of us there is the vague wonder why, if life was to be ours at all, it could not be bestowed in more generous allowance.

The Battle for Longer Life

So much is this the case that, taking us in the bulk, we count it a point of honour to lengthen life as much as we can. If doctors and insurance experts can point to a greater average longevity, we feel things are moving in the right direction, and that every year gained is the conquest of another inch of territory that belongs to us by right.

The battle for longer life is being carried on with unabated determination and increasing resource; and never before has there been such wide-spread solicitude about physical culture and diet and health-concerns generally. It is not easy to ascertain with any exactness what the result is; but, although real, the improvement seems to be disappointingly small.

Two-edged

The fact is, of course, that, here as everywhere, life is two-edged. We advance for our good, but also at our peril; all new country means hazard as well as enrichment; and, unless we are careful, life takes away with one hand what it gives with the other. Here we are, equipped as never before, with the apparatus of lengthening life; but, somehow, the apparatus is not yielding the expected results. Is it that, with our highly-developed civilization and our artificial habits, we undo the web of health as fast as we weave it?

Whatever the reason, it is of little account so far as my present subject is concerned. A few years more or less cannot

affect the fact that, at the longest, life's short, and that, except for the desperately unfortunate, whenever it ends, it ends too soon. When our time comes to leave it, most of us would like to stay longer, so much is there undone and unseen. In all of us, according to the depth of our feeling and the size of our stage, is played over again the tragedy of incompleteness and unfulfilled possibility. And, if we are among the "fortunate," love and sunshine and happiness are hard to say good-bye to, however long the farewell is postponed.

Why Not More of It ?

Hence, then, the melancholy with which it is customary to celebrate life's brevity; and again we are driven back on the question—if life at all, why not more of it? So much could be done, so many things set right, so many plans rounded off. In fact, it all seems so obvious that there *must* be another side to it. God has, surely, some answer to our *vita brevis, ars longa*—to our complaint that we are taken away from school just as we are beginning to learn something. Anyway, it will repay us to look at the subject more closely and see whether it has not its brighter aspects.

Would it Bring Happiness ?

To begin with, are we sure that we or the general run of people would get more usefulness and happiness out of life if it were so much longer? There is the legend of the wandering Jew to steady our judgment. His punishment for insulting Christ on the day of the Crucifixion was to wander over the face of the earth under a curse which condemned him to live through the ages.

A *curse*; yet, in principle, we are craving that very thing as a blessing! Allowing for details, the essence of the legend seems to suggest the long-ago discovery that to *go on* living in a world like this is not to be coveted but to be dreaded. Even when life is a good thing, we can have too much of it,

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curse or no curse, so we read between the lines.

The Value of Uncertainty

And, whoever we are, we begin to see there is truth in that. We human beings are so made that we should not properly value or enjoy anything if we knew for certain that we could always have it. The people we most care for would not mean so much to us were it not for the brevity and uncertainty of life, which means that one day we shall have to lose them. All the finer things hang on a delicate thread of contingency, which makes them altogether more prized than if they were welded to a red chain of certitude. We take eager hold of the gifts of to-day because to-morrow is still round the corner, and may bring anything or nothing. We revel in light and warmth; but the sun would be intolerable were it never to set; and we should soon be bored with the days if they were not interrupted by nights.

Turning the Tables

This seems, as it were, a turning of the argumentative tables, suggesting that life, of the finer sort, gains rather than loses because of its brevity. The very fact that there must be an end throws back into life a richer quality and intensity. "The night cometh," said Christ, "when no man can work." What then? Slackness and disheartenment, as though nothing mattered? On the contrary, with the greater eagerness and concentration, "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day." So the Master's working life, while by ordinary reckoning one of the shortest, was by moral reckoning the longest ever lived. It was as though the shadow of its brevity changed to a white heat of intensity, under which years became ages.

If Christ had Lived Longer

Incidentally, this brings us up against the conjecture emphasized in our time, notably by Mr. Clutton Brock, as to what might have happened had Christ's earthly life extended to the normal span. Supposing He had shown us how to live through the fullness of ripe manhood and age, must we not have been the gainers? The question, and all that hangs on it, is provoking; and our wisest answer is to point to what actually happened. For the undeniable paradox is that the full meaning and effectiveness of Christ's life was not felt until, in the earthly

sense, it ended. It was after He had "gone away" that He really "came again" to His disciples; apparently, His spirit could not gain possession of them until His body had vanished from their sight. So, as He had told them, His seemingly premature departure was "expedient" for them and for the world He came to redeem.

We Must Go Before We Come

In our own way and degree the same is true of ourselves. We, also, often have to go before we can *come*. Death, the ending of the visible, is again and again the beginning of a vitality and influence never before known. Many a man, no longer here, lives and dominates and inspires in a way not possible so long as he remained tangible and visible. That is one treasure rescued from the ghastly wreckage of the war: so much of the youth then "cut off" somehow *lives on* and *makes itself felt*, as might never have happened in the ordinary course. So finely does the spirit make its reckoning with the brevity of life.

The theme being thus robbed of some of its too habitual melancholy, we can go on to another pertinent consideration: how the world is kept fresh and progressive by the new life which comes into it with each successive generation. We all have our chance of helping the world with our work and our thoughts. The years are in a hurry, but they wait long enough for us to leave our stamp on them. And, that done, it is best all round to make room for others. When we have had our opportunity, let fresh minds and activities be brought to bear, looking at things in a new light and doing things in a new way.

An Uncongenial Task

Which, of course, is an uncongenial task for most of us. The armour once on, it is hard to take it off again, and to realize that the cause will be best served by our retirement. It is the habit of each generation to regard itself as *the* depository of wisdom, indispensable to the world's progress. And, if we had our way, and life became appreciably longer, fossilized inertia and complacent acquiescence in things as they are would warn us again that *vita brevis* has something to say for itself.

Arising out of this, the practical point seems to be, while we *are* alive, let us make sure that we are really contributing something fresh and distinctive to the common stock. Five years of a man who lives with

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keenness and enterprise, thinking his own thoughts and doing his own work, are worth fifty years that break no new ground. Most of us are people of restricted circumstance and opportunity; but, all said and done, we are *human*, and that means that, be our years few or many, we can get something out of them and give something to them. In all worthy ways, let us take hold of life with both hands and give ourselves to it unreservedly. We are here not to *exist* but to *live*; and we can "let ourselves go" without danger if we remember Him who came that we "might have life, and have it abundantly."

The Obvious Reflection

Even though it mean coming down to mundane detail, this talk can hardly end without the obvious reflection that the very shortness of life is an additional reason for not making it shorter by waste of time. Taking us in the bulk, we are amazing squanderers of time. Punctilious about money, resenting any filching of what "belongs" to us, we think nothing of the wholesale stealing of our time—by ourselves or by others.

The most careful of us would find it disconcerting to be confronted by the hours and days and, ultimately, years of which, in various ways, we have robbed ourselves. Putting it in another way, we could all add appreciably to the length of our lives by a reasonable—not fussy—ordering of our time. At the beginning of each day we ought to know, within limits, how we propose to spend it, so that no time be wasted by needless vagueness or indecision. To know our objective and to make straight for it is a great saving every way.

Select—and Reject

And really, as part of the same principle, let us remember that everything we do stops us from doing something else. Time, like

money, cannot be spent on two things at once. As, for example, with reading. Especially in this day of many books and papers, the warning of Ruskin stands—if you read *this*, you have not time to read *that*. The best time-users are those who have trained themselves to select and reject; and, all along the line, life is a great rewarder of those who know what to leave alone.

Worth While

The shortness of life, then, is partly in God's hands and partly in our own; and, in either case, we have good warrant for putting aside morbidness and depression, and finding in life as we have it something that deserves and will reward all that we can put into it.



The Quotation

What a blessing to mortals, what a kindness of Providence, that life is made so uncertain; that these awful mysteries are here around us, into which we may vanish. . . . God gave the whole world to man; and if he is left alone with it, it will make a clod of him at last. But, to remedy that, God gave man a grave, and it redresses all, and makes an immortal spirit of him in the end.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.



THE PRAYER

HEAVENLY FATHER, we thank Thee for all that makes this earthly life wonderful and beautiful; for the many things that fill each day with interest; and, best of all, for our opportunity of leaving the world better than we found it. May ours be the "abundant" life which means love and strength and service. And when the years pass all too quickly, leaving our deepest longings unfulfilled, may our hearts be strong in hope of the endless life where our hunger and thirst shall be satisfied.



PRACTICAL HOME-MAKING

New Ways of Serving Old Dishes

By Nesta Mackenzie

EVERY housewife recognizes that food, to be thoroughly enjoyed and to give its maximum of nourishment, must be attractive to the eye as well as nicely cooked. But comparatively few seem to realize the dietetic value of pleasing the innate sense of adventure—the desire for *novelty*—which all of us possess. While plenty of pains are often taken to make the table and the food look tempting, how monotonous these attempts generally are!

For instance, the colour-scheme of the salad may be perfect. An extra ingredient or two may have been added simply to give that attractive blend of green and red and gold. But when the family has seen that particular admixture of tints at least fifty times before the effect is as dull, very nearly, as a dish of plain lettuce would look.

Naturally, table decoration can—and should—be varied. The china bird perched in the china bowl makes a welcome change from slender vases of flowers; old services get broken and new ones of different design and colouring make their appearance occasionally. These things help, but they are not enough unless the food itself can also be given a fresh touch occasionally.

A year or two ago I used to advocate

doing this in its most striking form by putting before the family, once or twice a week, really new dishes culled from visits abroad or from foreign cookery books. But sad experience has taught me that the English are easily the most conservative of eaters, and that preparations beloved in other lands are nearly always regarded as a change for the worse here. Think of the long struggle that even grape-fruit—so nearly akin to two familiar fruits we have long had with us—has had to establish itself among us!

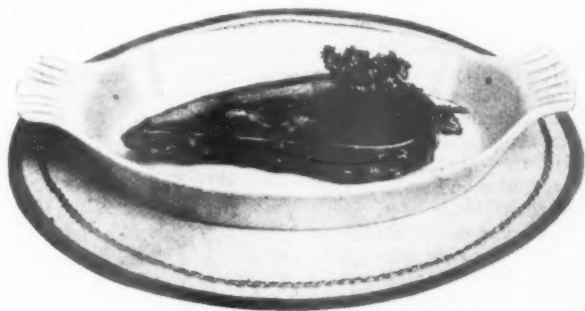


Fig. 1.—An individual portion of mutton cutlet with peas is appetizing imprisoned in aspic jelly

So I have learnt moderation and restraint, and discovered that an effect of novelty far more enticing to the English palate than an actually foreign dish with unusual ingredients is simply to take the same old time-honoured foods and serve them up in new ways. This has the advan-

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tage that the busy housewife need spend no extra time experimenting with fresh methods of cookery. All she is asked to do is the rather fascinating pursuit of putting old wine into new bottles, as it were.

The methods of serving described and illustrated in this article are culled from various sources, British and foreign. They

Nothing gets more monotonous than cold meat; but it may often be necessary for the housewife to be out till shortly before the evening meal, and to have, therefore, left something ready to be served cold. The stockpot and a little gelatine make attractive aspic jelly, which will embed, say, a mutton cutlet and a few peas (Fig. 1), or



Fig. 2.—Salad gains a fresh interest if served to each person in a frilled paper case—which needs no washing up afterwards, incidentally!

are not mere stunts thought out for the sake of variety, but are standard and tried methods in regular use in some community or other. Once the idea of novelty in presenting food is taken up, the housewife will find it an interesting hobby, when visiting, on holiday or in restaurants, to look out for new ways she can try.

To start with the first course. If you have served soup in soup plates all your housekeeping life, why not make a change next time you are replenishing your stock of crockery. The same hot, fragrant liquid has a trick of tasting refreshingly new if it appears suddenly at table in two-handled bouillon cups, blue and white striped kitchen bowls (at about fourpence each), or flower-pot red earthenware pipkins with glazed lids.

All these more upright receptacles have the additional advantage that they keep the soup far hotter than does a shallow plate.

Garnishes, rightly used, play an enormous part in turning old dishes into new. Such inexpensive trifles as a little minced parsley, dice of toast, or a fine grating of cheese give an air of variety which is irresistible to a hackneyed broth.

an egg or two, in a truly aristocratic and appetizing manner. Tinned salmon again—that boon for the last-minute meal—makes a most tempting appearance when surrounded with a pale green border of sliced cucumber, instead of this being served separately.

Mention of salad foods reminds me of the great debt we owe to the American housewife for her popularization of the idea of individual portions. In many cases these look far more appetizing and lead to less waste, as there is no eating a little more



Fig. 4.—Tempting, isn't it? But merely an ordinary orange in a novel setting

than is wanted because "it's a pity not to empty the dish." An individual helping of salad (of its actual ingredients more anon) is shown to the left in Fig. 3, reposing, in true American fashion, upon a foundation of lettuce leaves.

NEW WAYS OF SERVING OLD DISHES

Fig. 2, however, shows what I find a still better idea—a portion of salad in a little paper case. These cases are extremely cheap to buy, can be had in various sizes for different foods, look clean and pretty, and save washing up by being thrown away after use. They are suitable for any dry or semi-dry foods which are served in small quantities. For instance, a smaller case at each place at table may daintily hold chopped red-currant jelly when mutton is the main dish.

For children's parties, bridge, and dance suppers, when china often runs short, beaten-

tuce-leaf basis. Above this may be a half-peach or two with their hollows filled with raisins, as in the photograph, balls of cream cheese each topped by a preserved cherry, orange mingled with beetroot, or chopped grape-fruit smothered in mayonnaise. These salads are usually eaten as a separate course, and always look, as well as taste, delightful.

America, again, gives us a lead in the novel serving of fruit. A child will take a fresh interest in its hackneyed banana if it appears one day circularly sliced into a jelly glass, with a crystallized violet as its



Fig. 3.—Left, an American salad individually served. Right, a jelly glass and crystallized violet add novelty to a banana

up jelly and blanc-mange are convenient and tempting in their paper cases. In summer they are invaluable for picnic foods.

To revert to the American salad in Fig. 3. In the United States salad in some form is served every day—frequently twice a day—and is a most significant food item. Apart from its high vitamin value, as the recipes are legion it gives the desirable touch of variety to the daily meals while preserving the balance of economy. We are accustomed to think of salads as expensive except in the height of summer, but that is because we restrict them to certain ingredients which are seldom cheap. The American salad combines greenstuff, cold vegetables, fresh or tinned fruit, garnishes, and any other oddment left from previous meals with the greatest good-nature, thus using up left-overs, and making for novelty at the same time.

The one invariable ingredient is the let-

summit. (Jelly glasses, by the way, make many foods more alluring. Try piling the left-over rice pudding into glasses and covering it smoothly with custard sprinkled with desiccated coconut.)

Order an orange with your breakfast in an American restaurant or dining-car, and it appears in a special oval dish (the somewhat similar one in Fig. 4 was bought at a French shop in Soho, by the way), sliced across and across in graduated rings, and well sprinkled with castor sugar. A little more trouble for the housewife, of course, but well worth it occasionally to make a change or tempt a convalescent.

Or have you ever thought of squeezing orange or grape-fruit juice into a tall tumbler, sweetening it, and filling up with soda-water? The whole food-value and flavour of the fruit is thus imbibed in a way which makes it seem like something rich and rare.

Uninvited Guests

The Cockroach
By
G. S. Parkinson

WE all possess a natural dislike for anything that crawls. That democratic little fellow, the flea, possessed of such marked jumping abilities, is much less repulsive than other creeping things which, from time to time, form a close partnership with man.

It is proposed in this article to give a short description of an insect which sometimes is an unwelcome guest in our homes.

It may be difficult to weave romance into the life of such a loathsome creature as a cockroach, and yet we are told that it sailed in ships that ploughed the Spanish Main! It is said that when Sir Francis Drake captured the *San Felipe*, he found it laden with spices and cockroaches!

A Methuselah among insects, only reaching maturity after two years, it reached these shores some time during the sixteenth century from its home in the East, and soon adapted itself to this climate and spread inland.

There are some ten members of the family, but only two are commonly found in houses in this country, where they thrive and multiply in basements, preferring a moist, warm atmosphere, with a plentiful supply of food. These insects are not dainty feeders, and will devour anything from paper to boots; but prefer sweet dainties when available. In a book, recently published, entitled "The Royal Navy as I Saw It" Captain G. H. Willis, R.N., describes cockroaches that "gnawed the backs of books and nibbled the edges of razors, much to the annoyance of their owners!" He goes on to suggest that they contracted this last habit to assist their digestion, in the same way that fowls like pebbles. The truth of this last indictment is not vouched for, and rather savours of the sea! What the cockroach does not eat it spoils, by imparting a "roachy" flavour to it, as it possesses glands which secrete an oily fluid.

Houses usually become infested in the first instance through furniture or groceries, and as one female may lay as many as

eighty eggs, they increase rapidly. They act as scavengers, and one would, therefore, expect to find them thriving in homes where not a very high standard of cleanliness was maintained.

Though the male possesses wings, it seldom flies; while in the female, these are rudimentary organs. The black beetle, like the bug, of which it is a natural enemy, is nocturnal in habits, and will hunt out and exterminate the latter, though its introduction for this purpose is not recommended! They are extraordinarily quick in their movements, and their slippery covering assists them in evading their enemies. Hedgehogs, rats, and cats all eat them, and judging from the eagerness pussy displays in catching these vile-looking insects, they must be regarded by her as most delectable morsels!

Recently the cockroach has come under suspicion as a probable cause of cancer; though this has not yet been definitely proved, it is now certain that it harbours a germ which produces a similar disease in rats. But even if they cannot be convicted of transmitting disease to human beings, their presence in houses is most undesirable.

It is not always an easy matter to get rid of these pests when once they have become firmly established; but if the following methods are employed, they may often prove effective.

Cockroaches are most often found in old houses, the walls and floors of which are in a bad state of repair.

In such cases particular attention must be paid to the brickwork, etc., round fireplaces, the backs of cupboards, as well as to the entrance holes of gas and water pipes, and all cracks and crevices found cemented up, and lastly the skirting boards of rooms should be made to fit close to the floor.

When the house has been rendered as insect-proof as possible, there are several powders on the market for the extermination of cockroaches which may be tried.

A very cheap and effective one can be

WASHING DAY

made by mixing together equal parts of sodium fluoride and borax, or borax and meal, to which a little sugar has been added, often gives very good results.

It is a good plan to scatter the powder the last thing at night, paying particular attention to any crevices which may exist.

In some places it may be more convenient to set traps, and though these may be bought, they are simple to make at home. One of these is described in a pamphlet published by the British Museum. It consists of an empty jam-pot covered by a piece of cardboard with a hole in the centre, from which is suspended a stiff paper cone with an opening at the apex: this should be just

large enough to allow a cockroach to enter the jar.

Runways are laid from the floor to the rim of the pot to enable them to reach the top.

A good bait to use in the trap is a little stale beer with a few slices of banana in it.

In some cases, if a building is badly over-run, it may be necessary to fumigate it; but before doing this, further advice should be obtained from the local sanitary authorities; and if the floors of the kitchen and basements are kept clean and free from particles of food, the employment of some of the more simple remedies may work wonders.

Washing Day

By
Olive S. Hockin

TO how many women is washing day just a day of dread! A dreary toil in a dark back-kitchen; air clammy with steam, floor running with water, and the back aching more and more as the day goes on. To overworked mothers with too many children and too few rooms a fog-begrimed backyard for hanging out the clothes, and a tiny kitchen in which to iron and air them as well as to cook and eat in, washing day must be nothing less than a nightmare. Yet how many thousands accept such conditions as part of their daily life!

As Good as Golf

But it need not always be so bad. Given the least bit of a garden—given, above all, the blessed country with open skies—not too big a family, and the chance to pick fine weather, washing day can be one of the joys of life—as health-giving and pleasur-



"Why should we, on festive days, hang flags about our streets, and yet consider a washing line unsightly?"

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able even as a day's golf or tennis or other strenuous pastime.

This time I had waited three weeks for the chance of working off that accumulation—cotton, linen, wools, and silks—that in these days seem necessary to civilized life. But it came at last: the freedom from other calls, the requisite energy, and the perfect morning that makes so much difference to out-door work.

For I never wash indoors! Out comes the washing-stool into the garden, out comes the old wooden tub and the bath and buckets. Indoors the furnace is lit under the old-fashioned copper, and the water—soft rain-water from the roofs—is heating whilst the clothes are soaking in cold.

"Plenty of Water!"

The best laundress I ever knew was a gardener's wife, a one-time neighbour. If he was an artist in his love for his garden, her pride in her work was no whit less than his. How well I remember her dainty show o' Friday nights: the softness of the woollens and the fragrance of the newly-ironed cambric, and the modest pride with which she would display it all! Those who knew her would send by post their most delicate garments from all over the country. And when asked her secret, this was her cry: "Plenty of water; only give me plenty of water!"

So that is a thing to remember: not to tumble everything in at once and go on and on till the water is black or grey, but to take a few at a time and keep on changing the water. Soak them in cold—all but the woollens, then soak them again in a fluff of lux and soft warm water, wash in another of the same, and no rubbing or scrubbing is needed, for the dirt comes out of itself. Rinse in two waters again, and with a boil of the "whites" in the copper, and sun and air *ad lib.* for all, stains will be gone, and an array of spotless linen be the reward.

But the delight of the day, of course, lies in the several trips to the orchard where hangs the line. There through the apple-boughs blue hills may be seen, and here and

there, perhaps, a primrose or a daffodil peeping out to see if spring be come. And what can be more gay than a line of white and coloured linen shining in the sun among the moving flecks of shadow and blowing in the breeze! Why should we, on festive days, hang flags about our streets, and yet consider a washing line unsightly? It is only we English who are so sensitive about clean garments. In Switzerland, for instance, every garden in the most *recherché* suburb has its range of washing lines; and a big range it has to be, since, with the Swiss, washing is not an eternal every-week affair, but is got through on one busy day once a month. The highest in the land are not ashamed of a clothes line stretched along their gravel sweep, nor would the most well-to-do wife think of sending her clothes to the laundry instead of tackling the work herself.

No Penance, This

Yes; we are too much inclined to think that every necessary job must needs be a penance and to pay someone else to do it. It only entails inventing something else to keep ourselves fit and occupied. Instead of devoting our leisure wholly to sports and games, why not make an adventure and sport of our washing day? There is plenty to learn over it, and it is as good an art as any of the decorative arts, and one gains in skill at each attempt. There is always the interest of the weather to watch, the fire to keep going, water to draw—and are not fire, water, and air man's elemental play-things? There is a delight in dipping water from a rain-tub that is in another realm from the mechanical action of turning a tap.

Labour devices are all very well, but they can be overdone. They eliminate much of our pleasure as well as our toil, and what do they give us instead? We must exercise our muscles as well as our minds; why should we not for a change, instead of going out of our way to tire ourselves over games, just see how much pleasure there may be—in Labour itself?





The Changing Village Inn

*And Some Ideas for a
New Type
By Barbara Dane*

NO exile in a far country can think of an English village without, I think, seeing pictures of the village inn. And all who love the countryside, and the traditions of hospitality which used to be treasured and kept intact by the host of the inn, must be conscious of a most wistful regret that the wayside hostelrys of England are changing.

"See your own country first" is the catchphrase which one notes on the posters of many railway companies. But what is it that takes the man or woman of modest means to the Continent at all times of the year? Climate, perhaps, to some extent; possibly food; the natural love of contrast; the benefits—although these are much exaggerated—of the exchange; but, above all, the knowledge that at any kind of an inn there is a warm welcome waiting for the traveller.

It has been my experience to stay at some of the most luxurious hotels in Europe. I have also stayed in small commercial hotels in Italy and at wayside inns in France, the latter so primitive that no bathrooms or sitting-rooms were provided. But even at such places I was always given a good bed, a good meal, and a welcome which made me feel that the landlord or landlady had experienced the greatest possible pleasure in providing for the unexpected guest.

English homes are the most hospitable in

the world, but English inns do not share this distinction.

Yet the small country inn, where good plain fare, comfortable beds, and a sincere welcome is offered, is sought for by tens of thousands of men and women. It is very difficult in these days to find a weekend cottage. Every house in the country is needed, if not always obtained, by those who must live in the country permanently because there lies their work. More and more people live in flats and are without the advantages of a garden. And one hears again and again the cry: "If only I knew of a simple little inn where I could put up at a reasonable cost, I should spend most of my week-ends out of town."

But what is the actual experience of those who seek not the perfect inn, but the reasonably good inn?

To begin with, even in such inns as have a few bedrooms to let, reluctance to offer hospitality is frequently experienced. Not so many years ago the landlord who was genuinely unable to offer bed and board would often take the trouble to find a room in the village for the stranded traveller; or, if he had a room, but felt that the fare available was not exactly what his guest expected, he would at least give him the option of dining on bacon and eggs rather than intimate coldly that "We do not do meals here."

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Not long ago I walked across sixty miles of the Exmoor country in four days, putting up each night at a village inn. In one instance I was charged a high price for an inadequate dinner; in another case I had to pay



In the Heart of Sussex

four shillings for a very poor cold supper; in a third instance it was made plain that the hours set for meals must be rigorously observed. It was only in the fourth instance that I received something approaching the old-time hospitality of an English inn.

I must describe this little inn because, happily, the picture I have to paint of English hostelry is not all black.

It was about six o'clock when my companion and I arrived, wet and tired, after a long tramp over the moors in a driving cold mist. The inn is in a moorland village eight miles from a station, and the village, I suppose, has not more than 300 inhabitants. The exterior of the inn is not picturesque, and there was nothing to indicate if it possessed any bedrooms that were to let.

But as soon as we asked for accommodation we were shown a pleasant, clean bedroom whose windows were opened wide to the moors, our clothes were dried, and we were taken into a comfortable sitting-room where a log fire burned brightly. There were no other guests in the hotel, and no preparations had been made for

dinner. But, two hours after our arrival, we were served with an excellent meal of home-killed pork, ample vegetables, fruit salad, and clotted cream and cheese, and next morning with an excellent breakfast. For accommodation and two substantial meals we were charged ten shillings each.

I do not say that this is absurdly cheap, but it was a reasonable sum, and I have often paid far more for much inferior accommodation and food. It was the willingness to do their best, in a village remote from any town, and where the question of supplies must always be a little difficult, that pleased me, and the genuine welcome that was given to two weary tramps that made me feel a little reassured.

But why should such an experience be exceptional? I have suffered misery from icy-cold bedrooms, into the bed of which no one had thought to put a hot bottle, and have sighed for the days of the warming pan or even the homely hot brick. I have suffered misery in sitting-rooms in which it is the fashion not to light the fire before evening, however cold the winter day may be, and not in the evening at all if the



A Typical Village Inn in an old-world village

THE CHANGING VILLAGE INN

weather says December but the calendar says August.

I believe there is room not only for the resurrection of the village inns of England, but for the founding of a new kind of inn.

I mean the unlicensed inn, which could be so very well run by women on hotel lines, but which would differ in atmosphere from so many temperance inns.

The inn I have in mind would not at all resemble the type of boarding-house which already exists in every part of the country. Whereas the boarding-house caters for

ing-room, and a third into a reading- and writing-room. They provide the dining-room with separate tables. There is some elasticity about meal hours. Breakfasts are served from 8 to 10, lunch from 12.30 to 2.30, dinner from 7.30 to 8.30, and teas at any time during the afternoon. As I have said, with the exception that there is no bar, and that no intoxicating drinks can be sold, the inn is run on the same lines as any small first-class country inn.

There are many attractive villages in England with inns that do not serve any



Noontide

This photograph, taken some forty years ago, well represents the peaceful village inn in the heart of the country. Cannot these old inns be put to better uses than the consumption of alcohol?

people who intend to stay at least a week, and is run on the lines of a private house, the inn I have in mind would really be an inn with the exception that intoxicating drinks would not be sold therein.

Let me visualize for you what I have in mind. I imagine two energetic women with some furniture and a little capital. They find on an attractive main road an old and roomy house which they are able to rent or to buy. They furnish the bedrooms daintily, see that there is a heating arrangement which provides constant hot water in the bathroom, turn one room into a general informal lounge, another into a little draw-

ing-room, and a third into a reading- and writing-room. They provide the dining-room with separate tables. There would be no competition. Really good tea and coffee, really good lemon water are popular, and any competent housewife who likes to study the question can discover that there are many non-alcoholic drinks which are infinitely superior, if home-made, to the fizzy concoctions known as "minerals."

It seems to me that in the creation of a new type of inn such as I have described there is a very good living for a couple of enterprising women. In summer-time their "inn" is pretty sure to be full up, and in

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the winter months they will have to depend on the reputation they have built up for good food and comfort for a steady flow of week-end visitors and visitors who come for a few days needing change of air and rest.

A great many people who like the quiet of a boarding-house object to staying in one because they dislike any very rigid rules and the too intimate atmosphere in which guests are expected to live. And, of course, very few boarding-houses wel-

the additional custom of those who knew that they would be hospitably received for an odd night, for a week-end, or the inside of a week.

A telephone, a lounge furnished with up-to-date guide books and railway time-tables, with good hotel notepaper and telegraph forms give the hotel touch, and there should be no difficulties about early-morning tea or breakfast served in bedrooms, which is rarely done in boarding-houses.

Ambitious table d'hôte meals should not be attempted. The greater number of people would much prefer a substantial two-course dinner to a five-course dinner which left them hungry at the end of it.

Two women, who were real workers, could, with the help of a good servant, run such an inn. One woman should be responsible for the cooking, the other should receive the guests and look after their comfort, help to tidy their rooms and lay tables, while a competent maid should be able to do the waiting and help in the general work of the house.

If structural alterations have to be made, it will be a great saving of labour and a vast convenience to guests to have hot and cold water laid on in all bedrooms, and where gas is available gas-fires are another labour-saving de-

vice in bedrooms. Small oil-heaters do not cost much. I have one in my possession for which I paid five-and-six, and put into a bedroom an hour before the occupant retires it warms the room beautifully at very little cost, making a great deal of difference to the comfort of chilly mortals like myself who dislike undressing in a cold room—one of those minor details that count for so much.

With pleasant personalities, good experience in running a house, and a moderate amount of capital, two hard-working women ought to have a very happy and a very profitable life running a new kind of inn.



Another old-world inn ?

Why not make these available for visitors ?

come the casual visitor who turns up at night-time asking for board and bed.

The inn I have in mind, well managed and well advertised, ought to provide a good living and a permanent living for its owners.

I know that it will be said that the impossibility of obtaining any kind of alcoholic drinks would be a grave disadvantage, but I do not believe this. Men and women in search of a night's rest want warmth, food, and shelter, and many an inn which has an imposing display of drinks can offer none of these things.

The inn I have in mind would get all the custom of a successful boarding-house, and



DRESS, DEPARTMENT, DESTINY

A Perilous Proceeding

I RECOGNIZE, of course, that there are some subjects which a man writes upon at his peril. That of woman's dress is pre-eminently one of these. Yet I owe the inspiration of this little talk to Mrs. Editor, and you must take it that the subject-matter at the back of it is of her suggestion, but that the mode of expression is just my own: hence whatever there may be of awkwardness in phrase or description. True I once was a "general reporter" to a country newspaper, and had to present accounts of local weddings. But—and I may as well let you into the trade secret—the description of the bride's attire was always supplied by the dressmaker, and the list of presents inserted at the instance of the family for the charge of twopence per line. So I claim no credit for past achievements.



A Revolution in Women's Wear

Anyhow, it is apparent even to unobservant man that during the last twenty-five years or so there has been an enormous revolution in woman's dress. Mrs. Editor and I recently had the opportunity of inspecting a show depicting women's dresses at different periods during the past hundred years, and the contrasts were truly thought-provoking. I am not going to say that the present-day fashions are the ideal either in utility or beauty; there are bound to be changes and variations from time to time, and one fashion will be better or worse than another. But what Mrs. Editor pointed out to me—and what, of course, cannot be so obvious to a man—is that, in matters of dress, woman has passed from an age of restriction to one of almost entire liberty. In

making this statement Mrs. Editor was not figurative, but literal. We who are middle-aged remember the leg-of-mutton sleeve of Victorian days, the wasp-waist, possibly the bustle; our fathers remember the crinoline.



Harassing Restrictions

Now, Mrs. Editor's recollections of such of these fashions as she endured in the past was that of absurd, harassing restrictions and constrictions. There is no need to mention tight-lacing; the matter went further than that. Women not only wore close-fitting stays, but a wealth of heavy petticoats were suspended from the waist in a manner which a man can never understand and with a discomfort which he can only imagine. Skirts were long, and always—think of it—when out of doors one hand had to be employed in holding up the dress—sometimes none too successfully; and the mud was thicker in those days than it is now that the roads have been tarred and concreted.

To make matters worse, on the top of the head one had to balance a huge hat, not fitting on to the head itself, but attached by pins to the hair and threatening, unless securely pinned, to blow off with any puff of wind.

Further than that, the neck was tightly encased with collars that stretched upwards into the glands, sleeves were long, sometimes elaborately fluffy, and sometimes skin-tight. Fashions were of frequent change and rigorous, but whatever the variation the discomforts were there, the repression ever constant. Even at night time, I am told, the weaker sex arrayed itself in thick,

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stern nightdresses of flannel, with lace frills round the neck and reaching to the feet.

Dress must, indeed, have presented a pretty formidable handicap to the Victorian woman. Indeed, she died at a greater rate than her grand-daughter of to-day; she fainted, too, and spent years of her life in fashionable invalidism.

To-day, so Mrs. Editor informs me, all that has changed. The dress of the modern woman is more easy, more comfortable than that of man. The garments hang from the shoulders, and are loose throughout. The neck is open, so that breathing is never interfered with; the sleeves are short and comfortable, permitting of work and exercise; the skirts, too, are short, allowing of walking, tennis and other sports without discomfort; the hair is mostly bobbed, with the idea of both comfort and freedom from trouble (though this latter statement, I am given to understand, must be accepted with reserve; the bobbed head, it appears, sometimes requires more care and attention than the old-time "bun").



The Passing of Red Flannelette

Flannel petticoats, I am informed, do not exist. At one time it was commendable to present them to the old dames in the almshouses at Christmas, but the last of them has long ago been presented, or, in lieu of that, cut up into rags to clean the car. Underwear has undergone a revolution; the modern girl's outfit is so light that it can be squeezed up into a vanity-bag, and so soft and smooth that a new-born babe would not experience any discomfort in its use. The Chancellor of the Exchequer admits that most girls wear silk stockings; millions of pounds are invested in the manufacture of "rayon," the artificial silk that has replaced the old-time heavy materials.

All of which is interesting and informative, even to the male mind.



Coincidence ?

But Mrs. Editor, in calling attention to these matters, went further. She said she did not know whether it was mere coincidence or not, but that it was precisely during that age of discomfort and repression that women made such enormous strides. She instanced the first woman doctor, who, in the face of fiercest opposition, opened the way for women into the medical field. She

was a Victorian woman, with all the disabilities of the repressive age. Every office to-day has its score of typists making tea over the stove of an afternoon, but it was their mothers in tight corsets and high collars who fought and won the battle that allowed them to take their place in the office world to-day. Women novelists are unchallenged in their supremacy to-day, but the early women novelists, writing in secret and often under masculine *noms de plume*, were the hampered, severely gowned women of an age of restrictions.



Enormous Strides in Two Decades

Twenty, ten years ago it would have been deemed impossible that women would vote, sit in the House of Commons, even hold positions in the Government. It seems probable that within a short time now the majority of the electors in Britain will be women; they will hold the destiny of the nation in their fair hands. This does not cause them any undue excitement or pleasure; rather they are gratified that it is possible, in all sorts of occupations, for women to hold their own with men. Even in the pulpit and in the law courts women may plead and argue; and they do it so efficiently and calmly that one would imagine these offices had been within their prerogative for ages.

The woman of to-day calmly surveys the field of victory, but it was her mother and aunt, the tightly dressed, bone-corseted woman of the Victorian era who fought the fight and made the victory possible.

Is all this mere coincidence? Has dress nothing to do with destiny? Can it be that humankind is goaded into endeavour by irksome restrictions, that restraint in itself produces the reaction that leads to freedom? Was it the dig of the corset-bone, the irritation of the tight-collar that roused the souls of our mothers to say, "Woman shall be free"? I leave the point to my readers. What do you think?



What Will They Make of It ?

One naturally takes the inquiry further. What will woman make of "This Freedom"—to quote the phrase made famous by a certain novel centred round this theme?

There will be some to argue that, after all, women are not really free; they will disagree with Mrs. Editor's dictum, and allege that present-day fashion is as tyranni-

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cal as ever. They will quote the testimony of the ten thousand women readers who wrote to an American editor complaining of the various ills that have befallen them in their efforts to cultivate the figure necessary for the present-day fashions. They will explain that though the waist may be free, it is only that other repressive measures may take the place of tight-lacing. The modern woman, they will gloomily explain, has to starve to cultivate the correct boy-like figure that goes into the tube style of dress.

I really cannot judge of these things; as a man and an editor I am sorely perplexed first by doctors who want to write me articles explaining that we eat too much, and that one small meal per day is quite enough to keep well and strong on; and then by specialists who want to write me articles condemning the foolish diet fallacies of starving neurasthenic women who are unable to bear either worry or children because of the want of stamina that only good food can give. If it be true that women starve to keep down their flesh, that they wear belts of rubber to mould their forms, I can only suppose that, after all, women—or some of them—do not really want freedom, or that their natural instinct demands some amount of repression, so that they, too, like their mothers, may find in the hair-shirt of irritating restrictions the impetus to good work.



Too Much Relaxing?

Seriously we must, in our sober moments, admit that we can have too much of relaxation even in dress.

Isn't it possible, as Mrs. Editor suggests, that we may become soft by making things too easy for ourselves? Is it not a striking fact, for instance, that in spite of women's freedom in dress there is not, as far as I can judge, any marked lessening of digestive troubles, formerly attributed to tight-lacing? Then, too, although it is no longer fashionable to faint, the modern woman is not loath to confess that her "nerves are all on edge"—a confession with a good deal of truth in it, as most of us must sadly admit.

What, anyhow, are women making of "this freedom"? Is a life devoted to golf, bridge, tea-parties, and scandal a fitting culmination to years of struggle for "Women's Rights"? You mothers of families, to whom the mention of "freedom"

still sounds ironic, who still are cumbered about with the thousand and one trivial tasks of the home and the children, and who sigh for leisure and some relief from irksome duties, what would you do if you had no ties, if the shackles were knocked off and you were permitted to go forth—free? You, perhaps, have dreamed of that day; but most of us, in our calmer moments, will echo the refrain: "Blest be the tie that binds." (Pardon me using the phrase in another sense than the hymn-writer intended!) Absolute freedom isn't good for any of us. Many a work of genius has been written in a garret which would never have been produced in surroundings of ease and comfort.

Comfort not Everything

Furthermore, I hope I shall not be deemed old-fashioned if I say that, greatly as I rejoice that the woman of to-day has on the whole achieved a sensible mode of dress, comfort is not the only consideration and decorum has its value. For instance, when I see a girl in an office with a low-necked dress of tango colour, arms bare to the shoulder, painted lips, and skirts scarcely below the knee I must protest that, however comfortable or alluring such a style may be, it is not businesslike and it isn't suitable. I don't suppose that young girls so arrayed are really what their costume implies—but it is not suitable. If I went to my bank and discovered the cashier in tennis costume, with a shirt open at the neck, I should transfer my account somewhere else. Surely freedom and fitness need not be antagonistic.



Progress Still

But doubtless this is a mere phase; whatever the fashion some women will be freaks and some will starve, contort or otherwise misuse themselves. One can say very thankfully that, on the whole, the women of our day and nation are the healthiest, sanest, most beautiful of their race. They still have a battle to fight and win, they are a little uncertain which way they shall turn in this new strange world of to-day; but I believe that to-day and to-morrow they will still be contributing that brightness, freshness and inspiration that we of the soberer sex still need as much as ever.

The Editor

Children's Grievances

An Article for Mothers
By
Muriel Wrinch

HERBERT SPENCER used to lament "the curse inflicted on their offspring by parents ignorant of the laws of life." And in truth this is enough to sadden anyone. Even in these days children suffer much from our failure to appreciate their inmost needs. Probably present-day knowledge of the child's physical requirements is sound enough; but, without doubt, our understanding of his mental and moral needs and the laws of his spiritual unfolding is still inadequate.

We Fail to Understand

That is one of the counts upon which children might justifiably feel aggrieved were they conscious of our shortcomings. We fail to understand the child's real nature; we treat him as a miniature edition of ourselves, and expect him to behave, in a world fashioned by adults for adults, as though he were one of our own kind. Ellen Key describes the plight of the child in her essay on education. "The need for peace," she says, "is never greater than in the years of childhood; an inner peace under all external unrest. The child has to enter into relations with his own infinite world, to conquer it, to make it the object of his dreams. But what does he experience? Obstacles, interference, corrections, the whole livelong day. The child is always required to leave something alone, or to do something different, to find something different, or want something different from what he does, or finds, or wants. He is always shunted off in another direction from that towards which his own character is leading him. All this is caused by our tenderness, vigilance, and zeal in directing, advising, and helping the small specimen of humanity to become a complete example in a model series. . . . The educator wants the child to be finished at once and perfect."

Think of the ways in which we interfere with our children! The toddler is blamed for "naughtiness" when he fingers objects with the laudable desire to find out all about them; we do not take into consideration the

fact that the young child's eyes are still very uneducated, and that he, therefore, needs to supplement sight with touch. He is blamed for being noisy and restless; we do not take into consideration the little child's peculiar need for activity. He is often coerced into learning reading and writing and arithmetic when his interests, in the early stages of his life, are obviously concentrated on the ways of animals and plants and the wonderful things you can make with your hands; we do not respect his intellectual characteristics. The boy or girl at the hobbledchoy stage is frequently reprimanded for clumsiness; we have little patience with immaturity. The child's reactions are too often measured by adult standards. We have not enough reverence for the physiological and psychological laws that govern his behaviour.

Bent on "Managing" the Child

It is because we are so desperately set on making the child conform to certain quite inessential adult usages, because we are so eagerly bent on making him at all costs good-mannered, quiet, and tractable, that we are frequently driven to extreme measures in "managing" him. A child placed in a wholesome and suitable environment, allowed to develop in accordance with the laws of his own being, allowed to behave as a child would normally behave, needs little managing and even less interference. If he is given the chance to do and to make, his activity will not tend to run into undesirable channels; if he is allowed reasonable opportunity to carry out his own little projects, if these projects are respected and appreciated, as they should be, the adult will not become too dictatorial, and the child will not develop that revolt against authority which is manifested in the form of disobedience. But if the child is commanded always to be quiet when it is his nature to be noisy, if he is given work unfitted to his physiological and psychological stage of development, if he is constantly ordered about without regard to his inner necessities, then trouble will ensue. Then it

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is that the child must be "managed," and very doubtful methods are often-times employed.

The Weapon of Fear

Fear is a weapon used much too often in dealing with children. It is surprising how many nursery bogies there are, all sorts of black men and woolly hands and headless goblins taking the place that rightfully belongs to fairies and other beautiful fancies. The other day a woman with two children of her own was telling me how much frightened she was at a remark made to her at the age of three by a thoughtless grown-up. A piece of black, charred paper fell from the chimney into the grate. "What's that?" asked the little one. "That's Old Nick coming after you," was the careless reply. An adult who makes remarks of this kind to children has evidently not the faintest conception of their nature and their difficulties. She is used to finding children troublesome, and all her efforts are directed towards cowering them into subjection.

The jealousy sometimes aroused in the nursery is, perhaps, even worse than fear. We all know the pet angel child who is constantly held up as a pattern to others. She is nurse's favourite because she gives no trouble, and nurse does not bother to conceal the fact. The more troublesome children, who are also, perhaps, of finer calibre, envy that child, and the habit of jealousy is formed. Thus is the character of the little child, who comes to us so eager, so full of love and joy, marred for life. Jealousy is often a very powerful incentive to action; but however apparently beneficial the immediate result from such a stimulus, we are never justified in employing it.

Jealousy

Emulation is closely akin to jealousy. It is criminal to arouse it in small children. The baby is born with the urge to develop—he kicks to make himself physically strong; through spontaneous play with fingers and toes, with light and shadow, he exercises his growing intelligence. Someone has said that he performs no action through all his infancy that will not make him a stronger, wiser baby. He is instinct with the urge to improve. Very often by too much interference in the early years, we rob him of this desire. He climbs on his high chair, for instance, exercising his muscles to their great benefit, but we are fearful of his safety and make him try something less

dangerous and difficult; or he fixes his attention on some little task he has set himself, and we needlessly divert him from it to something else. Then, after having ruined his powers of persistence and effort, we try to develop these qualities in him again through the desire to outstrip others.

"This woman," some of my readers will probably remark at this point, "is obviously a crank. She evidently believes that all children are perfect angels."—I don't. Children are born with evil propensities as well as good ones; mental defects are transmitted as well as physical ones. But there is no reason why, in a perfectly wholesome environment, these evil propensities should ever develop. On the other hand, education, rightly conceived, lies in seizing on all the good points in the child and developing these to the greatest possible extent. The normal child is naturally curious, for instance; he is naturally active; he is eager to learn; he is observant; he is persistent; he has great powers of concentration. These characteristics must be encouraged. When the child asks intelligent questions, it is imperative that we should answer them or lead him to find out the answers for himself; it may be inconvenient to think out the answer at the moment, but it is worth doing for the child's sake. When he is bent on investigating something new and strange in the environment, encourage him to pursue his researches. By judicious encouragement all the child's good points may be strengthened.

The Adult Influence

But the way to develop splendid character in children is to bring them into contact with adults of splendid character. This sounds too obvious to be worth mentioning, but it is exceedingly difficult to put the principle into practice. Yet, it is imperative that we demand no more of our children than we demand of ourselves. A wise woman has said: "Where the faults of children are concerned we strain at gnats, but they are daily expected to swallow the camels of grown people." When children observe the difference between the adult standard and the standard designed for them, they are apt, quite legitimately, to feel aggrieved. "Daddy always tells me not to interrupt him," said a three-year-old, "and I always do try not to. But the other day he interrupted me. And I just looked at him. And he sent me away

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from the table!" This is only a trivial instance, but it serves as an example of the way in which we strain at gnats and expect children to swallow camels. A similar instance comes to my mind. A very breezy visitor called at the home of a small boy of five. "Hallo, Tommy," she called out cheerily. "Hallo," responded Tommy, amiably. "You *should* say 'Good morning,'" corrected his mother. Yet, surely, it was scarcely fair to expect the child to rise to a higher standard of good manners than the grown-up visitor. The only effective way of training children is to show them by daily—even hourly—example what we want them to become.

Potential Perfection

If only we realized the potential perfection of the child, if we fully apprehended the significance of Froebel's dictum that "education is passive, following; not prescriptive, categorical, interfering," many of children's grievances would be redressed. Each little one would be received into the world as a tiny individual who must be allowed to develop as far as possible on his own lines. The ideal environment must be such that bad qualities are not allowed to develop, and our chief care must be to shield the child from all harmful influences, physical, mental, or moral.

A Fit Place for Children

It is necessary, especially for parents, to bear this principle in mind; but to make the world a fit place for children to live in, it is essential that the community as a whole should cultivate a sense of responsibility towards the child. "Here is the little healthy child," says Dr. Lionel Taylor, "that Christ would set in the midst of us, to think over, to hold in our mental perspective, to try to understand what its gifts are. Its nature-given trust that its powers are there to be ripened; its obvious potentialities; its uncontaminated soul—nature's best picture newly drawn; senses, like a clean, unsullied piece of paper, waiting for wholesome experiences to be written on them; purposefully fulfilling itself like a seed, first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn at length. Here is the little defenceless child, and here are we adults who have the power now, as other adults once had over us when we were children. What are we going to do? Are you a parent? There is your little child of two

and a half years; are you going to let it mix indiscriminately with children, catch bodily fevers and spiritual contagions; are you going to let it be handled by strangers, or during these childish years, from the third to the seventh after birth, are you going to be, by the influence of your home, its own protecting surroundings? If so, you must know something of nursery hygiene, of child development, of modern home kindergarten teaching along the lines of the great masters, Séquin and Groos. Are you going to fail your child or not? Are you a doctor or a nurse? How are you going to advise the parent? Are you a statesman? What is your policy? Do you really know, have you honestly investigated, what is the best policy for that child's upbringing?"

More Knowledge Wanted

More knowledge—that is what we need to redress children's grievances. And more reverence for child-nature. If we possess these, we shall spare no effort to rear our children in an atmosphere where all their potentialities have a chance to develop. And we shall love other children as our own. When the community as a whole cultivates a sense of responsibility to the little child, there will be no more exploitation of children on the films for purposes of financial profit; there will be no more ill-treatment of children by ignorant or brutal parents. The spirit of love for childhood will be abroad, and it will penetrate into the darkest corners and the most squalid homes. When we love and reverence all children and know more of their needs, there will be more playgrounds for them, more opportunities for rightly directed play. The needs of the little child of pre-school age will be met; even in these days of baby-welfare clinics and health service for the elementary schools the requirements of the toddler too old for the cradle and too young for school are often overlooked.

We all need more knowledge of children. We all need to express our love for them by some kind of service. But it is for parents to lead the way. It is for them to show how happily and healthily and splendidly children may grow in the right atmosphere. It is for them to put into practice in everyday life the principles that should be applied to the bringing up of all children. It is for them, primarily, to redress the grievances of childhood.

The Story of Chen

A Sidelight on China
By
Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell

THE difference in the ability of the skin to reflect light leads the human eye to call one man white, another black, another yellow, until one is led to think of the races of other so-called colours as incapable of the courage and unselfishness of one's own. A recent visit to China enabled us to visit some of the isolated centres, where former colleagues of our Labrador work were devoting their lives now to similar efforts.

Far away inland, in the vast Empire of China, high up in the Valley of the Hwai River, we were staying in a great, walled city, whose history stretches away back into the dust of ages.

Some forty years ago a courageous foreigner ventured to try to enter this city to tell the people the old story that has transformed the Western world.

Knowing nothing whatever of outside peoples, taught always to believe that the foreign devil was far more dangerous than either fire or sword, the superstitious and terrified populace had at once seized upon him, as one would pounce upon some dangerous vermin, and dragged him around their stony streets until they killed him.

A year later, unfrightened by the fate of the first venturer, four young Americans, securing a small junk near Nanking, and working their way up along the river, camped at last on the opposite side of the old city.

Under cover of the following night, they crossed the Hwai River and entered the gates of the town. Directly they were inside and were noticed a riot ensued, and the terrified people would shortly have killed them all, had it not been that the Governor of the city had heard of it in time, and, fearing a renewal of the trouble, at once sent down a guard to arrest them. The following morning he drove them out of the city, sending the guard along to see that they went back toward Nanking.

In that city they lived two years, exactly as Chinamen live, assuming the Chinese dress, learning the Chinese language, and growing even the Chinese pigtail, to lessen

the fear that the presence of the foreign devil always caused among the people in those days. At the end of that time, committing their lives into the hands of God, they again started out along the river for the City of Yuen. They had previously sent on a Chinese friend, who had secured for them a house in which they might find shelter while they tried to gain the confidence of the people. But difficulties and danger of every kind beset their path. When at last they arrived and entered the city unnoticed, they found at the door of their house that the former owner and his family were still inside and did not dare to come out.

The trouble was that the spirits of the air and water were not propitious. Every Chinaman used to build (and in remote places still does so) a flat wall in front of his door, which prevents evil spirits coming in, because they can only fly in straight lines, but which are so constantly on the watch if a family is about to leave, or anyone is going to be married or buried, that only the priests can tell the lucky days on which these things can be safely done. This is called "Feng Shui," and no lucky day had come along, unfortunately.

Dire necessity, however, impelled the strangers to find space in one room, and from that one room in that tiny house they won eventually the whole city.

This all took place thirty years ago. But one of the original four, a volunteer missionary and man of wealth, still resides in Hwai Yuen, and is so beloved of the authorities to-day that when, recently, a dangerous bandit-raid was made on the city, every soldier was offered by the Yamen to protect the hospitals, schools, orphanages, churches, and other activities of the mission settlement, which is now a large part of the life of the city.

Of this friend I asked: "Do you like living here?" And this cultured and refined gentleman answered: "We all love it." "But why?" I asked. "Because we see that our people are so wonderfully worth while, once you get to understand them;

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and you learn to see that they embody all those most noble characteristics that bring honour to a nation.

"Let me tell you just one story of a recent experience which will illustrate this," he went on. "It is just one incident of everyday life, and we could multiply it a hundred times over with other similar experiences."

"We were sitting in class in the school one day when a hurried call came to the door. One of the boys was needed. Our children come from what would seem, in most countries, endless distances away. They have a great desire to get learning, though often with scarcely a rag to cover their nakedness, or a penny to bless their names. Their eagerness and their gratitude makes teaching them a real pleasure.

"The hamlet of Gun Gia Tsen is far away in the high-hill country; indeed, so far away from any local centre of government that not only was it practically a law to itself, but it had actually become the headquarters of men who were also laws to themselves. Banditry is not such an uncommon outcome of such an environment in any country; but never has banditry been so rife in China as to-day. Hunger and poverty are its main causes. Floods had caused poverty and even starvation over a large area north of Hwai Yuen, and had reacted on even the mountain districts. Moreover, everywhere hillmen through all history have been more dominant and aggressive than their better-off neighbours in the fat plains, and raids to obtain loot had become the occasional occupation of the people of Gun Gia Tsen. From this village stretched away for hundreds of miles one of the richest sections of the vast Empire of China. Small farms were scattered about here and there, the houses of which were, for the most part, aggregated together in little groups for safety. From one of these there came to the school a little lad called Chen Hong Hsing. His home, under the unceasing efforts of a capable and affectionate father and a strong elder brother, was a little more prosperous than the average.

"Chen was about thirteen years of age; rather a delicate boy, with lighter hair and bluer eyes than most of the boys. He had not been prominent in any way among the rest, and we had thought him, if anything, rather commonplace, though a very lovable little fellow. This day the message of the caller, who had come so suddenly to the door, was for Chen. He rose at once from

the class, and went out to receive it. Our lesson went on as usual, when suddenly the door opened, and Chen stood before us. His face was blanched as white as a sheet, and he was trembling like an aspen. He told us, however, very quietly, that his village had been raided by bandits, and that his own home, which stood a little way apart, had been burned and sacked; his mother and little brother had disappeared; and his father and elder brother had been dragged away as prisoners, to be held as hostages for ransom.

"To us there did not seem anything we could possibly do, except to set the authorities moving, if we could. But that day Chen and his small cousin disappeared from the school. We learned afterward that he had gone straight for the wrecked homestead, being aware that the eldest male always assumes authority in the Chinese home. The mother and small brother had, however, already returned from their hiding-places, to which they had been spirited away during the raid, the boy as the priceless possession of every Chinese family, and the mother to escape the unspeakable brutality which, in such moments, is so often the fate of the women.

"Though the raiders had not left much, destroying almost everything which they could not carry away with them, with that grit and courage which would do credit to the bravest, the poor mother had at once set about trying to gather things together for a shelter, and to set about making living possible for the immediate moment. The almost hopeless task was taxing her every faculty and engaging every second of her attention. It was not, however, until late that night that she discovered that, in addition to her terrible losses, her boy of thirteen was again missing. For Chen, finding that his little brother had already assumed the headship before his arrival, felt free to follow his own inclinations, and had gone in search of the bandits. It was perfectly easy to follow them, for they had hidden in the cornfields during the day, as they approached their victims, and had gone back taking very few precautions to hide their tracks. Moreover, it so happened that Chen guessed rightly the eyrie from which the robbers had descended.

"It is not at all uncommon for boys in China to know the lairs of the brigands pretty well, and very often they are on familiar terms with some of them, and can get speech with them.



"'Look at me!' he cried. 'I am all that is left. How can I get a ransom?'"—p. 728

*Drawn by
Arch Webb*

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"Chen also knew quite well, however, that torture and death would very likely be his lot if he overtook them. He had but little clothing, and it was terribly cold to sleep out at night. Moreover, he knew that if they thought they were being followed, they would kill, without the least bit of compassion, anyone they suspected, in order to prevent tales being carried, or any help going to their enemies. The cruelty of this gang had been amply testified to, for in their search for money they had poured kerosene on some of their victims, and set them on fire, and had torn the clothes off the women, scarifying their breasts to force them to reveal where money was hidden, or to make them promise to send along money as ransom. For with quaint logic, they place much confidence in a verbal promise.

"In addition, not only had he no food, but no water would be obtainable along the long, long trail which he would have to follow, for they fly very quickly, these bodies of robbers, from the scenes of their robbery.

"But Chen followed the trail in spite of all this, and at last overtook them, camping at night. Before entering their circle, however, he was discovered by a sentry, seized, and dragged before the chief, in whose presence he was sharply questioned as to who he was, and what he was doing. In the presence of those robbers, and also in that of his father and brother, who, closely guarded and tied, were within earshot, he began in his shrill little voice to plead with the wisdom of an orator, and a courage that carried all the weight of the unmistakable sincerity of innocence.

"Look at me!" he cried. "I am all that is left. How can I get a ransom? It is no use waiting for money from me. I can never gain it. You know I cannot earn anything. If my father and brother were free, they could work at the fields. But I! What can I do? They will pay you if you will let them go. Let them go back and work, and keep me in their place till they pay you the ransom." But this argument did not seem sufficiently convincing. "Don't you know how much two men eat?" Chen continued, trying another line of argument. "One little bowl a day is enough for me, but it will take six bowls to keep them alive."

"Somehow, they listened to the boy as

he talked. Possibly it was the appeal of his utter helplessness. But they listened, all the same, and this argument especially seemed to reach their minds. One of them, indeed, spat on the ground and said: 'The boy is quite right.' 'Oh, my grandmother,' laughed another, 'the boy is teaching us wisdom; it will be easier, of course, to feed him than two great men.'

"There was much discussion among the robbers, and some dissentient voices at first, until Chen felt forced to tell them that the police were following and were not far behind. 'You have far to go,' he said, 'and much to carry with you. I will be no burden to you. Take me,' he begged again, 'and let my father and brother go to work for the ransom.'

"There was no time to waste, and eventually the bandits saw that it was really better for them to accede to the pleading of the boy, who kept saying: 'Take me, and let father go and earn the ransom.' They well knew that Chinamen will not stand at any sacrifice to save a son. On the other hand, Chen knew well enough what being 'taken' meant, and that the chances for his life would be very small indeed, for how now could his father ever earn a ransom when everything was burnt?

"The scene ended, however, by their accepting a promise to pay seventy dollars, a sum of enormous size for a small Chinese farmer, with nothing on God's earth left to him but a family. During the night a long and hasty march began, with Chen tied to a guard, trudging wearily along, hungry and thirsty, with the flying robbers, day after day, till he arrived at their strong hold, far nearer dead than alive.

"With typical Chinese honesty and determination the two men worked for ransom, toiling day by day, and sending along instalments just as quickly as they could save a few cents out of the miserable pittance they were able to earn, in order to induce someone to supply Chen with enough to keep him alive. It was some months before the ransom was paid. But, at last, every penny had been sent in, and the bandits, true to their law, also, set free all that was left of the tiny thirteen-year-old hero, who to-day is somewhat deaf as one outcome of the experience; but has returned to the school, and shows, so they told me, every promise of becoming a brilliant scholar."



The George Eliot Country

Off the Beaten Track
By
Helen Greig Souter

TO the lover of literature and the hero-worshipper there can be no more fascinating hobby than to follow in the footsteps of his or her favourite author, pick up traces and discover for themselves or identify the persons and places around which the glamour of romance has been thrown.

The Border counties, beautiful as they are, have acquired added interest and an enhanced importance since they have been regarded as the Scott country. English Lakeland, for the same reason, is sacred to the memory of Wordsworth, the poet of Nature, and his contemporaries. Admirers of Charlotte Brontë and her sisters make the grim rectory and church of Haworth a place of pilgrimage. Thousands of people from all points of the compass yearly visit the birthplaces of Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway at Stratford-on-Avon. Within more recent times a cult has sprung up for the Wessex of Thomas Hardy, the Devonshire of John Ridd and Lorna Doone, and the Sussex marshes of Sheila Kaye-Smith.

Strangely enough, the homes and haunts of George Eliot and her characters have been less popular, partly because they have hitherto been regarded as off the beaten track and remote from health resorts.

Such, however, is not the case, as I recently proved for myself whilst holidaying in Derbyshire. This county, inclined to be overlooked as a holiday centre, offers a great variety of entertainment for the seeing eye from the beautiful high hills and picturesque dales of the Peak country to the historic grandeur of Haddon Hall and Chatsworth, from the famous spas of Buxton and Matlock to the bustling industrialism of Derby, and not least from its connexion with George Eliot, although she was not a native thereof.

A well-known writer of a former generation has proudly pointed out that the

birthplaces of our greatest man of letters, Shakespeare, and that of the most eminent of women novelists, lay only a few miles apart, though two and a half centuries of time divided their lives, and that what the Bard of Avon accomplished for Elizabethan England, Marian Evans did for the Vic-



George Eliot at the age of twenty-three
after the water-colour painting by her friend, Mrs. Charles
Bray, in the National Portrait Gallery, London

torian period, painting a never-to-be-forgotten picture of rustic life as it really was.

My investigations started at Ashbourne, fifteen or twenty miles north-west of Derby. It is a quiet market town whose one glory is the magnificent church, known as the Cathedral of the Peak. Close by is the Elizabethan Grammar School, still in use, and opposite a row of ancient almshouses dating from 1640.

THE QUIVER



George Eliot's schoolroom at Miss Wallington's school at Nuneaton, at which she remained from her eighth to her thirteenth year

In the novelist's time the stage coaches ran between Ashbourne (the Oakbourne of "Adam Bede") and Buxton, and thither the hero went first in search of Hetty.

The Cradle of the Evans Family

A very few miles by train took my companions and myself to the little wayside station of Norbury (Northbourne), and there our quest began in earnest.

"Where is the church, please?" we inquired of one of the handful of fellow passengers who alighted. He smiled as he pointed across the railway lines and said: "Yonder is the church, but Adam Bede's cottage lies two miles in the opposite direction."

Inwardly congratulating ourselves that we looked as if we belonged to the intelligentsia rather than the cheap tripper element, we thanked him and passed on our way. Under the shadow of the old four square church tower lie the graves of the grandparents and aunt Susannah of George Eliot. There her father in his boyhood sang in the church choir, as did Adam. A little way farther on, at Boston Common, is the old home of the Evanses, and in its immediate vicinity an old brick cottage, where Robert Evans attended the night school of Bartle Massey, whose name is given unchanged in the book, and whose tough hazel rods were long remembered by the youths of the hamlet.

A tradition existed in the family that

they had sprung from a good old stock, and their lineage has been traced back to an ancient Welsh knight of the name. In all probability George Eliot owed the Celtic element of her nature to this ancestor. Her father was the fourth son of the worthy village carpenter and his wife. He was trained in the parental workshop as a carpenter, builder, furniture and coffin maker. In

early manhood he set up in business for himself on the other side of the Dove at Ellastone. A pleasant country walk led us to the bridge which spans the historic river and serves as the boundary line between Derbyshire (Stonyshire) and Staffordshire (Loamshire).

Dovedale, one of the most picturesque and lovely districts in the whole of England, extends for forty-five miles from here. It is a deep lime-stone gorge, watered by the broad pellucid river which flows past fertile fields and meadows and prosperous dairy farms. On its banks Izaak Walton plied his rod in company with his friend Charles Cotton, who apostrophized thus: "Oh, my beloved nymph, fair Dove, princess of rivers." The popular haunt of modern anglers, the Izaak Walton Hotel, in the time of the book, was simply a farmhouse with a licence.

Dovedale appears as Eagledale, and Hetty asks Adam if he has ever been there, and he replies: "Yes, ten years ago, when I was a lad. It's a wonderful sight of rocks and caves such as you never saw in your life." The village of Ellastone (Hayslope) is a typical Midland village and can have changed but little since the time of the Evanses, unless that a few houses and possibly the school have been added. Well built and substantial, they were mostly mantled in blood-red creepers, and the trim gardens were aglow with wine-coloured, velvety dahlias of exceeding

THE GEORGE ELIOT COUNTRY

height and masses of beautiful chrysanthemums.

The Village of Hayslope

A copy of "Adam Bede" still serves as an excellent guide-book. There, on the right near the entrance to the village, is the Bromley Arms (Donnithorne Arms), a two-storied, flat-fronted grey building, with a semicircular flight of worn stone steps leading to the door, at which Arthur Donnithorne paused to salute the landlord and get a drink for his horse, as described in that wonderful second chapter, entitled "The Preaching"; but of that more anon.

The road forks, one path leading down through the valley backed by the Weaver hills, the other to the Church of St. Mary, with its priceless stained-glass windows, the like of which cannot be surpassed, if equalled, in half a dozen churches in the land.

A few hundred yards farther on we pause to admire the Adam Bede cottage, now the residence of the village doctor. It is a very charming house with french windows opening on a small lawn, and conspicuous for the unique pent lids of carven oak on the upper windows and its spiky stone turrets at the gates which guard the gardens.

Some seventy or eighty years ago a very flourishing wood carving business was carried on here and afforded employment for about a hundred local and London craftsmen, who were responsible, amongst other art work, for the carvings of the bishop's throne and some of the screens in Lichfield Cathedral, which I visited at the close of my holiday.

Here Robert Evans began business for himself, using one apartment as his workshop and the other as a paint store. A clever workman, of irreproachable character, he attracted the attention of one of the landowners of the district, who appointed him estate agent at Arbury and gave him the South Farm as his home. There George Eliot was born on November 19th, 1819. A few months later the family removed to Griff House, not far from Coventry and Nuneaton, and there the future writer lived until she reached the age of thirty.

Local Colour

It was one of the chief delights of her childhood to accompany her father in his gig when he went driving through the leafy lanes and pleasant pathways of Warwickshire and Staffordshire, and thus she gained a close acquaintanceship with the country-



Griff, the pretty red brick ivy-covered house on the Arbury estate to which Robert Evans moved when his daughter Marian was four months old

THE QUIVER

side and rustic ways. Possessed of a very retentive memory, of extraordinary powers of observation, and a keen determination that she would be "a somebody," the girl, unknown to her parents, absorbed an amazing amount of local colour, gossip, etc., all of which proved grist to her mill when she turned her attention to fiction. Students of sociology in future days need only turn to the pages of "Adam Bede" for a realistic account of haymaking and harvest homes to get all their facts of rural life at first hand.

Encouragement

It was when they were living in rooms at Richmond that George Lewes remarked to her one day: "My dear, I think you could write a capital story." She lacked confidence, but here was encouragement and she determined to try. She was conscious that she could not invent a tale, but she felt that she might find one, and from among the recollections of her childhood, stored carefully away almost word for word, were accounts of her father's experiences at market and elsewhere, and these were reproduced with the utmost detail and fidelity, so that one conversation which had taken place years before in this same Bromley Arms was repeated almost word for word and distinctly remembered by those who were present; it aroused endless speculations as to the authorship of the book. The chief characters in her first effort, "Scenes of Clerical Life," were pen portraits of her parents' most intimate friends and neighbours, and as they were but thinly disguised, they were immediately recognized and their relatives were sorely distressed in consequence.

In "Adam Bede" she enshrined her own family circle in a most comprehensive manner. The father whom she so adored and revered as the noblest of men was faithfully painted in her hero, and his splendidly honest character stands out conspicuously from all her other masculine portrayals. He also supplied material for Caleb Garth and Mr. Hackitt, whilst Mrs. Hackitt's tenderness and motherliness were modelled on her memories of her own mother, who died when she was sixteen.

Mrs. Evans partly entered into the composition of the inimitable Mrs. Poyser, who, as Sir Leslie Stephen declares, is one of the immortals and ranks as a creation with Sam Weller. Some of the writer's own personality, shrewd philosophy, sparkling

witticisms and caustic humour were also responsible for the farmer's wife.

In J. W. Cross's biography of his wife he mentions that her mother possessed an unusual amount of natural force and a conspicuous dash of Mrs. Poyser in her veins.

The Rev. F. R. Evans, a nephew of the writer, says that his grandmother was too gentle a character to correspond to Mrs. Poyser. He also scouts the theory that his aunt was "a capable maker of Leicestershire cheese and of sweet, wholesome butter," and scoffs at the tradition that one of her large and shapely hands was a trifle broader than the other on account of her dairying accomplishments. He emphatically declares that the dairy at Griff House was added long after her housekeeping duties there were at an end. On the other hand, the Rev. W. Mottram, a grandson of Seth and Dinah and a cousin of the novelist, has no hesitation in believing that Griff House and its dairy were lifted bodily into her pages. Local opinion, however, places the Hall Farm, with its stone lionesses and its one walnut tree in the garden, at a short distance from Ellastone. The house was burned down a couple of years ago, but has since been rebuilt.

Dinah Morris

Next in importance and popularity to the hero of her masterpiece must always rank the sweet and saintly Methodist preacher, Dinah Morris. In real life Seth, not Adam, married the Quakeress, Elizabeth Tomlinson, who began her career as a domestic servant in the town of Derby at the age of fourteen. There she remained for seven years, when she went to Nottingham, where she was employed as a lace mender. Both she and her husband were persuaded after much reluctance to write their life story, including that of their conversion. In Dinah's experience this took place at a revival meeting on Easter Tuesday, 1797. One of the first results, in her own words, was: "I pulled off all my bunches, cut off my curls, left off all my laces, and in this I found much pleasure."

Henceforth, with true apostolic fervour, she preached the Gospel in season and out of season. Upon one of her itineraries she preached a memorable and moving sermon on the village green at Hayslope, such as is described with such power and pathos in the book.

During her stay in Nottingham, a young wife of nineteen, the mother of two chil-

THE GEORGE ELIOT COUNTRY

dren, was tried and condemned to death for the murder of her baby. Her piteous plight aroused the sympathy of the Methodists, and Elizabeth Tomlinson and another of their number were appointed to spend the last night with the prisoner in her cell. They prayed with and for her, and ultimately she confessed her guilt. The woman preacher drove with her in the cart through the streets and the jeering crowds to the place of execution, and beneath the gallows the unfortunate creature cried out: "Glory to God! Glory! Glory!"

A Dramatic Incident

Elizabeth met her future husband, Samuel Evans, a younger brother of Robert, at a class meeting at Ashbourne, and when on a visit to Griff House related this incident to her niece, who seized upon the dramatic details for her own purpose; but beyond Mary Voce there was no flesh-and-blood Hetty.

A close intimacy sprang up between the two women, for at that period George Eliot was strongly evangelical in her beliefs, and she records the fact that she could talk to her aunt of her inward life. In 1830, she again writes: "There is no place I would sooner visit than Wirksworth, or the inhabitants of which have a stronger hold on my affections."

The Samuel Evanses had moved from Derby to the sleepy little town of Wirksworth, which figures as Snowfield and is aptly described as "lying grim and stony on the side of a hill." Mrs. Poyser, referring to its inhabitants, says: "They live on naked hills, like poultry a-scratching on a gravel bank. The very crows fly over it and won't stop." Samuel Evans had prospered and had acquired an old mill, with a large pond supplying the necessary water-power, for the manufacture of laces, braids and tapes. He is recognized as a public benefactor, since his mill, which is still in operation, has provided employment in the little town for hundreds of people.

Sabbath Started at 4 a.m.

Across the road which leads to Derby, seventeen miles off, is the two-storied house where the godly pair lived for so many years and were visited by George Eliot. The thatched roof has been replaced by slates, a gloire rose climbs up the front of the house, and the porch is mantled in the

purple glory of a clematis. A few stone steps lead up to the garden, whose description corresponds somewhat to that of the one in "Janet's Repentance," and like the simply furnished interior, now a small museum, is well kept.

The Evanses started the Day of Rest at 4 a.m. with a cup of tea and the study of the Word, and from then onward to the midday meal followed a succession of class meetings, classes for children and various other services. In the afternoon, rain or shine, husband and wife would walk as far afield as Cromford, Bonsall, Crich and Middleton to tell the good news of the Gospel.

A Tender-hearted Wife

Samuel records the fact that never once did she complain, nor did she neglect her domestic duties, but was a tender-hearted wife and mother. They lived in holy and happy accord, devoted to the service of God and humanity, for nearly fifty years.

Her voice was singularly sweet and penetrating, and one who knew her from his childhood was wont to declare that she was the most perfect character he had ever known.

On her death-bed she gathered her family around her and commanded that no memorial should be erected and that the money should rather be employed in service to the living. Time and again attempts have been made to mark the spot, but the family were adamant, and her grave, unmarked and for the most part unknown, lies under a briony bush in the quiet graveyard surrounding the parish church.

Jean Paul Richter well says of unmarked graves that this earthly sphere of ours is a Westminster Abbey, of such levellings and flattenings with innumerable drops of tears as well as blood, shed but not counted.

It is worth while recalling that after the completion of "Adam Bede," five thousand copies of which sold in a fortnight, George Eliot wrote: "I sing my Magnificat in a quiet way and have a great deal of deep, silent joy. . . . I am assured now that 'Adam Bede' was worth writing—worth living through those long years to write. But now it seems impossible that I shall ever write anything so good and true again," and her impression, good as her other books were, was undoubtedly correct.

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YOU MAY ONLY SELECT SIX PLACES—NOT MORE—AND ONLY THE PLACES NAMED BELOW MAY BE USED.

Read what the residents themselves say on the opposite page.

LIST OF TWENTY RESORTS

SCARBOROUGH	YARMOUTH	CLACTON	SALTBURN
BRIDLINGTON	LOWESTOFT	SKEGNESS	DUNBAR
WHITLEY BAY	FELIXSTOWE	REDCAR	NORTH BERWICK
NORFOLK BROADS	YORK	CLETHORPES	EDINBURGH
WHITBY	CROMER	HARROGATE	ABERDEEN

ALL ENTRIES MUST BE POSTED TO CASSELL & Co., LTD., "HOLIDAY BALLOT COMPETITION," La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, NOT LATER THAN MAY 12th, 1926, and the result will be published in the JULY ISSUE of this magazine.

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| 2..... | 5..... |
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(Particulars on opposite page)

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"There are entertainments to suit every taste, and it is the Children's Paradise. Scarborough, as the 'Queen of Watling Places,' still 'reigns supreme.'"

YORK. By COUNSELLOR W. WRIGHT, The Lord Mayor.

"York is unique. It is surrounded by medieval walls with ancient Bars and Towers. Its Minster is the largest and most beautiful in the Kingdom. It is the centre for excursions to the Coast, Moors, Rivers, Abbeys and Castles of Yorkshire."

YARMOUTH. By COUNSELLOR A. W. YALLOP, His Worship the Mayor.

"Yarmouth's health-giving breezes and invigorating air are unsurpassed. It provides all that is best in amusements, has the most up-to-date attractions, and its golden sands make it the ideal resort."

REDCAR. By ALDERMAN W. WARDMAN, His Worship the Mayor.

"Redcar possesses the finest stretch of beach to be seen in the United Kingdom. These sands are unparalleled, and at low water there is a width of sand of three-quarters of a mile."

WHITBY. By F. W. BURNS, Esq., Proprietor of The Baining Festival.

"You can spend a fortnight at Whitby, have the beach, bathing, tennis, etc., in the mornings, visit a different beauty spot every afternoon, and come back to music and entertainments in the evening."

FELIXSTOWE. By H. F. DOUGHERTY, Esq., Chairman of the District Council.

"Felixstowe is Peter Pan's own playground. For the tired—rest and recuperation; for the vivacious—games galore. Merry entertainers, bright music, clean air, sparkling seas and golden sunny days."

SKEGNESS. By COUNSELLOR F. COOPER, Hon. Sec., Seaside Amusement Association.

"The bracing air of Skegness acts as a tonic. There are miles of golden sands for the kiddies. If it is for life and health, will you not find it where innumerable others have done?"

NORFOLK BROADS. By H. BLAKE, Esq.

"A Norfolk Broads holiday is 'better than the season' because it is the holiday that is different, being free from the usual income routine. For health and rest, the Broads are best."

EDINBURGH. By SIB W. L. SEDGER, The Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

"Edinburgh is the most beautiful city in the world. Its picturesque charms appeal to all lovers of nature, its romance and history to all students. With its bright sunshine and bracing climate, it forms the ideal holiday resort."

NORTH BERWICK. By A. D. WALLACE, Esq., Town Clerk.

"North Berwick is the world's golfing centre. It has 9 first-class golf courses within 6 miles; tennis courts; finest safety swimming pool in the country; safe, sandy beach; picturesque sea-view."

HARROGATE. By F. J. C. BLOOME, Esq., Publicity Manager to the Harrogate Corporation.

"Harrogate offers the money-and-time-saving proposition of a 'cure' and a holiday combined. 'The Mecca of the Ailing, the Playground of the Robust,' expresses Harrogate in a few words."

CROMER. By COMMANDER LOCKER-LAMPSON, M.P.

"Cromer has the record for sunshine of any seaside resort in England, and its sands, its sea, and its surroundings are as charming as anywhere in the United Kingdom."

LOWESTOFT. By COUNSELLOR W. SMITH, His Worship the Mayor.

"Lowestoft is the first town in the British Isles to greet the rising sun, and it is the most invigorating resort on the English coast. Its inhabitants welcome visitors."

BRIDLINGTON. By W. A. STONE, Esq., His Worship the Mayor.

"Bridlington is one of the most delightful and popular health resorts on the East Coast. With its glorious sands, aptly described as 'The children's paradise,' its facilities for sports, it offers unrivalled attractions."

WHITLEY BAY. By ARTHUR BARKER, Esq., Clerk to the Whitley Urban District Council.

"Whitley Bay is well known as Northumbria's happy holiday centre by-the-sea. For bracing air, and facilities for every form of outdoor recreation and indoor amusement, it would be hard to beat."

CLACTON. By COUNSELLOR W. FENTON-JONES, J.P., Chairman of the District Council.

"Clacton-on-Sea faces Scotland and combines a tonic air with warmth and abundant sunshine. It is a garden city by the sea which provides every facility for a healthy and pleasant holiday."

CLEETHORPES. By W. J. WORMSLEY, M.P., J.P.

"Cleethorpes provides bracing air with facilities for golf, tennis, bowls, boating, fishing, and it possesses Britain's largest bathing pool. The sands are safe for children."

SALTBURN. By SAM H. RAPP, Esq.

"Saltburn sands are the finest in Europe, firm and clean. The town is surrounded on three sides with beautiful glens and sylvan woods. Special facilities for the moors and neighbouring resorts."

ABERDEEN. By COUNSELLOR DORG, Convener of Public Health and Advertising Committees.

"For a bracing holiday there is no place in the British Isles can surpass Aberdeen, 'The Silver City by the Sea,' with its fresh air from the North Sea and the Grampian Mountains."

DUNBAR. By J. B. BRIDG, Esq., Town Clerk.

"Dunbar is a main line seaside resort with a most bracing climate, and ample facilities for holiday recreation and amusement. The affection visitors acquire for Dunbar brings them back year after year."

Problem Pages

Town or Country for the New Poor?

WOULD you choose town or country for your permanent home if you were about to retire on a small income?

I am asked to decide this question for a middle-aged couple who are anxious to find out the best way of living on £200 a year.

Personally, I would much rather live in London on a very small income than in any other place in the English-speaking world. The fascination of London for me is in its enormous contrasts. You can never enjoy even a momentary illusion of what Charles Lamb called "the sweet security of the pavements" in the countryside; it may be a costly and inconvenient journey to reach the bustle of the nearest market town. But nowhere in London are you far from parks and open spaces; a cheap tram ride will take you to Epping Forest, and a bus ride to the magic of Richmond Park. From the loneliest house you may escape into crowds, and the art treasures of London await you in the great galleries. London, in a marvellous fashion, does give you in places and at times the serenity of the country; you have always a choice.

But if you live in a village, or some miles from a country town, you have no contrasts. And, therefore, I think that no woman should settle in the country unless she has an instinctive love of country things, unless she can interest herself in animal life, and be content to accept the ties and restrictions which the care of animals involves.

Another point my correspondent should remember is that new-comers to the country often find it unbearably lonely without a motor-car. With a car one can make and one can keep friends, but social life is difficult to get in a lonely countryside with no means of transport.

Moreover, the country is not cheap unless one has land on which to grow fruit and vegetables. I should suggest that the couple who write to me on this question would be better off in rooms in London, which they could vacate whenever they felt

Town or Country?—Marriage and a Career—Impulsiveness By Barbara Dane

they would like a breath of country air or a few weeks abroad.

But I feel very much that this is, after all, only my personal opinion, and those of my readers who have had greater experience than myself of both town and country life on a small income would help my correspondent, I am sure, by sending me their views.

The Woman Worker's Lunch

A young woman employed in a large office in London writes to me:

I wonder if many of your readers, working like myself in the City, find the midday meal a problem. Restaurants seem to get worse every day; I find I spend from ten to twelve shillings a week on my lunch, and I seldom enjoy my food or feel the better for it. I have not time to make sandwiches before I leave my "dig-gings" in the morning. Should be so glad if you make any suggestions.

Have you ever tried a fruit luncheon? Very many people—men as well as women—find that after a good breakfast a fruit luncheon is quite satisfying, as well as being refreshing and cleansing. For sixpence you could buy a couple of oranges, a banana, and an apple, and eaten in some quiet place in the open air, you might find such a lunch better than the food you get in so many crowded and noisy restaurants. Sandwiches, if made late in the evening and wrapped in a damp napkin, would keep quite fresh for the next day's lunch; but I know that the difficulty is in finding a place in which to sit down and have one's lunch. In summer the problem can usually be solved; but on a very wet or cold day the solution is not so easy. However, when you must feed at a restaurant, try uncooked food, such as bread and cheese and butter and tomatoes for a change; you will find it as sustaining as many "made-up" dishes, and much cheaper.

Playing Bridge for Money

I think the very best thing you can do, "Muriette," is to make it a strict rule never to play bridge or any card game for money. There are many women like yourself who



“Why am I fretful *and* wakeful?”

Wearied in body and brain you seek repose. You long to enjoy a good night's rest. But the moment you lay your head on the pillow you feel wide awake and sleepless. Your thoughts race through your brain. The hours drag on and seem like an eternity. When morning comes you feel more tired than when you went to bed. To enjoy sound, refreshing sleep, take a cup of delicious "Ovaltine" just before retiring. This easily digested tonic food beverage contains no drugs or narcotics of any kind, but is abundantly rich in the food elements which soothe and restore the brain and nerves. Quickly and completely these food elements are absorbed into the system.

Frayed nerves are soothed. The worn cells and tissues of the brain are restored and rebuilt. Restful sleep comes easily and naturally. You wake in the morning fresh and clear-eyed—with zest and energy to carry you right through the day.

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"Good nights" will be yours if you adopt the simple, natural and inexpensive daily habit of drinking delicious "Ovaltine" for health.

Sold in tins
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Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

The larger sized
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ALSO ARGYLL,
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Chocolates in dainty $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Cartons, handy to
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"Next to excellence is the appreciation of it"

Thackeray

EXCELLENCE of quality of ingredi-
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making contribute to the general excellence
of Wright's.

For a period of over 60 years the world
has recognised and accepted Wright's as
the supreme standard of soap excellency.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

Box of 3 tablets 1/6

play for far higher stakes than they can afford simply from a foolish fear of being thought mean if they refuse to play for money at all. If, however, you say from the beginning that you will not play for money, and stick to your rule, you will find that people will respect your opinion, and you will not be involved in those tragic and silly losses which you cannot afford. If, as you seem to fear, you will have to give up bridge unless you play for money—then give up bridge. Why it should be possible to enjoy a hard game of tennis with your opponent without a thought of making or losing money at it, and not possible to do the same with bridge, I do not pretend to understand. But evidently you must be firm; it is not worth losing your self-respect, the respect of your family, and getting yourself into hopeless money muddles in order to please a few foolish women who, perhaps, can afford to take risks which you cannot afford.

The Importance of Clothes

Here is a letter from "T. V." which has interested me. She writes:

Do you think it is possible to attach too much importance to being well dressed? Or too little? I am afraid I am rather indifferent to clothes. I earn a fairly good salary, but I prefer to spend my money on books and holidays and theatres than on dress, and am afraid I resent it a little when my people tease me about my clothes. My sisters are quite different. They do care about clothes, rather too much so, I think. Surely if one is tidy and not obviously years behind the fashions it does not matter what one wears?

Well, my dear, I think it does. To dress attractively is a social duty for those who can afford pretty clothes. A nicely dressed woman gives pleasure to all who see her, and I am sure that the knowledge that one is well dressed is an enormous mental tonic, and gives self-confidence and a sense of general well-being to oneself. Apparently you go to one extreme and your sisters to another; I do not suggest that you should spend money on useless clothes, or that you should over-dress. But it is as possible to pay too little importance to clothes as too much, and the wisest way of tackling the problem is to choose one's clothes carefully, and take care of them when bought, so that one always looks nice and attractive. Were I the mother of half a dozen girls, I should like to see all of them nicely dressed, and I am sure I should feel really depressed if all of them appeared day after day in dreary woollen jumpers and felt

hats which had long since seen their best days.

Man's Freedom

A very friendly letter from a woman which I received the other day I should like to reply to in these pages, for it is possible that other readers may have had the same impression as herself after reading one of my answers to correspondents.

This reader rather wonders "if it is entirely wise to advise men to take freedom to which their wives strongly object." Perhaps I had better supplement what I have already said on this question.

I think that men need the society of other men, just as women need the society of other women; but I have found that men, as a rule, are more tolerant of their wives' friendships with other women than women are of their husbands' friendships with other men. I hope I never gave the impression that I think it seemly or honourable for a man constantly to neglect his wife in order to seek the society of others; but I feel that very many women do not allow their husbands even a reasonable freedom, and that this sense of being bound and tied to the constant demands of home life makes a man do things which he probably afterwards regrets.

It shows wisdom in a wife if she makes her husband's friends welcome at her home, and is cheerful and sympathetic when he expresses a wish occasionally to meet them outside his home. In spite of the most intimate and joyous comradeship between a husband and wife, there are necessarily some amusements which a man prefers to share with men, just as there are—or should be—relaxations which a woman can best enjoy in the company of other women.

It is the "You must not go anywhere at all without me" attitude on the part of some wives which I think is open to criticism.

Marriage and a Career

I imagine that the problem of "G. H." is the problem of many men. He writes:

Do you think it selfish of a man to make an assured position for himself before he marries the woman he loves? It seems to me that in the first few years of his career a man should be prepared to spend most of his time in work; he ought to be well dressed, and prepared to put his work before anything else. But the girl who, I hope, will one day be my wife believes, I think, in early marriage, and in facing its difficulties together. If I marry now I am afraid my career will suffer—and inevitably also our married life.

THE QUIVER

On such a question there is more than one sound view; but I suppose that in the end temperament decides. If this young man feels that marriage might injure his career, then he obviously ought not to marry, and no man with similar fears should marry unless the woman is most certainly a girl who will help her husband, and be content with the small pleasures of life. It is hampering to an ambitious man to be married to a woman who wants all the luxuries of life all at once, and is not prepared to wait for them. But the best type of a girl, a girl who really loves and is not merely in love, is a help rather than a hindrance. She is a continual incentive to work. She can give the sympathy and the understanding so precious at the end of the day's toil. And she does not resent those extra hours spent at work which might be spent with her. But I agree that a girl who is not prepared for this sort of life is no sort of helpmate to a man who wants to get on, and that he would be better off without her.

For Australia

I have received a considerable number of letters for the lonely Australian who wrote asking to be put into touch with correspondents. These I have forwarded, and I imagine that by now my far-off correspondent has received more than sufficient replies to keep him busy for some time to come. One of the most interesting letters which accompanied the letters for the young Australian came from a governess in Corfu, who finds her life rather desolate and lonely. I am glad to know that *THE QUIVER* is such a friend to her, as I know it is to many who are cut off from their friends and their families in England.

A Question of Forgiveness

I think there is no doubt at all that Christian teaching demands the forgiveness of any offence. I know how bitter it is to feel that a friend has betrayed a confidence, "Helen," and how easy it is to feel vindictive. But since you ask me if you ought to forgive, how can I say no? I think you should make an effort to forgive, to realize that even the best and kindest people occasionally have unaccountable lapses from

their own high standards. But that does not imply that you should give your trust again to the woman who has violated it. Forgiveness does not mean that you must extend again exactly the same degree of confidence, that you must again make confidence with the same freedom. If you resume the friendship, make the best of it. But friendship does not necessarily depend on the making or the receiving of confidences, and common sense suggests that, for a time at least, you should be more reserved. I feel very sorry for you, for I know how difficult it is to make these adjustments; that a clean cut is often easier than a renewed relationship which must always assume a character different from that which it had originally.

Impulsiveness

You are paying for a mistake made by your own impulsiveness, "Jane," and it is never pleasant to have to face such a fact. You saw a house which you liked, persuaded your husband to secure it on a seven years' lease, and, having lived in it for a few weeks, you would "give anything to get out of it, and no one will take it." You are going to make yourself and your husband supremely miserable if you intend to worry all the time because you find you were mistaken in your sudden liking of this house. But I rather wonder if you are mistaken. I think you will find that you have another reaction; that the qualities in the house or the surroundings which appealed to you some months ago will appeal to you again. Is it not just that you are one of those restless women who can never be completely happy anywhere, that you would have these reactions wherever you lived, and in whatever way you lived? If you really have made a mistake, be gallant enough to make the best of it for the sake of others who are involved. The trouble about impulsive people is that others besides themselves have to pay for their mistakes. Settle down and be happy, and, in this instance, at any rate, my dear, see that no one pays but yourself. If your husband likes the house, surely that in itself should be enough to make you happy and contented. I am afraid my sympathy is with him.



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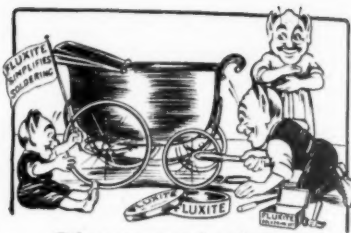
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What Do You Think of the Pictures?

A Few Replies from Our Readers

NOT very many of my readers took up my challenge to say what they thought of the films in reply to Mr. Pearkes Withers' article in my November number on "Why British Films Fail."

I am not very surprised. I do not think my readers have a great interest in the films. This very fact, I think, of itself goes to show, not that my readers are behind the times, but that there is something lacking in the films as they are presented to a wide public all over the country.

Millions of people go every week to see the films, yet my readers—and thousands of other more or less intellectual people—are not keenly interested. Millions of pounds are spent on film production, and most lavish preparations are made for showing films in a most elaborate manner—yet the average picture shown at the typical cinema in this and other countries is of a deplorably low standard.

The trouble is just this: The only people who seem to be catered for are the lowest, least thoughtful section of the population, and film writers, whoever they may be, have perforce to try to express themselves in their language. If John Galsworthy and writers of that standard, who, after all, appeal to intellectual people, could only put their wares on the market through the medium of, shall we say, *Trashy Bits* or *The Weekly Love Magazine*, intellectual people would not read John Galsworthy—or else the typical readers of such popular literature would forsake their favourite journals. This is just what happens with the films, and why they fail to appeal to intellectually minded people. Somehow they have started off by catering for the most unenlightened public possible. What we need now are serious people who will take this great art seriously and cater for ordinary, decent people. Until this happens my readers, in common with thousands of other decent people, will not show much interest in the cinema.

Among the letters sent in I have singled out two, among whom I am dividing the prize of £3 3s.

Sir,—Of all the inventions which have left their mark upon the world, the cinematograph

has been one of the most popular, for it has brought amusement and instruction to the man in the street who could seldom afford more expensive entertainment. Whatever we may think of the pictures, the fact remains that they have come to stay, and that they are influencing the rising generation to a remarkable degree. We boast of the millions spent on the education of the young, and praise the attempts made to improve the minds of the adult, but when we join a crowd which is flocking to the picture-house, and then pause to reflect upon the average film displayed, it causes us to think deeply and to mutter "*qui bono?*" It seems as if one of the most powerful influences in the cause of education and healthy amusement were being misused. It is an influence as powerful as that of the Press, because the cinema attracts the masses who read little, and have neither time nor inclination for serious reflection. Of course, there are films which are both instructive and interesting, but the average picture "plays to the gallery"; it is on a par with threepenny "thrillers" and penny "dreadfuls"—a tale of war or piracy, of robbery and impossible escapades, or perhaps the inevitable sex drama, and if it is a film version of a novel, too often the gruesome parts are exaggerated and all the beauty of the story is lost. To these performances, too, children of the most impressionable age are admitted.

There are wonderful possibilities for the film industry. I would not have the cinema turned into a sort of school, where the pictures are purely educational. The old adage of "all work and no play" is still applicable. But I would like to see it opening up a new world to its audiences. I would exclude the emotional pictures of crimes and silly adventures, and introduce a greater number of adaptations of the best books and plays, alternated with pictures of travel and scenes from history. Humorous pictures, with clean, rollicking, healthy fun, are necessary, and a greater number of topical scenes instead of the usual half-dozen shown between melodramatic stories. I would suggest also that, apart from the use of the cinema in schools, the public should be given a greater number of illustrated lectures on botany, natural history and other sciences. The ordinary announcements flashed upon the screen are too like "spoon-feeding"; they call for no exercise of the intelligence and leave little impression on the mind.

There is a glamour about the picture-house. Its attractive interior—with subdued lights, soft music and comfortable seats—gives to the ordinary individual the comfort, mingled with grandeur, which appeals to all who cannot afford the luxuries of more expensive resorts. Yet the entertainment is too often disappointing, and when we reflect upon the money raised for the improvement of the race, and the large amount wasted in undoing this good

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by fostering a taste for what is inane and often harmful, it seems as if the cinema were losing a great opportunity. We cannot altogether blame the industry—they only cater to the public taste; but, by a judicious blending of the old ideas with the new, it should be possible to raise the tone of our picture-houses, and to improve the taste of the public, so that there should be as much mirth, as much pleasure, and a great deal more good to be gained by both old and young.—Yours, etc.,

(Miss) A. M. MARY MCPHERSON.



What I Think of Present-day Pictures

Moods influence my appreciation of pictures. When I am jaded and tired it is to the American film that I turn for the highest point in entertainment; but when I hope for the future of the cinema as a supreme form of art, it is the German picture which satisfies me most. For the Germans are the poets of the film, and they more than anyone seem able to infuse a subtle touch of artistry and imagination into their pictures. True, these advanced films are not widely shown, for their appeal to the public is supposed to be limited; but who that has seen "Warning Shadows," or "The Nibelungs," or "The Last Laugh" can deny that the despised "pictures" are an art form, and potentially the greatest art form of all? That this quality is merely potential is due to the fact that the cinema is a new medium of infinite possibilities which has not yet been fully exploited, for the great men of the screen, as recent articles in the *Times* show, are almost in awe of the scope of this new form of storytelling, and have not yet had time to discover its true function and applications.

Recently the Americans have taken a great step forward by allying a sufficiency of artistic feeling with their entertainment values, and several great films have been the result—"The Thief of Bagdad," say, and "Peter Pan." Yet, unfortunately, it is still true that the average American film is an insult to the intelligence, and too frequently it is also both vulgar and sordid. It would not be fair, however, to insinuate that American mentality is responsible for this state of affairs; for, candidly, there is nothing worse than the ordinary run of English films. We have four first-rate directors (men who are to the film what the author is to the book), and five times in the past year an English picture has appeared which could not be bettered elsewhere. But five times a year is not enough. The trouble with Britain to a large extent is lack of enterprise. We have had splendid actors—one of them, Charles Chaplin, the greatest artist the screen has yet produced—but we have allowed most of them to go to America. We have a fine fund of national literature, but we do not utilize it; for instance, it is a fact that the best Dickens films come from Denmark. Hollywood makes an excellent picture on the theme of transcontinental railway building; yet when has England tried to make a picture from the greater theme of Empire building?

There is perhaps nothing quite so satisfying as the good English picture—when it comes—and "Ypres," "Owd Bob" and "The Only

Way" could hardly have been surpassed by any other country; but if we are to face facts we must admit that for every presentable home production the American studios complete at least five such films. All the comedies come from across the water, and when the Americans can express sentiment in the terms of absolute inspiration that they did in "Abraham Lincoln," that finest of all films, they are unbeatable there also. Since Swedish production is moribund, the German film is strides ahead of any other artistically; yet England is content to watch two great countries battling for world film-supremacy, and produces as her quota of pictures novelettish nonsense which pleases nobody but servant girls. We should turn our attention to the fairy story, or, if we are clever enough, to epic poetry, for these are the things that the cinema can do well. Failing better pictures, British production will collapse, and Progress at least will not regret it.

HUGH J. L. WITHINGTON.



Some Further Extracts

My opinion is that the day for sex films is rapidly drawing to a close. Of the later releases, "The Gold Rush," "Little Annie Rooney," "Ypres," all these are drawing tremendous houses without a hint of unpleasantness in their composition. Humour for their hours of relaxation is principally what the great working populace of Britain wants.

The British film-maker, handicapped by lack of funds, makes most of his pictures with the least expenditure possible. He tries to carry out his sets near home and in more or less humdrum surroundings. For this reason, though his films may be more true to life and more realistic than American films, they lack the thrill of the unknown—they fail through lack of imagination.

The American with his capital can provide such exotic scenes, and does provide them. As long as the British film industry is so poor it cannot progress. Some kind of capital must be forthcoming.

London, W.

DORIS CERRYER



The writer of the article on "Why British Films Fail" must surely be a very Americanized British citizen, if British at all. The factor most operating against the successful production of British films—climate—he never mentions.

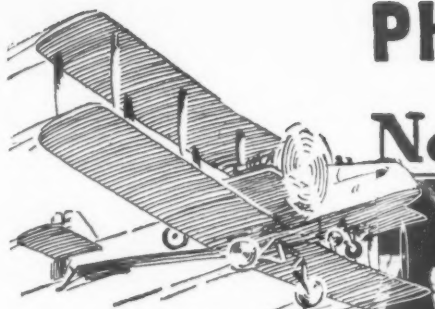
When I visit "the pictures" casually I like to see sunshine, humour, pathos, and perhaps a little tragedy. Unfortunately there is rather too much of the last mentioned. But when I go specially to see a film such as "Zeebrugge" I expect to see reality, and in this respect the British film satisfies me.

The Americans simply do not understand either British history or the British people. In all their films British characters are made to be ridiculous.

Undoubtedly the influence of the cinema on the public is not negligible. I would not drive all the foreign pictures away. For after seeing a screen version of American social life, I thank heaven that I am a Briton who lives in Britain!

Sheffield.

C. F. TURNER.



MAJOR H SYKES

O.B.E., Aeronautical and Technical Adviser for the British Automobile Schools, Ltd., *writes:*

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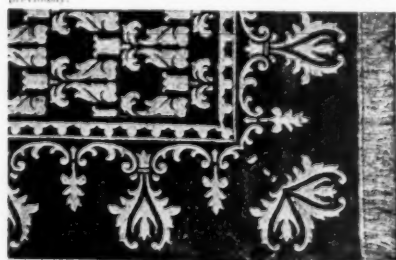
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Letterfourie, Dychebridge, August 22nd.
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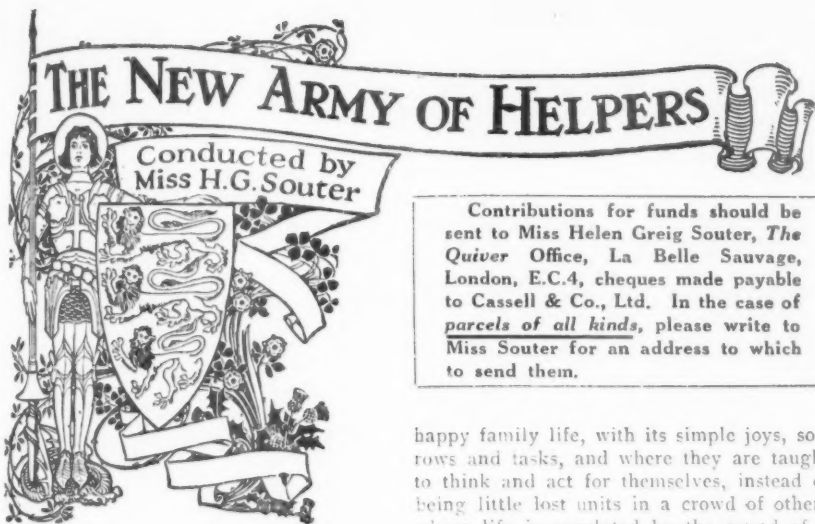
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Lady Ellis writes: "The 'Queen's Royal' Household Hearthrugs received, and will thank Messrs. F. Hodgson & Sons to send three more as soon as possible. Cheque enclosed."

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Sir Chas. S. King, Bart., writes: "Please forward me two more 'Queen's Royal' Household Hearthrugs, different patterns of subdued Turkish shade, also three more Real Opiumum Fur Rugs. Enclosed you have Cheque value 10s. 5d."



Contributions for funds should be sent to Miss Helen Greig Souter, *The Quiver Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4*, cheques made payable to Cassell & Co., Ltd. In the case of parcels of all kinds, please write to Miss Souter for an address to which to send them.

Lonely Little Ones

MY DEAR READERS,—At the risk of being regarded as the modern daughter of the horse-leech, which in Scriptural phraseology cries, "Give, give!" I would ask you to lend me your ears, in the first place, whilst I tell you something of a new scheme which should appeal to the heart of every lover of children, and surely there are few who will deny this soft impeachment! A few weeks ago, in the house of a friend, I met Mr. J. A. Lovat Fraser, barrister, and the secretary of the State Children's Association, which is doing a wonderful work and caring, despite its stiff official designation, for the poor lonely out-of-sight little ones, for whom few, if any, care. It gives one pause to realize that last year there were no fewer than 10,489 children boarded out by the Guardians of England and Wales, 8,727 of whom were boarded out within the Union and 1,762 beyond the Union. Now this society, which has been largely instrumental in procuring Pensions for Widows and is constantly bringing forward humane measures on behalf of neglected children, is mainly interested in two classes, for whom it desires to secure a happy and useful life and to make them worthy citizens.

It aims at promoting the *individual* as against the *institutional* treatment of Poor Law Children, and to this end warmly advocates their being boarded out in cottage homes, where they share a measure of a

happy family life, with its simple joys, sorrows and tasks, and where they are taught to think and act for themselves, instead of being little lost units in a crowd of others whose life is regulated by the sound of a bell, and where the completeness of the organization as to washing and cooking leaves the children ignorant of the ordinary domestic appliances, and stultifies their powers of resource and initiation.

These ills are bad enough, but they are little compared with the evil of herding small children in workhouses amongst the waifs and strays of humanity—a practice which should be abolished as a blot on our boasted civilization.

In cottage homes the stigma of pauperism and of uniform, etc., is all abolished and the child's self-respect is maintained. In many districts a Voluntary Certified Committee of ladies and gentlemen shows a practical and kindly interest in the boys and girls, assists them to obtain work when they reach the wage-earning period and otherwise befriends them in after life.

Correspondents Wanted

A year ago the State Children's Association took a forward step which does its promoters the utmost credit in appreciating the psychology of the child mind. The scheme largely owes its inception to Mr. Lovat Fraser and his assistant secretary, Miss Dorothy Cameron, who gave me some particulars about its working. For the further advancement of its aims the assistance of sympathetic men and women is required.

It goes without saying that however happy and contented a child may be in an Industrial School, and however kindly the superintendent, it is quite impossible for her to

THE QUIVER

give each individual that attention, to say nothing of affection, which every child claims as its birthright. The idea, therefore, is to secure a pen friend for every out-of-sight child in the country, who will send a letter more or less regularly and, joy of joys, remember birthdays and Christmas-time. It has been proved how the children prize these friendships and the small gifts sent from time to time.

A well-known Stipendiary Magistrate who presides over Children's Courts, and is responsible for sending some of them to Industrial Schools, etc., was visiting such an institution one day when a little fellow beamed at the sight of him, and thrusting a dirty little hand inside his jersey fished out a very soiled and crumpled Christmas card which the kind-hearted man had sent him some ten months previously. Most likely it was his one and only treasure, poor stray.

Miss Cameron was much gratified recently to receive the following from the head of an Industrial School in Hertfordshire:

"Some time ago you sent me two 'friends' for my girls. They were most helpful to me in my work, and I have extended the scheme until now I have thirty-nine friends for the children here. These thirty-nine are nearly all local people. It would be impossible in a short note to let you know even a hundredth part of what a change to the girls the scheme has made, but if at any time you should be near I should be glad to tell you all about everything, if you would be so very kind as to call and see the work done here. . . . I am writing to ask you whether you could possibly send me one or two more ladies or gentlemen who would interest themselves in the girls here. . . . I should be so glad to fix up all my sixty girls with just such a friend apiece."

The superintendent of another Industrial School said the other day that if these "friends" could see the joy and excitement with which the children receive their letters it would more than repay them for the little attentions they give them.

It may be well to point out that many of the children in these schools are not necessarily there because of their own wrongdoing. In a great many cases they are sent there to be away from evil home influences. These are often the ones who are most in need of interested friendship. The following are a few cases of little girls much in need of "friends":

W. D., an illegitimate girl, now 13 years of age, rescued from doubtful parents two years ago, who has never had a visit or a letter from anyone since she went into the school.

R. S., an orphan, now 10 years of age, rescued from her mother some years ago, a

mother who so neglected both herself and the child that they were in too dirty and verminous a condition even to be admitted into the work-house.

P. M., now 10 years of age, whose parentage is doubtful, and whose supposed mother used to take the child with her when she was on the streets late at night.

V. M., about 11 years of age, had a good father who died quite recently, and in whom she has lost her one friend in the world. Her mother is a doingless and nervy woman, of whom the child was so frightened that she used to escape from the house late at night, at the age of six and seven, and sleep out in a barrow in a shed.

A. W., aged 13, a difficult child owing to her shocking upbringing. Her father and mother are weak-minded. She has stealing propensities, and will require skilled and careful handling.

A. F., aged 9, who at the age of 2 was taken from her mother, who kept a house for unlawful purposes. This child will require special psychological treatment, because even at the early age of 2 her mind had been influenced by her immoral surroundings.

Miss Cameron, the State Children's Association, 117 Piccadilly, W., will gladly furnish fuller information, also the names and addresses of the above and other boys and girls who wish pen friends, to any who write direct to her. Needless to state, money is also required to develop the scheme and make known its aims to the general public, since comparatively few papers and magazines open their pages as freely to such objects as THE QUIVER does.

About Ourselves

It has been a source of great pleasure to me lately to make the personal acquaintance of several Helpers who are keenly interested in the work of the New Army and anxious to lend a personal touch to their services. One called on me at the office on a dreary day in December and wanted to work, as in her country home there were no people in any need of assistance. I gave her the names of one or two invalids on whom she has since called, with the happiest results.

Another two also kindly made an appointment and went off with a list of invalids, whose cases they undertook to investigate and report to me. Then two mothers, with young daughters, recently left school and not over strong, wrote and asked if I could put them in touch with some in need of friendly correspondents, etc., and, needless to say, I had no trouble in supplying their wants. It is a very hopeful sign of the real grip which the work has on the readers of THE QUIVER when the younger genera-



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THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

tion is carrying on the family traditions of helpful social service for others.

A little while ago I was greatly delighted and touched to receive the sum of £5 sent per Miss Winifred M. Key, Aberavon, as a result of a social given by the St. Paul's Girls' Guild, Aberavon, for the support of a cot in a Day Nursery for one year. It struck me that this was an excellent idea and one which might be adopted by various organizations of young people who are anxious to get up entertainments and lack the incentive of a definite object.

Husbands as Helpers

But it is not only the daughters, but the husband of at least one Helper who is a generous supporter of our various schemes. He very nobly came forward with a cheque earmarked for a holiday for a poor young woman in the Midlands who has been suffering from loss of voice and a variety of similar troubles for a long period. A change was urgently needed and quite impossible without assistance, so half of the sum required was furnished in the aforesaid manner on condition that the S O S Fund made up the deficit. This I was enabled to do, and the invalid is now luxuriating in the sunshine and ozone of Bournemouth.

Another Helper in the North in correspondence with an invalid orphan realized that her only chance of improved health was a holiday, and she most kindly supplied the sinews of war, in addition to an outfit, etc., whilst another Good Samaritan at Ramsgate, who evidently keeps open house for cases of this sort, recommended by a doctor friend, bestowed on her the warmest hospitality without the slightest charge.

I am mentioning these instances of gracious helpfulness partly as a grateful tribute for the personal interest which is manifested in the aims of these pages and partly to show to the readers in general the many side-issues arising therefrom which seldom come to light, but are none the less being done in an unobtrusive manner which reflects the spirit of our Lord and Master Who went about continually doing good.

Unemployed Men

Some time ago I received a piteous appeal from a man, living in some sort of model lodging-house, who had been promised work, but his tools were in pawn and he had no money to redeem them. It seemed a thoroughly genuine case, and I forwarded sufficient to retrieve his tools and something

over to keep him going. The cheque was promptly acknowledged, along with a request for further supplies until his wages were forthcoming. Naturally I refused, as it seemed something of an imposition. The man promised voluntarily to keep his own counsel in the matter else half the house would be writing me, but whether from pique or not he gave me away, and for weeks I was simply inundated with begging letters from unemployed *regular readers* of THE QUIVER! I have every sympathy with the genuine unemployed, for there is no greater hardship than to be willing to work and unable to obtain it; but in these days of the dole no working man should be suffering undue hardships for long, although I know of a number of ex-service men, not insured, who are in terrible straits through ill-health and unemployment.

My feeling in the matter is that I have been entrusted with money by the readers and Helpers in order to relieve the distress of helpless and invalid men and women who are perfectly incapable of doing anything to help themselves financially, and not for those who have their health and means of working.

Entered Into Rest

Many of those interested in the sad case of a professional man's wife mentioned in the February number, some of whom sent very promptly for her assistance, will be grieved, as I was, to learn that a fortnight after the birth of a son she passed away. She was a very brave, unselfish, uncomplaining woman who, even in the midst of poverty and weakness, made the best of things. Just a few days before the end she wrote:

"I hoped to write you long before this to express our deep thankfulness to the dear QUIVER Helpers. Whatever we should have done without their marvellous response to your appeal for us I can't imagine, and my husband and I would like in some way to show our appreciation individually. Our hearts are very full of gratitude to each one, for their love has brightened a time which must have been one almost of sheer despair but for the dazzling and illuminating gleam from the lighthouse of truest and most blessed Christianity shining on the dark waters of trouble. . . . It has taken me days to write this."

An Irish reader with an old mother and invalid sister says:

"If you only knew how you have helped us. We were very short of money after rent and bills had been paid, and then your cheque came. I really do not know what we should have done but for it, and I thank God and you for it, for you have been His angel of mercy to us, and

THE QUIVER

I pray that His everlasting blessing may be upon you and all you do."

An ex-governess writes :

"I have no words to tell you how grateful I am for the help you are giving me. The cheque reached me safely this morning, for which I thank you many times. I dare not think of what would have happened to us this long winter without your kindly gifts."

One of two semi-invalid sisters writes :

"I think your cheque must have come in answer to prayer, for our funds were at a very low ebb indeed. What we should have done without the aid of the kind Army of Helpers I do not know, for friends are few to those who do not make a parade of their needs. Without this assistance we should have had very little hope of clothes, and the money gives us coals and a few little extras which we sadly need."

In my opinion one of the best features about the work which I am enabled to do as your almoner is the fact that help is given to those who for one reason or another are outside the scope of usual channels of charity, and who but for this assistance rendered without any publicity would suffer in secret much more than they do. Letters of the nature above could be multiplied twenty times over, but the hymn of gratitude, which is their chief characteristic, might become monotonous in the repetition.

The difficulty with a few of the recipients, however, is that they are inclined to look upon the fund as a means of support instead simply of relief, and when the slightest financial trouble arises, then they seem to think that they have only to write me and the wherewithal is certain to be forthcoming. I am well aware that often they are in desperate straits, but it cannot be too clearly understood that any help given is intended as relief, not support.

A Fine Spirit

As a contrast to this state of matters, I was greatly touched by the fine, un-elfish spirit shown recently by several recipients. One is a cripple with an abscess in her side and an income of 7s. 6d. per week, which she ekes out, as she has the chance, by crochet, etc. She wrote :

"I can't tell you how thankful I am for all your kindness in every way. I have received three orders from friends to whom you gave my name. These have been a godsend to me, and the ladies don't hurry me. I have sufficient orders for some time, so perhaps some of the other poor workers will be glad of the next inquiries."

An invalid with a frail old mother, to whom I sent a small cheque to defray the balance of a much-needed surgical appli-

ance, returned 10s. of it, as she felt it would not be honest of her to keep it, since Mrs. Sothern, who has very kindly been remembering some of her old friends, had sent her a pound.

Oddments Required

Miss R. Elton, 6 Claremont Road, Leamington Spa, who is interested in Mission work, would be very grateful for any kind of wool, pieces, odds and ends of silk, etc. She remarks that the Helpers have often sent her things in the past, else she would not appeal again.

A reader would be very glad of orders for soft toys, such as black and white rag dolls, 18 inches high, stuffed with pure kapox, and which undress, which is always an added delight to a child. These cost 2s. 6d. carriage paid, and there are rabbits and elephants of the same kind.

A delicate woman, with an invalid sister and a tiny income, is anxious to obtain orders for knitting or crochet. She makes woollen garments, dresses, coats, etc., for women and children and all sorts of babies' wear, bonnets, etc.

Clothing, boots and shoes for men and children are much in demand, and I shall most willingly furnish names and addresses on receipt of a note with stamped addressed post card.

Gifts of Clothing, Books, Letters, etc.

I have to acknowledge the above with many grateful thanks from the following :

Mrs. Stinson, Miss Unwin, Mrs. McIsaac, Miss Fry, Miss Helvar, Miss Poole, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Corbett, Mrs. Chalmers, Miss Miller, Miss Brown, Miss Bryan, Miss Yeats, Mrs. Jones, Miss L. M. Brown, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Vincent, Anon., Dumson (jumper suit), Miss White, Miss A. Read, Miss Woodham, Mrs. Heslop, Miss Massie, Miss Morgan, Miss A. M. Steele, Miss Willcox, Miss Dunn, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Burton, Miss Livesey, Mrs. Howard, Miss Shirley, Miss Hill, Mrs. Farbridge, Miss A. J. Read, Mrs. Fehrens, etc.

S O S.—Sale of Oddments, £1 5s.; "Inasmuch," 10s.; H. M. L., 10s.; Miss L. C., 5s.; Miss E. S., 10s.; Mrs. Muriel Crawford, £2; M. D., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 5s.; Miss Mary S. Edgell, 2s. 6d.; J. W. (L.), 10s.; Mother and Daughter, 10s.; Anon. (Southsea), 7s. 6d.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes.—QUIVER Reader, Ban-chory, 10s.

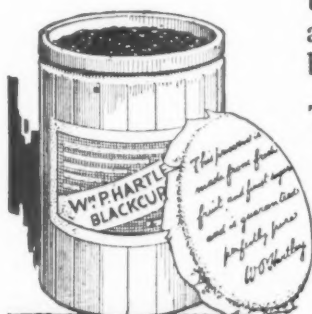
Save the Children Fund.—Mother and Daughter, 10s.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs., or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,

HELEN GREIG SOUTER.

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Lady Pamela's Letter

DEAR COUSIN DELIA,—Much as we grumble at the vagaries of our English climate, much of its charm depends on its infinite variety. How gladly we welcome each new season as it dawns, and how equally joyfully do we speed the parting season as it wanes.

It seems but yesterday we were eagerly gathering round the fireplace, feeling gladdened to see the first fire of the cold season glowing on the hearth. How pleased we were to draw the curtains betimes and light up early, and how cheerful we found it to have tea by artificial light.

Having enjoyed these wintry delights to the full, we turn eagerly to the promise of spring and summer. We grumble almost before the new year is a few weeks old because we find the winter long. We say that the dark days and long evenings are depressing, and we wax plaintive because our bills for fuel and light are big.

Now, however, King Sol is peering into our houses, and we gladly fling open the windows to let in the air and sunshine, and our thoughts fly towards plans for tea in the garden, summer frocks and days on the river.

This variety of climate certainly lends zest to life. If all the year round we had a drab monotony of wintry weather or the fatiguing glare of the summer it would soon tell. Just because the summer sunshine is fleeting it charms and delights us. We never feel we have had enough of it. Summer is always all too short. But what of winter? Glad as we are to bid good-bye to cold and rain and snow and east wind, when summer fades again into autumn we shall find ourselves saying gladly, "We shall soon be able to begin fires!" or "How jolly it will be to have tea and toasted muffins again and a fireside talk at teatime!"

In climates where the sun always shines it soon tends to become monotonous. Although we revile the weather we rather enjoy its uncertainty, and to speculate upon it provides us not only with food for thought, but topics for conversation.

EVER YOURS, PAMELA.

Answers to Correspondents.

Lady Pamela hopes that readers of THE QUIVER will write to her, and she will have much pleasure in answering their letters in this column.

A HOUSEHOLD HINT. W. A. (Fife).—I am sorry that you have had to wait for this answer.

Probably the best remedy will be to have fly-proof blinds made for your windows. These are frames filled with fine gauze. The latter prevents flies and dust from entering, and the frames can be made to fit the size of the aperture when your windows are open. Flies are said to dislike the smell of mignonette, so that it might be a good idea to fill your window-boxes with it or to have a few pots standing on the window-sills.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION. Regular Reader (Pinner).—Your new house sounds very delightful, and I quite envy you embarking on the pleasant adventure of furnishing. The idea of arranging each room very simply is good. It is such a mistake to overcrowd, and you get a better effect if you keep your rooms fairly empty. When buying your furniture you cannot do better than go to Messrs. Jelks and Sons, of 263 Holloway Road, N.7. They have a great assortment of really well-made second-hand furniture at moderate prices. If you buy from this firm you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are getting good value for your money.

FOR A STIFF NECK. Prunella (Ipswich).—You must try to avoid sitting in a draught. Next time you can try using a hot fomentation. This is often excellent for relieving pain. Take a piece of flannel, put it in a basin, and pour boiling water over it. Spread it on a warm towel and wring it as dry as you can. Then shake it quickly in the air and place it on your shoulder as hot as you can bear it. Be careful to wring all the boiling water out. If you put it on your neck full of water it will scald you. This fomentation is still more efficacious if you sprinkle the hot flannel with a few drops of turpentine.

TO KEEP HANDS IN CONDITION. Lena (Maidstone).—I quite understand your difficulty, but I agree with you that it is more satisfactory to look after the car yourself. There is, of course, the objection that it is rather dirty work, but still you can wear a large overall, and you will be glad to hear about Sprinko Hand Cleanser, which is made by the Vinolia Company, Limited. This is quite invaluable for motorists, gardeners, housewives—in fact, for anybody who engages in tasks that make the hands dirty. It removes dirt and grease instantly, leaving the hands soft and smooth, and is equally effective in hard, soft, pond or salt water, and you can get it in two sizes, 6d. and 10½d. each. You would be well advised to always keep some Sprinko handy, for every member of the family will find it useful on many

THE QUIVER

occasions. Among its uses is this—it is very good for cleaning dental plates.

NURSERY DIET. Materfamilias (Huddersfield).—The menus you sent me seem very good, but I think you ought to let the children have a second course each day. Little children often enjoy the pudding much more than meat and vegetables, and you will find it quite easy to make the simple puddings that are most wholesome for them. You tell me you can make light sponge cake. Now and again you could let them have a slice, followed by some fruit. This provides wholesome variety that they will like.

AN INTERESTING COMPETITION. Eulalie (Birmingham).—With the lengthening days and return of sunshine most of us find our thoughts flying towards holidays. It is just as well to make our plans betimes, for it is then easier to secure really comfortable accommodation in the place of our choice. The great Holiday Ballot Competition is very opportune just now, and you would find it very interesting to take part in it. It is a very simple competition, for you are merely asked to pick out six places in a list of twenty, and all on the London and North Eastern Railway, which runs from King's Cross to Lossiemouth and from Manchester to Grimsby. There is no entrance fee, and the prizes are very substantial, first prize being £100, the second £50, and twenty others of £5 each.

ADDRESS WANTED. Linda (Macclesfield).—Yes, the address you mention is sufficient. The firm have just issued an attractive catalogue, and they will send it to you post free if you mention this magazine when you write.

TO CHECK A COLD. R. M. V. (Oswestry).—The weather is often treacherous at this time, and it is very tiresome to be so susceptible to colds. If you feel as if one were incipient with you take this remedy at bedtime: Squeeze a lemon and strain the juice, adding it to a tumblerful of boiling water. Add a small teaspoonful of pure glycerine. Cool a little, and then drink as hot as possible just before settling to sleep.

FOR KING BABY. Miranda (Leeds).—You are very sensible to realize that a good perambulator is a wise investment. Baby's comfort and well-being depend so much upon it. You cannot do better than choose a "Sol" Peram. They have all the latest improvements, with convex sides, and are available in all the most up-to-date designs. The latter point concerns parents and nurses more than King Baby himself, but he albeit unconsciously enjoys the comfort which is secured for him by a well-made and carefully constructed perambulator. These are made by Messrs. Simmons and Co., of London, S.E.1, and can be bought from any perambulator dealer in any town.

KITCHEN EQUIPMENT. Daisy Bell (Dover).—As you are the fortunate possessor of a very large kitchen, why not choose a gas cooker that has the oven and the hot plate side by side?

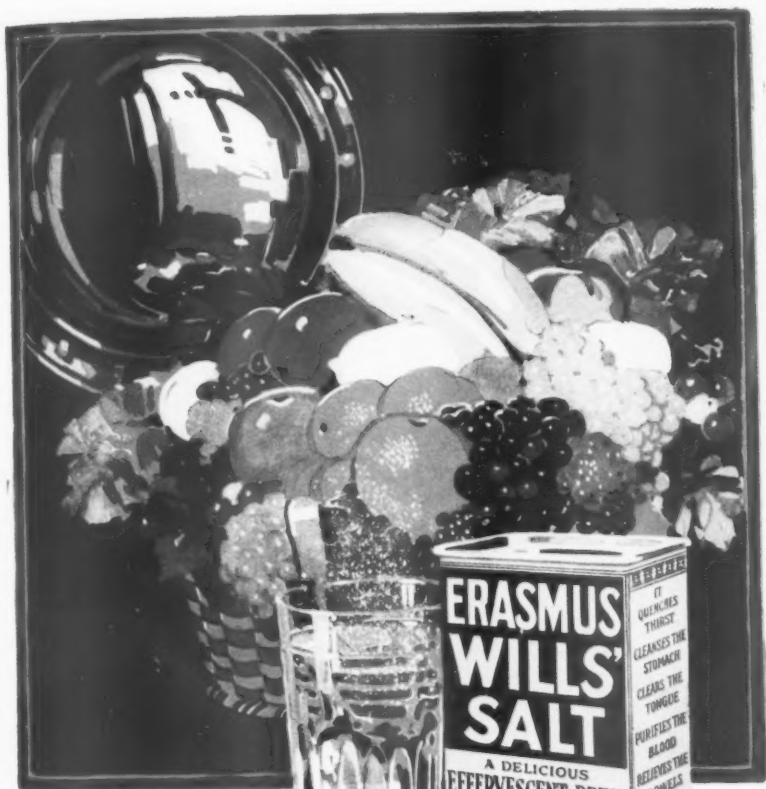
This does away with the need for stooping, and although this cooker occupies a little more floor space, in your case this is no disadvantage. You can get a tiered saucepan rack from any good ironmonger's, and it certainly provides a convenient method for storing saucepans. Yes, you can get an incinerator that will cremate all your household rubbish. The heat is supplied by a gas flame, and all the rubbish is reduced to innocuous ash. This is a good fertilizer, and you should use it in your garden.

HOME LOVER. W. E. J. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—The stove you require is the "Wyem Delight," made by Young and Marten, Limited, of Stratford, London, E. It is of the self-setting type (sometimes called "portable" or "self-contained"), needing no brickwork flues; while prominent advantages are an open or closed fire—the change being by one movement only—a raising and lowering fire, removable oven, heat-resisting knob to oven door, roomy hot-closet, plate-rack and supports. A principal feature, however, is the glass panel in the oven door, this allowing of the cooking being seen while in progress without opening the oven door. It is an excellent feature with cooking of any kind—as every housekeeper would know—while with puff-pastry, Madeira cakes, and certain other preparations, it is recognized that the oven door must never be opened to see how they are getting on.

TO IMPROVE THE HAIR. Bettina (Reading).—Your scalp is evidently too dry, and it would be a good plan to rub it well once a fortnight with pure olive oil. Take a little piece of flannel, and, saturating it with the oil, use it to rub the roots of the hair and skin of the head. Then wash your head with a good shampoo powder, or, if you prefer it, use the yolk of an egg beaten up in warm water to which a pinch of toilet borax has been added. Rinse the hair in several waters, and then dry it with warm towels.

FOR Dainty WEAR. Doreen (Eastbourne).—It is quite a good plan to set about preparing your summer outfit betimes. Why not have your light frocks and jumpers made of Luvisca? It is very soft, smooth and serviceable, and you can get it in such a wide choice of up-to-date shades and colourings. As you are going to do some of the sewing yourself you will appreciate the softness of this attractive material, which makes it pleasant to handle and stitch. In use it is hard wearing, and repeated visits to the wash-tub seem to improve its appearance rather than make it look less well.

TO CLEAN RINGS. Meta B. (Harrogate).—If the diamonds are dusty they will not look as white as they should. Take an old soft tooth-brush, and brush out any dust that has settled behind the claw setting. Then damp a cloth with can-de Cologne, and use it to brighten the diamonds. Afterwards put them in a box with a little sawdust (whilst they are still damp), and leave them there for twenty-four hours. After this treatment their brightness should be restored.



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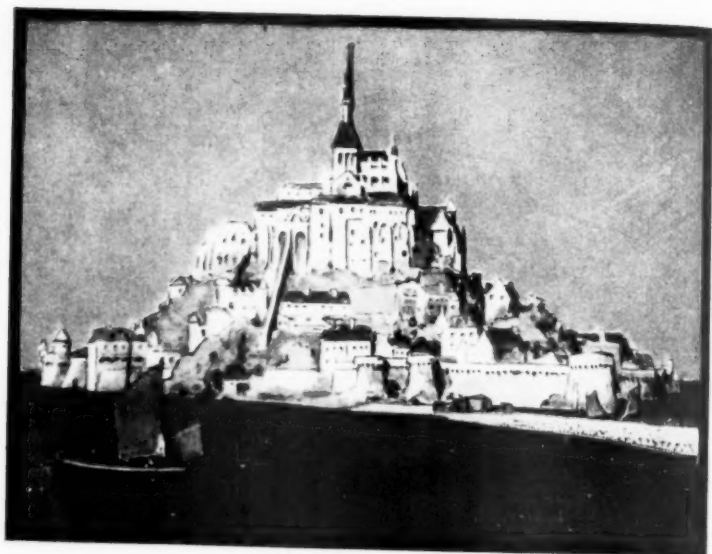
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